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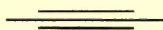


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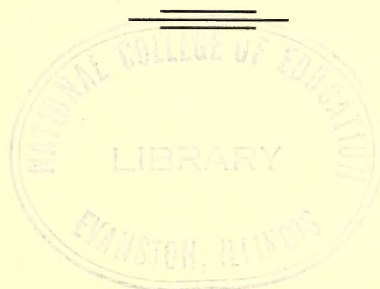
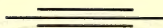
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KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE

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Vol. XVIII
September, 1905—June, 1906



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KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE COMPANY
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KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVIII.—SEPTEMBER, 1905.—No. 1.

TWENTIETH CENTURY SERIES.

HOW DOES THE ROUTINE OF THE KINDERGARTEN DEVELOP THE CHILD PHYSICALLY?*

MRS. ADA MAREAN HUGHES, PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL
KINDERGARTEN UNION, TORONTO, CANADA.

FORMAL physical exercises have no legitimate place in the kindergarten.

Intelligent physical culture vitally taught and understood should form a much more prominent part of the training of kindergarten students than has been the case. It is of incalculable importance that the kindergartner should have all the power of a personality developed through a body which lends itself intelligently to freedom of expression. The budding life of the child of kindergarten age is as yet undifferentiated in action of body, mind and emotional center. It responds in unconscious imitation to the freedom expressed in the leader. We need not look for expressive faces, free broad gestures in the children when the kindergartner is in direct contradiction of all she advocates. Naturalness means the harmonious responsiveness of every part of the body to the impulses of the spirit. In the child it is spontaneous, but it is limited to the degree of control the mind has acquired over the various parts of the body. That this spontaneity is lost is owing to disuse or wrong use of the muscles through lack of playful exercise, or through constraint of muscular activity according to conventional ideas of adult direction.

Froebel consciously planned his games and exercises to keep the freedom of action alive in the child through bringing the emotion and will into activity with physical responsiveness.

Exhibition and expression are very different things though the former is so commonly mistaken for the latter in adult training.

*Address delivered before the Kindergarten Department of the National Educational Association, Asbury Park, July, 1905.

The kindergartner creates an atmosphere which stimulates or deadens according to her personality. A well poised body and rhythmic step is hardly possible in the child when the leader has a slovenly carriage and unresponsive face and manner; when her movements are mechanical and in accordance with some long established habit of body, instead of the response of a body gloriously alive through immediate response to the spirit within.

The kindergartner's influence partakes largely of the character of motherliness in its subtle action. It matters much how she stands, sits, moves, how she greets the children, etc. She needs and the children need that she shall be perfectly poised, maintaining a firm center of body with perfect freedom of all parts of the body around this center. Children are so mobile in character at this stage that they respond imitatively without resistance to the freedom of movement in their leader. The routine work of the kindergarten will be intelligently helpful according to the insight of the kindergartner into the nature of the child and the varying periods of its unfoldment.

The exercises of the kindergarten should not be applied *to* the child but should work *up through* his consciousness into individual expression, creating him anew into larger life through exercise of that which already is.

The sympathetic greeting, the handshake and the look into the friendly eye of the kindergartner all act on the whole being of the child to bring him into physical as well as spiritual harmony with his surroundings. The call for orderly assembling brings a control of body through social response. Then should follow a moment of relaxation and then the *definite* gesture of folded hands making the contrast clear from play to relaxation and then to definite posture. The *way* it is done gives it its value, and though to the child it should seem purely incidental, it is a vital part of a conscious order to the kindergartner. She gains her point not through command, but by comradeship.

SONGS AND GAMES.

If there is not a clear conception of the difference between the songs and the games in the mind of the kindergartner, much of the value of each is lost to the child. The gesture of the song is largely descriptive, while in the game it is dramatic. The song is lyric—the game a drama. In the song the music and the words are the chief

elements; the gestures are simple movements descriptive of the narrative. The games are more definitely dramatic in their character. The child is no longer the narrator of a story, he is himself the hero of the play. He goes out of himself and becomes the other character with more or less abandonment of his real identity.

The introduction of voice training as a conscious exercise in the kindergarten is not consistent with our knowledge of the child's stage of development. The transition from the period of symbolic thinking into that of formal study marks a definite change, and any anticipation of that change results disadvantageously. Anything so spontaneous as the voice can not be prematurely harnessed into drill without gross loss of freedom in power and expression. The fact that children are interested and like it (as they may possibly do sometimes) does not change the fact that premature exercise weakens in the *final* result instead of developing into larger power. The gesture of the song has been and still is a much abused exercise and critics have been justly severe in their criticism, though seemingly themselves no wiser than the erring ones as to the real wrong done.

Froebel seems to have known the fundamentals of all physical development if we may judge from the plays of which he really was the author. There has been so much attributed to him by enthusiastic young women, who assume that everything which they have received from their especial training class must have come from the great author but which we older disciples have seen generated on this prolific western soil. If we study the physical side of his typical plays we shall find a recognition of the fundamental exercises which form the basis of all established schools of physical culture, viz.: Definite center poise, flexions of arms, legs, body, head with their infinite variations, breathing exercises infinite in variety but all growing out of a center and balanced in their variety.

The kind of gesture used in the song or game should be *consciously* true to right physical exercise so far as the leader is concerned, but should be the choice of the children from their natural impulse of *life* expression, not a conscious physical exercise to develop this or that organ or set of muscles. There should be such a succession of the games that the vital organs should all have their due stimulant, and in definite order and succession known to the kindergarten alone.

The tendency to make the games serve the purpose of stimulant

to spiritual insight has led in many cases to neglect of the physical process in playing, through supreme emphasis of the *thought* processes. To me it seems that the fact of the *larger processes* illustrated in games of sequence, might with great advantage be left to the *discovery* by the child in the uniting of his varied experiences in rehearsal with his mother or companions, or by himself. This seems more rational than the common habit of publishing to him such connection through rehearsing them in a forced connection. We overlook the value to the individual of personal discovery which at this age is such a vital experience.

It is important that the gesture be definite. There are many kindergartens where the lack of definiteness leads to vagueness in the feeling of the actors, and fails of its physical purpose through lack of tone to particular organs and muscles. An exercise should always be definite enough to produce a reaction in the body though not severe.

RHYTHMIC MARCHING.

The wave of enthusiasm over rhythmic movements will subside as other waves have in the past. That it has a certain value is beyond question but the degree of enthusiasm it has called forth is out of all proportion to that value. It has done good work in modifying and correcting the practice of formal military marching which has prevailed so generally and which almost without exception tended to abuse of the body in the wrong attitude taken in response to the oft repeated suggestion or formal command, "Stand up straight"; children and adults alike stiffening up into rigidity of body and throwing the chest center back instead of up, making the strain on the vital organs most unnatural. At its best the rhythmic movement claims to be response to a musical narrative which the child is supposed to interpret for himself through his body in conformity with the entire group of children with which he is classed.

It seems hardly possible that the majority of children can understand the spiritual counterpart of the music to be interpreted when so few adults even can enter into the spiritual thought of the composer. In most instances at any rate, the rhythmic play really is just keeping step to music and is to the child what dancing is to the adult: keeping time to the *rhythmic movement*, not interpreting an *ideal*. The kindergartner thinks "the music is holding Billy," but

the erratic movements of Master Billy leads the observer to question the hold it has.

The Froebellian songs and games make provision for *physical* expression but that is *not* the *highest* purpose. The highest is to gain control over the body in making it serve the spiritual impulse. Body, mind and sympathetic feeling act in unison and mutually strengthen each other at this stage.

TABLE GAMES AND OCCUPATIONS.

In the table games and occupations the physical well being of the child should always be considered and intelligently provided for. I, however, want to voice a protest against a stupidity of criticism which seems to have much of the flavor of self-conceit and ignorance. The kindergarten is often held responsible for many of the physical weaknesses of childhood which abound today. Physicians say that this or that occupation is detrimental to the eyesight or produces too great nerve strain, etc., and it becomes a popular cry.

It would modify such opinions materially if these critics would remember that these physical disorders prevail in vicinities where the kindergarten has never been introduced, and they are quite as common among children who have never attended the kindergarten as among those who have.

This is true, however, that children in the kindergarten having definite occupation reveal these physical weaknesses and defects to observant eyes sooner than if left to undirected occupation.

It is also true that many kindergartens plan work that is too fine for the childish fingers and eyes. This points to a defect in the ideals which they hold and failure to grasp the basic principles of Froebel's work. The occupations as *he* developed them are primitive industries and natural for the imitative stage of child life. They are, according to Froebel's word and practice, organized so as to keep mind and body interactive and lead up to a clear seeing to simple *process* through clear understanding of initial steps.

These activities are no more complicated or unnatural than the child would seek out for himself, the advantage to the child being through *organized material* to make the strain of effort less exhausting and unsatisfactory than when the child is left without adult assistance. The co-ordination of hand and eye goes on more simply and easily when things *fit* naturally. The nerve strain is less and the

child's activity less wearing when natural play runs easily in ordered channels.

In the handling of the gifts the hand is steadily acquiring strength and the governing power of the mind is easily and unconsciously gaining control.

I have touched *generally* upon the various parts of the routine work of the kindergarten. We might if there were time classify the games and point to especial types of physical development.

All schools of physical culture have a similar basis. There should be a clear consciousness of the two phases of the term, namely, on the one side the strenuousness of exercise, *building up of muscle, development of strength*. On the other hand exercise in the infinite variety of ways possible for use of this fundamental strength in the various flexions of the limbs, body, hands, fingers—exercise for elasticity in extension and firmness of reaction with *control* of relaxed states. Relaxation is not, as so often apprehended, "letting go," so much as subsidence of effort along any *especial* lines. The purpose physically of exercise is to gain in strength, elasticity, power to conserve and definiteness to set free again.

Grace is not softness or flabbiness, it is based on underlying strength and is according to the individual's familiarity with the varied forms of use possible in his own body.

A FINGER PLAY.

B. J.

Here comes dear father, who walks up the street,
While mother runs down stairs, dear father to greet.
Along comes big brother with hop, jump and leap.
Little sister skips fast by his side close to keep.
And here comes the baby, just learning to creep.

In localities where foreign children most do congregate this little finger play may also be dramatized and help the children to learn how to use certain verbs.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

ASBURY PARK AND OCEAN GROVE, JULY, 1905.

IT is really worse than a threc-ringed circus," said one teacher to another as she studied the inviting program of the National Educational Association, and she sighed the sigh of those who are lost in an embarrassment of riches.

This is truly an age of specialization. Nevertheless the interests of one specialist frequently overlap those of another and though the program was carefully planned and successfully carried out it was so rich in its many sessions and department meetings and the good things offered at each, that one feels the need of rapidly developing the power of being in two places at the same time.

The Department of Kindergarten Education met in the First Congregational Church, a beautiful little building enriched by very lovely stained glass windows.

The meetings were very well attended and the programs were in every way worthy a large audience. The president, Miss Mary Jean Miller, head of the kindergarten department of the Normal Training School of Rochester, N. Y., was in the chair and her introductory paper which we are enabled to give in full we commend to teachers of all grades. It is a bit of inspiration. Miss Miller said:

Once upon a time a seed of corn fell into the earth. The seed of corn was hard, dry and apparently lifeless. It was yellow and small. The earth was cold, black, dark and dry. The great sun radiated heat and light, and warmed the earth. The rain came and wet the warm, dark earth. The balmy south breeze tempered the atmosphere, and life inside the small seed of yellow corn was stirred into activity. This force in action was too large for the seed-corn's shell, and it burst in silence, for all of the material for sprout and rootlets of the forthcoming blade and ear were compressed into the small yellow seed of corn.

This is only a bit of nature's life history, and nature's method of growth.

Once upon a time a tiny bundle lay in a fond mother's arms. The good warm sun, the refreshing rain, the purifying air, and the firm earth, furnished material for food, clothing and shelter. The

brave, true parents supplied an atmosphere of happiness and harmony, and the tender, yielding being, physical and spiritual, of the babe, stirred by the breath of life, grew, expanded, developed. It had no shell to break, yet within this tiny bundle in the mother's arms were all of the possibilities of the future man. This babe, so helpless and innocent, is to become a helpful and wise creature: or—a harmful and wicked one.

And this is a bit of humanity's life history: but what shall be the best method of development?

The kindergarten was the natural product of its time and Froebel a necessary person to discover the method of nature regarding humanity.

The kindergarten could not be kept away from America, any more than could Christopher Columbus: and it is as integral a part of our great public school system as the public school is in turn an essential part of our republic.

To rightly understand the place of the kindergarten, in our national system of education, it is necessary to look backward. It is less than a hundred years since the kindergarten had a discoverer in Germany. It is less than fifty years since the kindergarten had an existence in the United States: and it is only thirty-five years since it was first a part of any public school in our country. Today we have more than 300,000 children in kindergartens, and more than 4,000 kindergarten teachers.

And why this phenomenal growth?

We are sometimes alarmed when we consider the great material prosperity of our nation. But need we fear, when our great benefactor, the public school, is incorporating into its very being such a system of education as that for which the kindergarten stands? A system which holds (and practices as far as the public demands, and conditions will permit) that the physical as well as the mental, that the moral as well as the religious, that the social and æsthetic as well as the emotional natures, must each and all be equally and harmoniously developed.

"We need have no fear if we educate our children properly," says Froebel. In the slavery of ignorance only is there danger. In the freedom of all around development is there salvation for any sin, victory over any vice.

We have problems many as a nation. Labor and capital do not coöperate. Competition is still the soul of business. Greed and gain at times seem to get the mastery of goodness and godliness: but never in the history of a republic has there been such a recognition of the need for the elimination of vice by the establishment of virtue, or for making an equality for mankind by giving each an opportunity to evolve his best self.

On this greatest of our national holidays, I should be of narrow vision indeed if I could not behold "through a glass darkly" the fact that our public school system is yet our greatest institution. It is far from perfect, it is not even complete, but its possibilities are so limitless, its foundations are so solid, and its basis is so secure, who can predict but that our republic shall succeed, and that our democracy shall make possible all that it promises?

The common man, uncommon because he had neither extreme of poverty nor riches, to mar his chance for calm deliberation, is much in the majority, and is our safe background and wall of defense.

As yet, our public school system does not satisfy the needs of *all*. The elementary school prepares for the secondary school, and that in turn for the high school and college; but the *few* only can go to college.

The leaven of the kindergarten will require time only to vitalize these various departments which now lack a practical humanitarian touch; for the kindergarten holds to the principle that each is an essential part of the social whole, be he rich or poor, black or white, imprisoned or free; that he therefore is worthy of the development which results from knowing and doing things in the company of others, who have equal opportunity with himself.

If these things be in us and abound, each and all shall become self-knowing, self-directing, self-controlling, able to create and recreate, both the individual and the social whole, in keeping with the Divine plan.

The Department of Kindergarten Education in its present programs aims to extend the usefulness of the kindergarten by restating some of its fundamental principles, and in noting some of the difficulties which it encounters in their application.

There are stirrings within as well as without the kindergarten fold. The kindergarten is not more perfect in its details than are other institutions of human origin; but it is more complete than the public school to which it has been annexed; hence the apparent antagonism which results. But this opposition is the essential stimulant to better conditions in all portions of our great educational field.

Let us welcome the dawning day when righteousness becometh our nation and sin is becoming a reproach to our people. When we shall aim to not only make citizens who can read, write and figure, but those, also, who know how to labor, love and help live.

Dr. Nathan Oppenheim, of New York City, author of many well-known books upon the care of the child in health and disease, spoke first, his subject being "The Recognition of the Physical Development of the Child in the Training of Kindergartners." Dr. Oppenheim believes that the function of the teacher and the physi-

cian interlock. Their common part is to take care of the body and mind in health as well as in disease. To know how to help the mind develop in normal ways, the teacher must know the material he is working with, and must understand that the child is not an adult in the small. Every cell in the child's body is a lineal descendant of an impregnated ovum and that ovum is as much human as you or I. From the beginning there are definite and known changes, very rapid at first. Differences can be noted from day to day. The body is always in flux, in process of change, lungs, blood, tissue, etc. No portion in the child, therefore, is a counterpart of that in the adult. There is a portion in one not existent in the other. This is why there are diseases peculiar to each stage of growth.

Because nothing is fixed it is impossible to regulate occupations and hours in any fixed routine. It is absurd therefore for the kindergartner to ask such a question as: "When is the right time to use the sand-table?" Neither sand-table nor gift are sacred. But there is in the child something infinitely sacred. We have cause for rejoicing evermore if we have helped develop that into something more beautiful than before.

In playing games kindergartners need to know the body in order to know if they are injuring or helping the child, as in teaching color they should know that at different times children acquire the power to see different colors, they actually can not see certain colors until certain nerve filaments are developed.

The great idea now governing the world is the gift of Christianity, i. e., the value of the individual child. Future development depends upon teachers imbued with this idea and armed with facts about the laws of this development.

Mrs. Ada Marean Hughes, of Toronto, followed with an important paper on "The Recognition of the Physical Development of the Child in the Training of Kindergartners."

The first to speak in discussion was E. Hermann Arnold, President of the Department of Physical Education and director of the New Haven, Conn., Normal School of Gymnastics. Mr. Arnold, although born in the region of the Froebel country, Germany, claimed to have some hesitancy about "thrusting a child into the kindergarten," feeling that the child's physical needs demand a chance to play and to be turned loose in the pasture (surely no kindergartner

would gainsay this). Turn him loose upon nature, art, humanity, and his work will show what is wanted. It is unthinkable, Mr. Arnold said, to lead thirty or forty in physical exercises without tiring some and leaving others unsatisfied. The child leads a strenuous life but not in that way. Variety and effort are especially lacking. The child of three or four makes tremendous efforts but he tires and then he rests. The kindergarten does not offer a chance for vigorous activity, running, jumping, climbing, etc. "The kindergarten is too *nice* to be strenuous."

Among the dangers of the kindergarten Mr. Arnold named the overdoing of the small muscles and the overtiring by continuous play, the result not being noticeable till the child was much older. There is often, also, too much suggestion. The child resents ill-timed suggestions. There is not enough opportunity for individual initiative, for splitting up into natural groups. The normal child will play in groups for five or ten minutes, then new groups will form. Irritability when one group breaks up is a sign of fatigue, of lack of interest and attention. If not permitted to break up naturally, strained diplomatic relations ensue, followed by a fight, the fight being in such a case a mental and physical necessity to overwrought nerves.

Mr Arnold recognized the difficulty of securing people who understand what the kindergarten may and may not do, his final conclusion being that the kindergarten was not the place for all children, the playground and garden being much better for most. What he called the *niceness* of the kindergarten seemed to trouble Mr. Arnold very much.

Superintendent Carroll, of Rochester, N. Y., followed, taking exception to some of Mr. Arnold's points. Every child, he said, "is blessed by a good kindergarten." Consciously or unconsciously Froebel discovered the principle of play; he leavened the lump; every child has time for free play in the Rochester school kindergartens. The kindergartners have learned to play; indeed the world is at play; there is a new spirit abroad. The difference between the past and present was emphasized by Superintendent Carroll's word picture of his own boyhood when in order to get a playtime at all the boys had to slip out and have their games under cover of the night.

There is no sadder sight, said the superintendent, than a child learning to play in an artificial way. "Freedom is the dearest word

in our vocabulary," and he arraigned the attempt to assign certain games and exercises to certain unalterable hours. No teacher can do his best without a sense of initiative and dependence on his own resources. This is most vital in the kindergarten for the child is then plastic. Spontaneity is the mainspring of his action; if restricted, mechanism is bound to develop. What an anomaly to restrict the initiative and spontaneity of the kindergartner. Restriction reduces one-half the possible intellectual output and the emotions and physical reacts upon these.

There should be no accommodating of the kindergarten to the poor kindergartner. Freedom, life, action are inseparable and were bought for the kindergartner at a great price.

The kindergartner's cause received an unexpected benediction from William N. Barringer, supervisor of summer and evening schools in Newark, N. J. Mr. Barringer rose to bring the greetings and good wishes of a man who had been sixty-one years a teacher. He referred to Superintendent Carroll as one of his "little boys" and incidentally reminded us that Mr. Carroll's wife had been a kindergartner, which might account for his appreciation of the kindergarten.

It was truly a matter of encouragement and a reinforcement of one's faith to hear the witness of this man, who, however advanced in years, was still youthful enough in heart and mind to be one with the kindergartners. His message of good cheer, "Go on; don't be discouraged," will long ring in the ears of his auditors.

At the Thursday session Miss Harriette Melissa Mills, instructor in kindergarten education, Teachers' College, gave the leading paper, "Methods of Supervision of Public School Kindergartens." The Kindergarten Program. Active discussion followed.

DR. MAXWELL'S ADDRESS.

Each new convention of the N. E. A. seems better than the last, and the searching and masterly address of President Maxwell at the opening meeting of the general sessions was an earnest of what was to come.

Governor Stokes was unable to be present, and Dr. James T. Green, principal of the State Normal School at Trenton, extended the greetings of the State in the Governor's name, the response being made by Albert G. Lane, of Chicago, who was president of the association when it met before in Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, eleven years ago.

"Education for Efficiency" was the concise, comprehensive title of Dr. Maxwell's efficient and timely address. The conflict raging in the far East pointed his first moral, Japan made efficient by training and education, Russia inefficient because, though rich in natural resources and a large population, that population was ignorant and untrained.

"Borrowing eagerly from western civilizations, Japan has adopted for her own whatever school exercise or method of teaching gives promise of training or efficiency. Nobly has she repaid her debt to Europe and America. She has demonstrated to the world that the training of the young to skill of hand, to accuracy of vision, to high physical development, to scientific knowledge, to accurate reasoning, and to practical patriotism—for these are the staples of Japanese education—is the best and cheapest defense of nations."

Dr. Maxwell finds the corrective to the evils incident to the accumulation of wealth, not in anti-trust laws or other repressive legislation, but in a system of schools which provides a training for all equal to the best which money can buy; which discovers and reveals genius born in low estate, and enables it to fructify for the common good; and which guarantees to every child the full development of all of his powers. The trained man will demand and will in the long run receive his full share. Education is a chief cause of wealth and the most certain correction of its abuse; in a community in which every man was trained to his highest efficiency, monopoly and poverty would be alike impossible.

Education for efficiency means for Dr. Maxwell not only a training that would make a man a good soldier, or a wise, discriminating reader of the daily paper and a wise voter, nor "that wretched travesty of education which would confine the work of the public school to those exercises in reading, writing and ciphering which will enable a boy or girl at the age of fourteen, or earlier, to earn starvation wages in a store or factory.

"Education for efficiency means all of these things but it means much more. It means the development of each citizen first as an individual and second as a member of society. It means bodies kept fit for service by appropriate exercise. It means that each student shall be taught to use his hands deftly, to observe accurately, to reason justly, to express himself clearly. It means that he shall learn to live cleanly, happily, healthfully, helpfully with those around him. That he shall learn to coöperate with his fellows for far-reaching and far-

distant ends; that he shall learn the everlasting truth of the words uttered nearly two thousand years ago: 'No man liveth to himself,' and 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' Such I take it is the goal of American education."

This being the case, Dr. Maxwell finds that the curriculum, particularly that of the elementary schools, becomes an object of extreme solicitude, for the latter contain ninety per cent of the children under instruction.

The speaker named as the most prominent features of the recent movement for reform in the elementary curriculum the development of the imagination and the higher emotions through literature, art and music; the training of the body and the executive powers of the mind through manual training, physical training and play the introduction of the child to the sources of material wealth, through the direct study of nature and the processes of manufacture.

The movement, which at first seemed to have a psychological basis, is now seeking a sociological foundation.

The opposition to the so-called fads arises from three sources, according to the speaker's analysis. 1. The demagogic contentions of selfish politicians who do not like to see diverted to other ends the money which they consider their legitimate spoils. But we may hope with Dr. Maxwell that the "saving common sense of the common people when deliberately appealed to will always come to the rescue of the schools."

2. The conservative element in the teaching force, those themselves brought up under the old regime.

3. The progressive teachers who are disappointed that the new methods have not accomplished already what was hoped for them by their enthusiastic advocates.

Dr. Maxwell believes this disappointment and discouragement natural, but finds there are explanations for the slow progress and apparent lack of success which are due not so much to the falsity of the premises as the conditions in the educational world. Public education is a much more difficult thing now than it was fifty years ago. 1. Because of the migration of population from the country to the cities, with its consequent loss of much important incidental education. 2. Because of the vastly increased immigration from foreign countries and the present character of the immigrants. Formerly

the immigrants were allied to us both in language and traditions; now the majority are from southern Europe, illiterate, unaccustomed to self-government, and with a much lower standard of living. "Teachers," he said, "have a right to complain that municipal authorities, in permitting the overcrowding of immigrants in unsanitary quarters, have aided the establishment of the most serious obstacle yet discovered to the upward progress of public education."

Despite these obstacles and complicated problems Dr. Maxwell finds the pupils of today superior in intelligence, power of initiative and all round efficiency, to those of half a century ago.

One most important suggestion was that the highest efficiency of the schools demands differentiation not only in the higher but in the elementary grades, *i. e.*

It is absurd to place the boy or girl, ten or twelve years of age, just landed from Italy, who can not read a word in his own language or speak a word of English, in the same class with American boys and girls five or six years old. For a time at least the foreigners require to be segregated and to receive special treatment. Again, the studies that appeal to the normal boy only disgust the confirmed truant or the embryo criminal. Yet again, the mentally defective, the crippled and the physically weak children require special treatment. Unless all indications fail, the demand for education for efficiency will lead in all our large cities to the organization of many widely differentiated types of elementary school.

Dr. Maxwell believes in using the schools as centers for the adults as well as the children, and also that in order to accomplish best results with children of the underfed population, that opportunity should be given in school kitchens to provide food at lowest possible cost for such. In these difficulties and the economic peril and racial differences the speaker finds the teachers' opportunity and surely there was no teacher there present but who was thrilled with the closing words which expressed so well the opportunities of those who belong to the highest of professions, the noble brotherhood of teachers.

Commissioner of Education Harris held out high hopes in his paper on the Future of Teachers' Salaries. He finds the salaries slowly increasing in value and likely to further increase with the spread of intelligence and labor-saving machinery. "The larger the sum produced by the average person in the United States the greater

his ability to support schools and furnish positions of large salaries for the higher order of teachers."

J. V. Skiff, director of the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, spoke upon the value of educational museums. Immediately following Dr. Maxwell's words upon the problem of educating and Americanizing our illiterate foreign immigrants it was edifying and conducive to proper humility of spirit to learn that among the visitors to the museums, though a large proportion are foreigners, "the manners of these visitors, whose nativity is so remote, are in sharp and rebuking contrast with those of the American born. Every discovered vandal has been a native of the United States. Reverence is not a dominant trait in this country."

A vast concourse gathered on Friday, July 7, to hear President Roosevelt's address. It was an enthusiastic and appreciative audience that thronged to hear him. In his strong, straight-to-the-point remarks he recognized the importance of the efficient teacher to the republic. "You teachers make the whole world your debtor; if you did not do your work well this republic would not endure between the span of the generation. You furnish a common training and common ideals for the children of all the mixed peoples who are here being fused into one nationality. It is in no small degree to you and your efforts that we are one people instead of a group of jarring peoples."

The President pointed out the influence of the teacher in establishing both by precept and example ideals other than those of wealth, to "show that while you regard wealth as a good thing you regard other things as still better."

"Thrice fortunate are you to whom it is given to lead lives of resolute endeavor for the achievement of lofty ideals, and furthermore, to instill, both by your lives and your teachings, these ideals into the minds of those who in the next generation determine the position which this nation will hold in the history of mankind."

The response of Miss Katherine D. Blake, principal of public school No. 6, New York City, was listened to with closest attention and received the unstinted approval of the pleased audience and the pleased President. "He is the greatest teacher of us all," Miss Blake said, "for he is a teacher, not of children but of men—nay, more, of nations, and as we watch the work of our great peace-maker we

all hope that success may shortly crown his efforts." Miss Blake expressed the thanks of the teachers of New York for the stand Theodore Roosevelt took when governor of New York in support of better salaries for the teachers of the children of the State. She related a brief experience telling how, long before, he had become an inspiration in her life through a speech made when a member of the legislature of New York state. Her closing words were of the prophetic order:

I look forward to the time when the sacred rights of our children to the highest type of education may be recognized by our national Government as greater than the rights of laborers or farmers; to the time when the department of Education shall equal in importance the department of State itself.

At the general sessions on Tuesday Mayor McClellan of New York spoke upon the standards of local administration. His address elicited much applause although we doubt if in all cases those applauding agreed in all respects with the opinions expressed, especially upon those in connection with the three R's.

He is undoubtedly correct in imputing some of the commercial spirit of our schools to the fact that "educators, recognizing the economic law of supply and demand, have tried to bring to market only salable goods. When fond parents have preferred demands that colleges should turn out money-making machines rather than educated men, colleges have met the demand."

Dr. Canfield of Columbia University at short notice took the platform in place of Dr. Alderman, president of University of Virginia. He finds the American of today characterized by four distinct thoughts: One is that he will know and does not fear the truth; secondly, he stands today for a democracy which will finally trust no other than the people and the whole people, under intelligent acceptance of intelligent leadership; third, he seeks a social democracy in which no man is common or unclean, and all are equal in opportunity; fourth, he stands for organization and co-operation in the place of competition.

A SIX WEEKS' KINDERGARTEN WITH FOREIGN CHILDREN AND WITHOUT KINDERGARTEN MATERIALS.

MAY OWENS KINSEY.

IMAGINE fifty healthy, happy children, seated on benches around the sides of the room—benches not screwed to the floor. The benches were large and the children small, consequently their little feet could not touch the floor so that they kept swinging them back and forth just as fast as they could possibly make them go.

Their bright eyes and ears were all attention, for this was the first kindergarten ever opened in the school. Curiosity showed in every face.

And for six weeks we were to hold kindergarten before furniture or gifts or occupations arrived.

The first problem was represented by the queer assortment of treasures arrayed on the window sills—molasses-covered candy on sticks, bags of candy, peanuts, popcorn balls, cracker-jack, lunch of various kinds including bottles of coffee and Wiener wurst sandwiches. There were also toys, a horn, drum, a large ball and train of cars. Why was this miscellaneous collection so interesting? Because these were all given to the children on condition that they come to kindergarten. The parents little realized that this was bribery, on a small scale to be sure, but the principle was there just the same. Ignorant of the meaning of the kindergarten they coaxed the children to go to *school*, by giving them the things which they most wanted, whether it was an apple dipped in molasses or a toy engine. Of course these things had to be taken away from them for the time being and one can imagine the amount of talking necessary to convince the children that the loss was only temporary, and they could have them again when they went home. Occasionally a chubby hand would reach up to take the molasses covered apple so afraid was the owner that it would not get to him again. This necessitated another trip to the lavatory to make the child presentable in the kindergarten.

Did the strong desire to cling to these treasures indicate the need on the child's part of something that connected him with the home from which he was for the first time estranged?

This was not the only inducement used. Several times a mother or a sister came and gave money to give "Johnny" when school was out. Twice a nickel was given with instructions to give the little brother one penny a day for a week. Imagine the book-keeping necessary if such arrangements were maintained!

The district was foreign in every way. There were not more than six children who understood any English at all. The parents were Bohemian and spoke their own language entirely at home. The children were fearful, afraid to come to school, and the parents knew no other way of getting them to come. They understood so little English that we could not enter into the ethical and altruistic reasons for abolishing the system. We simply told them that the children could not have such things in the kindergarten. That whatever they wished to give them must be given after reaching home. And that in a few days they would gladly come without any promise at all.

Bear in mind that the room was without tables, chairs or any of the kindergarten materials. What to do to make the day in the kindergarten attractive and helpful was the problem.

Happily a piano was borrowed from the hall. I played some simple melodies, Lange's Flower Song, Wagner's Ode to the Evening Star, part of Lybach's Fifth Nocturne, Rubenstein's Melodie in F and others. They enjoyed the piano and would listen twenty minutes at a time.

I began at once to play some of the songs we wished to give them later as I believe in the children hearing the air for two weeks at least before giving them the words of a song.

For the immediate work we gave them the finger plays (without the piano) which they received with delight. They responded to music quickly. The hand clapping also was a great joy. Think of clapping softly and loudly without being told to "keep quiet" by a nervous parent.

We decided to give them a good deal of marching, knowing that the more practice they received before the kindergarten supplies came, the less detail work would be necessary later on. Everything proceeded slowly because they could not understand the language, and after a certain routine was established there were two or three who would cry if we made any change.

But after all it was surprising to see how soon the children

realized that we were their friends. I often wonder what it all meant to them, the meaningless words, etc.

Marching and skipping occupied one-fourth of the time. There were the usual number of boys who were too shy or bashful to skip. We encouraged them by having their older brothers, boys of thirteen or fourteen, come in to skip with us a little. This prompted the little fellows to want to skip, too. I asked the big brothers to skip with the little ones in the school yard and around home, and this effected a change right away.

My fellow director was a very clever artist. She could draw on the board anything the children wanted. During the circle I would ask them where they had been and what they had seen. Only a very few could answer. One told of a trip to the park, the pond, water lilies and a boat. In a twinkling the pictures were on the board before them.

We illustrated the days of the week the same way. One little girl was pictured through the different periods doing the work of the mother at home. A little later we would have the children choose the picture they wanted to see, girl rolling hoop, boy flying kite, girl watering flowers and other familiar occupations. This pleased the children heartily. They could not understand stories, but pictures appealed to them and gradually we brought the subject to them through pictures. It gave them confidence and they, too, tried to represent little pictures on the board.

We let each one draw a picture of his hand (in connection with the finger plays) on manila paper and take it home the first week. They also drew leaves and twigs. They had to do all their work on the floor.

We secured bright colored papers from the drug store and cut them in strips, for chains. Paste was made of gum tragacanth, and the stiff backs of the manila paper tablets were cut into small squares to hold it. The first chains were naturally used to decorate the kindergarten.

Another occupation was the making of worsted balls in the following manner: Take two pieces of cardboard about the size of a dollar; cut a hole in the center one about one-quarter inch in diameter; sew over and over until this hole is filled; then cut the worsted between the cardboards along the edge of the circles; separate the

circles slightly and tie the worsted securely at the center; tear away the cardboards and the result is an attractive first gift ball.

We brought bits of worsted from home and bought a package of needles; after awhile we designed some simple cardboard sewing, using as before, the backs of the tablets.

For games we dramatized the every day occupations of the mother, using the word, action and the picture on the board, to illustrate the meaning. The ball games, "Roll over, come back," and "My ball, I want to bounce you," were always popular. We had bought a rubber ball which was the only one used until the gifts came.

One day I took some gingham bags to kindergarten, sewed all except part of one side. The children had brought beans and the older ones filled the bags and sewed them. We made eight and played with them in various ways all the year.

Drawing, a wee bit of sewing and a little pasting were all the occupations employed. We would have cut out and pasted pictures but we had only sharp-pointed scissors and we did not venture to put scissors into their hands until the regular blunt kindergarten scissors came.

As to what the children had gained during these six weeks? They gained certainly some working knowledge of the English language. They learned to use pencil and chalk; to use the needle and the paste stick. They saw how paper could be utilized in drawing, cutting and pasting.

Through the use of the materials above named, and through the march and rhythm work they gained a certain amount of self-control, they received exercises in association and co-operation to a small degree, and the subtle effects of unity, harmony, continuity and interdependence were surely felt.

They exercised and strengthened the power of working definitely, *i. e.*, with purpose ahead.

They began to get an inkling of that higher law to which all must submit in order to be happy and helpful and to confer happiness and blessing.

METHODS OF SUPERVISION OF PUBLIC SCHOOL KINDERGARTENS—THE KINDERGARTEN PROGRAM.*

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THE most difficult of all the problems presented to the kindergarten supervisor for solution is that of the kindergarten program.

In kindergarten circles the interest in this subject is a growing one, since the problem has recently taken definite form in the question: Shall a uniform program be adopted, or shall each kindergarten make her own program?

I have been requested to consider the subject of the kindergarten program from the standpoint of the liberal worker, and at the same time to present the claims of the conservative kindergartners. To do this adequately within the limits of this paper is impossible.

Centuries ago a great prophet admonished his people with these words: "Choose you, this day, whom ye will serve"; and the intervening centuries have given proof that on the ability to choose and the freedom of choice hang the issues of growth and character.

The issue today between conservative and liberal kindergartners is primarily that of freedom, or in the words of Froebel: "The right of the individual to reveal his essence in his own life with self-determination and freedom." Kindergarten supervisors and teachers are alive to the necessity of choosing whether they will follow the leadership of Friedrich Froebel as the founder of an imperfectly conceived, and imperfectly organized institution, or whether they will follow him as one who "advocated a principle and embodied a spirit"; for Froebel did not succeed in establishing a logical system of theory and practice, but he did succeed in presenting a "unity of tendency and endeavor."

Froebel's intellectual grasp was far exceeded by his intuitive insight into the problems of education. These intuitions constitute

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the dynamic power of the Froebellian philosophy; and the fact that many of them have been, and are being verified by evolutionary science, genetic psychology, and child study, constitutes an allurements to study that is as fruitful as it is inspiring.

There is today on the part of kindergarten workers practical unanimity of conviction in favor of planned work. The conservative kindergartners are generally in favor of a uniform program. The liberal kindergartners advocate individual programs.

The most notable effort in program making, and the one that has gained widest acceptance, is the outline known as "The Uniform Program," by Miss Susan Blow.

The fact that this outline has not been published makes the task of presentation exceedingly delicate.

In order to forestall the implication of partial knowledge of the uniform program, I wish to state that I possess a copy of this outline; that I have attended over forty lectures on this subject given by Miss Laura Fisher, and that I have used the program with a group of children from four to six years of age in New York City.

The liberal supervisors and kindergartners recognize that there is no place in the modern school system for an education according to Froebel, any more than there is for an education according to Comenius or Rousseau. They base their contention for freedom and a natural kindergarten upon educational principles that are recognized as valid by all educators. These universal truths are the very spirit of the Froebellian philosophy.

In presenting the point of view of the liberal kindergartner, I shall make repeated reference to Friedrich Froebel. For this I make no apology, since through these references I hope, in some measure, to defend the liberal kindergartner from the charge of being anti-Froebellian.

For the sake of clearness, we will consider the kindergarten program under three divisions:

I. The reasons for a uniform program, advocated by conservative leaders.

II. The characteristics of the program suggested.

III. The kindergarten program from the liberal point of view.

The principal reasons for advocating a uniform program, as I

have been able to gather them from published articles and public lectures, may be summed up as follows:

1. The general inability of kindergartners to make programs adequately embodying Froebel's principles.

2. The danger of selecting subject matter far removed from the sympathies and interest of little children.

3. The liability of the kindergartner to become mechanical, repeating from year to year the models acquired during her period of training.

Conservative kindergartners claim that the strength of the uniform program is due to the fact that it embodies the results of long years of experience and observation; that it concentrates the minds of many kindergartners upon the common features of their work; it supplements the course of professional training; it rescues the kindergartner from isolation, in which there is danger of self-limitation and self-imitation.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE UNIFORM PROGRAM.

The development of this program is known to be based upon fundamental ideas concerning Froebel's Mother Play, and the gifts and occupations. The Mother Play is accepted as the text-book of the kindergarten.

Miss Blow writes in "Symbolic Education": "It should be the beacon light by which each kindergartner directs her course. It should be the beating heart of every kindergarten. It should be the center around which revolves all the concentric circles of kindergarten activity." True to these convictions, the uniform program finds in the Mother Play suggestions for the point of departure, the principles involved, the ideal goal, and the typical songs, games and stories.

In this program, the gifts and occupations are conceived as materials of intrinsic worth, and are administered largely on the basis of form. They represent the subject matter of exercises that in their initial steps concentrate upon some abstract notion inherent in the material, such as form, size, number, position and direction.

These ideas are illustrated through series of exercises that move in logical sequence, by means of which the "mechanical key which unlocks the gate of inorganic nature" is put into the hands of little children.

Where the uniform program is used, the kindergarten super-

visor generally dictates it to the teachers from week to week, with such explanations of the ideas and principles involved in the exercises as she thinks necessary.

This plan has been advocated as a kind of post-graduate work for young kindergartners.

In justice to the advocates of the uniform program it should be stated that general suggestions and criticisms of the program have led to eliminations and modifications, until they believe that it represents "the highest effort to concentrate the collective mind of at least one school of kindergartners upon the practical embodiment of Froebel's ideal."

I am aware that these necessarily meagre outlines can convey no adequate idea of the skill and force that have been wrought into this program. It is a great work. Fidelity to a principle led to its formulation and illumines every detail. My deepest regret today is that this outline has not been published and allowed to speak its message to all kindergartners.

THE KINDERGARTEN PROGRAM FROM THE LIBERAL STANDPOINT.

Liberal kindergartners believe in formulating their own programs, and in this they have the coöperation of liberal supervisors. They maintain:

1. That the needs of particular groups of children demand individual plans of work, with subject matter that touches the immediate life interests of the group.
2. That program making is a certain and unfailing means of growth in individual skill and insight.
3. That this course has the sanction of the spirit of freedom which is the fundamental note of the Froebellian philosophy.

From this point of view—maintained by the liberal kindergartners—we will consider the conservative positions regarding the program.

1. The general inability of kindergartners to make programs adequately embodying Froebel's principles.

In general, the charge of incompetency should be a lessening one. The standards of admission to all reliable training schools are steadily advancing. Furthermore, before a kindergartner can secure a position in any large public school system, she must pass examinations that attest her knowledge of, and adaptation for the work. No

one claims for the young kindergartner the insight of mature years, and program making, under the guidance of a supervisor, may well partake of the nature of post-graduate work. However, the distinguishing characteristic of post-graduate work is, that the one pursuing this course is free to find the constituent elements of the subject, and organize them into a systematic whole, *bearing the stamp of individual power and self-expression.*

It is the privilege of the supervisor to encourage the life work of the young kindergartner by suggestion, by constructive criticism, and more, by an unfailing faith in her ability to transcend the limitations she discovers within herself.

This course "educates to freedom" and conforms to the thought of John Stuart Mill, who wrote: "The only unfailing and permanent source of improvement is liberty, since by it there are as many possible centers of improvement as there are individuals."

The recognition of this truth leads the liberal supervisor to indirect methods of supervision that inspire both young kindergartners and experienced workers to pursue general and special studies, in view of general and particular needs. She will confer with her kindergartners on the large and small interests of the work, but never dictate from week to week the elements that make up the daily routine of the kindergartens under her supervision.

Such a course would deprive the teacher of her richest and most assured means of growth. Prescription for the young kindergartner in the subject matter of the program threatens to consign her "intellect to the abyss of habit."

If she is indeed a child in her appreciation of the Froebelian philosophy, there is grave danger that a program that calls for a given sequence of Mother Plays, and gift and occupation exercises, will perpetuate the very conditions for which the program was formulated.

The kindergartner who habitually acts under the dictation of others hazards the possibility of ever rising to the recognition of herself as a causal energy. Even though all possible adaptive liberty be granted in the execution of ready-made programs, the exercise of adaptive-power can not impart the enthusiasm and spirit that comes from the consciousness that one's daily plan of work is the result

of one's deepest reflective thought, the embodiment of one's highest creative power.

2. The danger of selecting subject matter far removed from the interests and sympathies of little children.

The liberal kindergartner need not fear this danger, for in making her own program she is free to choose the subject matter most closely related to the lives of the children in her charge. This course is well within the spirit of the Froebelian philosophy.

Froebel wrote: "The knowledge of everything, its purposes and properties, is found most clearly and distinctly in its local conditions and in its relation to surrounding objects."

Again, "What is to have a true and formative effect on the child must not only be founded on life as it actually appears, must not only be connected with life, but must also form itself in harmony with the requirements of life, of the surroundings, and of the time, and with what they offer." Therefore, Froebel recommends as points of departure, "the things of the sitting-room, the house, the garden, the farm, the village (or city), the meadow, the field, the forest, the plain."

The liberal kindergartner secures continuity and progression in her work through the observation of nature and the response of all living things to the come and go of the seasons. She is true to the pattern set, when by simple stories, songs, pictures, plays and games, she lifts the common experiences of every-day life to the level of consciousness, and helps the children to find in them an ideal meaning.

To the observer these selections may seem trivial; but Froebel tells us that "God neither engrafts nor inoculates. He develops the most trivial and imperfect things in continuously ascending series, and in accordance with eternal self-grounded and self-developing laws."

From the liberal standpoint the use of the Mother Play as subject matter for the kindergarten is open to serious and well founded objections. The effort to bodily transplant Froebel's schemes of education into this country ignores the fact that the child of our American cities is a different member of humanity from the child of the German country side with whom Froebel played sixty years ago; the American mother is a very different embodiment of the maternal spirit

from the German peasant mothers from whom Froebel gathered materials for his Mother Play.

The tentative spirit of Froebel—which is far removed from the dogmatic interpretation and use of the book—is shown in the following quotation from its introduction written to the mothers of Germany: “Accept the book in a kindly, thoughtful spirit; study the plays; study especially the picture. Be not too critical of the form of one or the artistic merit of the other. Remember that the aim and spirit of the book are novel, and that I am breaking a path through unexplored regions of experience. My success must necessarily be partial and imperfect.”

For a moment let us follow these directions. As to the imperfections—no one questions them. They have been held up for comment and ridicule with which kindergartners have no sympathy.

But what shall be said of the spirit and aim of the book? In these it is a world book. Its spirit—a yearning for humanity and a desire to make its uplift sure through the quickened consciousness of motherhood. Its aim—to show mothers how to respond to the manifestations of childhood with conscious insight into the significance and value of “experience—knowledge” that comes to the child through play. It indicates to the mother that within play experiences lie the capacities and potencies of ever widening relationships. It indicates that the mother make intelligent use of varied means and illustrations, that the child may gain control over present experiences, and begin an interpretation of them in harmony with the wider life relationships of which they are a part.

There is nothing to indicate that these plays were the only ones to be emphasized, or that they be developed in the order presented. Each play is typical of a wide range of experience; but the liberal kindergartner believes that the child is more deeply interested in gaining control of the real experiences of every-day life, than in the typical experience portrayed in the Froebel book.

The use of the work as a picture book for children may have been justified in Froebel’s time, when reproductions of works of art were unknown, and the possibilities of photography had not made every conceivable subject available in pictured form.

The liberal kindergartner makes use of the gifts and occupations in more or less modified form, but not as materials of inherent

worth. She looks upon them as mediating between the constructive and graphic impulses of children, and the experiences they hunger to control and interpret.

In the natural constructive and graphic plays of children, life forms predominate over those of knowledge—form, size, etc.—or of beauty—forms of symmetry. Wherever forms of knowledge or beauty appear, they are incidental to the life interest, which, from the child's standpoint, constitute the centralizing element throughout.

3. The danger of mechanical method.

It is a matter of common observation that the charge of mechanical method does not apply alone to the young kindergartner but to the experienced teacher as well. There is always a tendency to repeat exercises and methods that have met with success, and hence in time arises mechanical method.

It is hard to conceive a more productive source of mechanical method than a uniform program, and the danger increases in direct ratio to the ability and authority of those who formulate and promote it. My observation has been that in following a given order of exercises the tendency is to concentrate on the principles or ideas involved in the exercises, and to ignore the capacities and needs of the children.

The kindergartner who studies each new group of children, and weighs the subject matter of her program in the scales of added experience has caught the secret of self-activity that results in the progressive development of both teacher and pupil. Herein lies the antidote for mechanical method.

The kindergarten worker has need for many programs for all classes of children under all conditions of environment and nationality, made by kindergartners who have the courage to express in their work the thoughts that are peculiarly and predominantly their own. Let these be published, and thus be made available for comparative study.

Dr. Russell, Dean of Teachers' College, writes: "The progress in kindergarten education waits upon the spirit of critical research which is engendered by a genuine interest in kindergarten philosophy."

The kindergarten program offers a field of research and critical study that promises rich reward of insight for the one who will enter and take possession.

Furthermore, we all need a deeper insight into the totality of Froebel's work. When we have this insight we can say with Whitman: "Then the sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed as to long panoramas of vision," and we shall see far down the centuries the perfecting of the kindergarten of which Froebel dreamed.

Shall we not, as supervisors and training teachers, encourage our kindergartners to make their own plans of work? In doing this we have the sanction of Froebel's faith in the integrity of the individual, in these words: "And why should not every thoughtful teacher *find the right way in himself*, if only he give himself up to faithful obedience, without conceit and distrust, to the *spirit* of his work."

One of the most promising movements in modern primary education is that which aims to enlarge the place of the industries in the grammar schools. In a third edition of "The Place of Industries in Elementary Education,"* by Katharine Elizabeth Dopp, just published, the point of departure and the treatment of the subject are quite different from those which usually characterize educational books. The author has seized upon the instincts and racial characteristics of the Aryan peoples, and with these as a basis she has built up a progressive curriculum in which the industries occupy a place corresponding to that which anthropologists have given them in the development of the race. Many interesting points are brought out in connection with the introduction of industries in the grades, and the foundation is laid for many new theories of the application of manual training to the more advanced grades.

*Two hundred and seventy-eight pp., 12mo, cloth, net \$1.00; post-paid, \$1.11. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois.

"Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes," by Mrs. A. S. Hardy. If your children have spent any part of the summer at the seashore this little book will be a great delight. It answers in an entertaining way many of the questions aroused by the strange structure of the creatures of the sea, the crab and sponge and anemone, starfish, sea urchin and many others. The illustrations are many and will afford great pleasure to those who are too young to read. Those who are far from the seaboard it will give a fascinating idea of the treasures of the sea and will induce a desire for further knowledge. Boston: Ginn & Co. Price, 75 cents.

SOUTHERN KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION, ORGANIZED JULY, 1905.

AMALIE HOFER.

EARLY in the spring of 1905 appeared the annual catalog of the Summer School of the South, announcing among special features a southern kindergarten conference, to be held during the fifth week of the summer school, July 17-21. The general program of the summer school provided generously for kindergartners, and attracted the earnest and energetic workers from all sections of the South, from Florida to the District of Columbia.

A demonstration kindergarten was daily conducted by Miss Mabel Corey, of the Chicago Kindergarten Institute, attended by a group of delightfully normal and attractive children. The natural joy of these children in stories and games made every hour spent in observation by students an hour of privilege.

A daily hour was set apart for child life studies, conducted by Miss Amalie Hofer, of Chicago. There was an average attendance of forty kindergartners and primary teachers in this group, using as texts the Mother Play book and Education of Man.

During the entire six weeks the trained kindergartners met in daily conference to discuss such practical problems as belong to the school room, a full report of which will be given in the next issue of THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE. There were lecture courses by such eminent kindergartners as Miss Elizabeth Harrison, Miss Mari Ruef Hofer, Miss Patty Hill, Miss Geraldine O'Grady and Miss Mary H. Wilson. Specialists with particularly valuable messages for the kindergartners, as well as other teachers, were to be heard daily; such as Dr. Stanley Hall, Dr. Henry Turner Bailey, Supt. B. C. Gregory, Prof. Denton J. Snider, Dr. E. L. Thorndike, the since lamented Dr. Arnold Tompkins and Richard T. Wyche.

The special program provided for the kindergarten conference days was as follows:

Monday forenoon: Introduction by Prof. P. P. Claxton, Knoxville.

The Kindergarten Movement—Miss Amalie Hofer, Chicago.

The Kindergarten and the Factory Child—Supt. Lawton B. Evans, Augusta, Ga.

Monday Evening—Neighborhood Work an Outgrowth of the Kindergarten (with stereopticon views)—Miss Mary Howell Wilson, Dallas, Tex.

The Kindergarten and Higher Education—Miss Elizabeth Harrison, Chicago.

Tuesday Morning—Woman, by Dr. Edward B. Thorndike, New York.

Tuesday Evening—A reception by the Southern Kindergartners to the Summer School.

Wednesday Forenoon—Froebel's Message to Mothers—Elizabeth Harrison.

Wednesday Evening—Demonstration of songs, games and dances by sixty kindergartners, conducted by Miss Mari Ruef Hofer, of New York, and Mrs. Margaret Seymour, of Dallas.

In addition to these public meetings in the large auditorium, a daily round table was conducted by the kindergartners, with an attendance increasing from thirty to seventy. The subject of the first round-table was "How to Spread the Kindergarten Work in the South." The meeting was conducted by Miss Mary H. Wilson, head resident of the Neighborhood House, Dallas, Tex., and a kindergartner by profession. Among the points practically discussed were: Ways of raising money and arousing public interest; why only standard training of teachers should be insisted upon; what kind of organization into associations is strongest; one good public lecture on the kindergarten should be provided each year, in communities where the work is to grow. One of the best speakers on the subject for the South is Prof. P. P. Claxton, of Knoxville. Miss Wilson contributed in a delightful and practical way to the discussion of this all important question.

The second round-table on Tuesday afternoon was given over to the hearing of brief reports by kindergartners present, of the progress of the work in their various home centers. Twenty-five localities were heard from and all reports were informal, in many cases being voluntary. By the consent of the conference these reports are published in full, in the assurance that they may bring some practical suggestions to workers elsewhere in the South. The

exchange of pioneer experiences was most inspiring to those present, and can not fail to stimulate the movement throughout the South.

We believe that this set of reports briefly outlines the history of the kindergarten work in the southern States, in so far as it had representation at the Summer School of the South. Since the organization of the Southern Kindergarten Association there can be no doubt but that there will be still more complete representation at the next annual meeting. The round-table for reports was presided over by Miss Willette Allen, of Atlanta, Ga., who gave graceful greetings to all the workers, saying in part:

To the friends of the new education the one particular distinction of the South has been the initial experiment of America's noted educator, Dr. Harris, with her revered kindergartner, Miss Susan E. Blow, in introducing kindergartens where they came to stay, viz., into the public school system. St. Louis has been a bulwark of strength and a source of power for years. New Orleans has also the dignity of years behind her. Louisville is known throughout the United States for the force and progress of her work.

Aside from these notable exceptions I believe the kindergarten in the South is considered in its infancy. We venture to affirm, and we think facts justify the affirmation, that the kindergarten of the South has long outgrown its infancy. This we hope to prove to you.

The long skirts of babyhood—hampering prejudice—no longer seriously impede its forward movement. Yea, even the creeping age is passed and very creditable steps have been taken; in witness whereof you shall soon have the record.

Seriously, my friends, we believe the genial clime of our Southland to be most admirably adapted to child nurture.

If, as our critics say, we allow the heart to rule the head, we will at least earnestly endeavor such intelligent ordering of the sympathies as shall free us from all weak sentimentality and engage our full strength of mind as well as heart in reasonable service to childhood.

Perhaps our greater leisure and less strenuous endeavor may serve to diminish nerve tension and tend to equalize circulation and balance power.

If our kindergarten work has been so delayed in the beginning that it can not be classed as belonging to the same generation as yours of the North we may at least take advantage of the better opportunity to start our child in the public schools to grow up an integral part of our educational system.

We appreciate the privilege we have of profiting by the experience of America's noble pioneers and their faithful followers.

We render grateful acknowledgement to those devoted workers

who have given time and strength in our special need in times past and in the time which is now present.

That we may give a basis for future comparison we take pleasure in presenting brief reports of the organization and progress of kindergarten work in as many different southern cities as have representation at Knoxville this summer. A further purpose of this meeting is to awaken and strengthen such community of interest among us as shall result in a family union.

In unity, in wholeness, there is life;

In separation, in halfness, there is death.

Tennessee was the first State called upon to report, and Knoxville the first city. Miss Allen said: "The kindergartners of Knoxville are to be congratulated that they already have the coöperation of an organization which represents the intelligence in combination with the mother-heart of the community. We are most happy to have with us this afternoon, Mrs. George W. Pickel, the president of the Knoxville Kindergarten Association, who offers a report written by an absent charter member."

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—In 1890 the idea was suggested to a small band of Kings' Daughters, to institute and keep as their special work a free kindergarten school, out of which was developed the free association as it is today. Miss Grigg has been our only teacher, and too much can not be said of her untiring faithfulness and conscientious work. The first few years it was a struggle on the part of Miss Grigg to entice the mothers to give her their children, and on the part of the members to raise the necessary funds. An assessment of twenty-five cents per month was made upon each member and contributions were not only solicited, but begged from the ever generous business men of our city. This, in connection with assistance from associate members and an occasional entertainment given by the association, is our support. The school opened with fourteen children, but has grown to forty-five regular attendants, and during the Christmas season it is not unusual to provide for one hundred and twenty girls and boys. The average age is from three to ten years. Lunch is served three times a week. There is also an elaborate Thanksgiving dinner, a Christmas tree with fruit, candy and toys for each little tot, and at Easter an egg hunt, with a picnic at the close of school. Many of the children are clothed by the association, and Miss Grigg's work among their parents, nursing their sick, is one of her many beautiful charities. In connection with her kindergarten work she is greatly interested in a club for working people, and no outsider can realize the good that is being accomplished by this noble, Christian woman in helping this circle of

boys and girls to higher, better living. Miss Grigg also conducts a sewing class. The materials are furnished and each girl is entitled to the garments she makes. Some of the members of the association assist as teachers in this sewing class. We are encouraged to hear that some of the public school teachers have said that it is far easier for them to handle the children from the slums who have had kindergarten training.

NASHVILLE, TENN.—“The Athens of the South” is perhaps the best known nickname so often bestowed upon the capital city of this State. This is due to the large number of schools and universities that have existed there for over a hundred years. The public school system bears a most honorable reputation. The Peabody College for Teachers has made the name of Nashville a household word throughout southern and southwestern States. Vanderbilt counts among its alumni citizens of every State and in every calling. Yet in this progressive city, so blessed by nature, the kindergarten has enjoyed but a feeble existence for nearly a quarter of a century.

More than a score of years ago a small body of our best women laid the foundation of the widely known Price's College for Girls. A trained kindergartner, a charming young woman, came from St. Louis to introduce this essential branch of school education in our midst. A small class flourished a couple of years and was abandoned. Parents confounded the whole idea with the inherited understanding of the primary school as it existed twenty-five and thirty years ago and were not desirous of sending their children.

Physicians were notably arrayed against the innovation and when little five-year-old Johnnie or six-year-old Susie became ill on a too exclusive diet of candy, raisins and cake, why, Dr. X. blamed the school and instead of scoring the weak, silly parent for submitting to the tyrannical demands of abnormal infantile appetites, counseled withdrawal from the kindergarten.

Sporadic attempts to start little private kindergartens were made from time to time by inexperienced, poorly trained young girls, to augment depleted purses.

A philanthropic woman and her daughters attempted to establish a free kindergarten for poor children. Subscriptions were never any too large and after a few years the attempt died a lingering death from inanition.

Only one kindergarten has been able to maintain itself for two consecutive years and that is one conducted by Miss Jounard, under my own roof. A beautiful memorial to a noble Jewish woman is maintained by her husband and others in the Bertha Fensterwald Kindergarten. This is for poor Jewish children and has existed for two years.

From time to time big-souled women have harangued the board

of education but with little effect. So if there are more kindergartens than the two mentioned above, they are unknown to me and I claim a fairly full acquaintance with the schools of my native city after a score of years of service.

CLARA LOUISE FRALEY.

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Memphis has no kindergarten in connection with her public school system, but there are several private kindergartens in different parts of the city. The Housekeepers' Club of Memphis, one of the most progressive institutions in the South, is in hearty sympathy with the kindergarten idea, and maintained during last year a successful kindergarten, one of the prominent members of the club allowing part of her own beautiful home to be used for that purpose. Early in the summer this same club organized open air classes called "Garden Clubs," in several different neighborhoods, giving the children a fine opportunity for nature study, and the enjoyment of out-of-door games. Seven of these schools have been formed, and so far about seventy pupils have been enrolled. These classes are under the direction of teachers from the training school of the Housekeepers' Club, and results have been so satisfactory that this work will doubtless be greatly enlarged in the near future.

EMILY CARUTHERS.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—A kindergarten was founded in Chattanooga in 1890 under the auspices of a free kindergarten association. Miss Triesner, of Indianapolis, was our first superintendent, who, assisted by Miss Flora Steele, instructed a training class and kindergarten. This work has been going on very successfully for fifteen years under the leadership of different members of the association. Various training schools have been represented and we now have as our superintendent Miss Agnes Wilson, of the Patty Hill School, Louisville. In Chattanooga we have two kindergartens under the supervision of the association, which are supported by a subscription fund from the business men of the city. The enrollment of the two schools numbers about 150. Mrs. Saunders, president of the association for many years, has been the mainspring in its progress.

MYRA M. PHILLIPS.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Prof. P. P. Claxton reported for the beginnings of the kindergarten work in North Carolina. As superintendent of the schools of Asheville he secured support for the first public kindergarten as early as 1887, with Miss Sarah Garrison as the first kindergartner. The work grew until there were four public school kindergartens in Asheville.

The reports from Natchez, Yazoo City, Augusta, Savannah, Charleston, Winthrop College, Atlanta, Columbus, Montgomery, Birmingham, Anniston, Mobile, Richmond and Deland will follow in the next number, with a report of the organization of the Guild of Play.

A LAST YEAR'S PROGRAM.

LUELLA A. PALMER.

THERE is, or rather should be, an individuality to each kindergarten as there is to each child. Just as each child needs to have his individuality respected and to be treated slightly different from every other child, so each kindergarten should be conducted on a plan varying slightly from every other. Treating children as all cut by the same pattern is a method of the past; conducting kindergartens by exactly the same rules is also being outgrown. The same general treatment can be given to most children, but special application must be accorded in every case; most kindergartens can be based upon the same general principles, but variation must be made to fit the peculiar conditions. The daily programme of a kindergarten may follow the principles proposed by Froebel but their practical working must be adapted to the particular children concerned if the greatest benefit is to be derived from them.

At the close of a paper written by Miss Harriette M. Mills and read at a meeting of the kindergarten department of the N. E. A. at Asbury Park, a plea was made for the publication of programmes that had been in actual use. These could be helpful, not as models, but as suggestions. They could be compared and a choice made by each kindergartner of the best suggestion to suit her particular conditions.

It is merely for the purpose of suggestion that the following programme will continue in this magazine through the year. It will be given exactly as it was carried out and the criticism will show where it was proved inadequate and where especially successful.

The particular kindergarten for which the programme was planned is in a public school of a large city, in a section where many of the pupils come from model tenements, the homes selected by the more self-respecting of the poorer class. Forty children between five and six years of age were under the care of one teacher and an assistant, who helped for one hour only in the middle of the morning during the game period and one table period. The children were often divided into two groups, sometimes into three and on rare occasions into four, each group working with different material suited to its

degree of development. Only one of these (except when the assisting kindergartner was present) could be under the direct supervision of the teacher, the others worked out a suggestion or had entirely free play.

The time schedule was as follows:

- 8:40- 9:00—Free play with toys, balls and picture books.
Care of room, plants and animals.
- 9:00- 9:20—Morning circle, songs, talk, story.
- 9:20- 9:25—Exercise.
- 9:25- 9:40—Circle games, dramatization.
- 9:40- 9:50—Recess.
- 9:50-10:15—Occupation or gift.
- 10:15-10:30—Rhythm and marching.
- 10:30-10:55—Gift or occupation.
- 10:55-11:25—Games.
- 11:25-11:50—Occupation.
- 11:50-12:00—Dismissal.

It was necessary to have the recess at the time stated that the use of the playground might not conflict with that of the older classes. The rhythm period would have been better from 9:40-9:55 and recess from 10:20-10:30.

SEPTEMBER PROGRAM.

TEACHER'S THOUGHT.—Broadening of children's lives by:

1. Acquaintance with new place and people.
2. Interchange of experiences.
3. Discovery of common interests.
4. Establishment of new social unit—the kindergarten.

FIRST WEEK.

Topic—New experience of coming to school.

MONDAY.

Circle—Mention of children's names. Saying good morning. Clapping hands and other simple movements. Counting of children by teacher. Children-like to have their personality recognized, but in an inconspicuous way.

Gift—White splints.

Exercise—Marching.

Occupation—Cutting straight strips.

Games—Marching. Imitation of movements made by teacher. Marching in circle like big wheel. Looby low.

Children are accustomed to playing with sticks, and will suggest many uses for the first splint given to them, which is later added to, one at a time, until they have four. Rubber balls would be the best gift for the first days.

Occupation—Drawing. Teacher draws few simple, straight line pictures on blackboard. Children draw anything thought of.

Exercise and marching.

Story—Three Bears.

All periods are shortened during first week, as children are accustomed to much activity and many changes of occupation. Their attention is desultory.

TUESDAY.

Circle—Repetition of children's names. Teacher shakes hands with each child, calling by name. Singing good morning. Finger plays of "Merry Men." Thumbs and fingers say good morning. Objects in room pointed out and named.

Gift—Blue splints. Review of previous lesson and then row of soldiers laid.

Exercise—Marching, varied by playing drum.

Occupation—Drawing row of blue soldiers (color incidental).

Games—Soldier boy.

Occupation—Cutting and pasting row of straight strips.

Exercise and marching.

Story—Three Bears.

The last occupation was not satisfactory, as the cutting was not done well enough to make the picture pleasing. Wide strips should have been provided and attention concentrated on correct pasting.

WEDNESDAY.

Circle—Objects in room like those at home. Family names. Babies, age, etc. Finger play. Ball for baby. Picture of Baby Stuart.

Gift—First gift, red and blue balls. Free play.

Exercise—Marching, varied by imitating flags. Captain carries flag. Tiptoe rhythm.

Occupation—Drawing. Big red balls.

Games—Rubber balls, bouncing, tossing, rolling as suggested by children. Roll to another child called by name.

Occupation—Pasting, large red circles and small blue centers.

Exercise—

Story—Charlotte and Dwarfs.

The first gift balls can be used without the cord at first. An ordinary dress hook can be tied to the cord and fastened to the ball when needed.

THURSDAY.

Circle—Coming to school. Getting ready with clean hands, faces and dresses, shoes well tied and handkerchiefs provided. Game, "This is the way we wash our faces so nice and clean." Comb hair, etc.

Gift—Second gift, ball. Its possibilities compared with first gift.

Exercise—Marching, varied by imitating flute and cymbals.

The story is only an incidental one, merely retelling what the children have been doing during the day. The familiar is objectified through "Robbie."

Occupation—Drawing comb.

Games—Silent greeting. Different ways of coming to school, walking, running, skipping, hopping.

Occupation—Cutting comb.

Exercise—Skipping.

Story—Robbie's First Day at School. Singing, simple hymn, "Thank Him. All Ye Little Children, God Is Love."

FRIDAY.

Circle—Pets, what they say and how they act. Playthings, what can be done with them.

Gift—Hailmann beads, all colors and shapes for individual experimentation not stringing.

Exercise—Skipping.

Occupation—Drawing any object and telling story about it.

Games—Imitating dog and cat. Four children choose partners for skipping.

Occupation—Folding circle in half. Straight strip cut half way up for rider on rocking horse.

This way of using the Hailmann beads at first has been found very satisfactory. Children build houses with the cubes, make towers of the cylinders or roll them as barrels and call the balls dogs, horses, etc.

The outline for the first week has been given in detail. Hereafter the picture, song, story, game and rhythm for the whole week will be grouped together at the end.

SECOND WEEK.

Topic—Common experiences in the home.

MONDAY.

Circle—Going to sleep and waking up. Saturday or Sunday excursions to the Park.

Gift—First, red, yellow and green balls. Children buy fruit from stand. On rare occasions two gifts are used instead of two occupations.

Gift—Circles. Children given money to buy from imaginary store or give to conductor.

Occupation—Pasting alternate yellow and blue circles.

Children made bracelets or boats of their pasted strip.

TUESDAY.

Circle—Mother's work and how children can help.

Gift—Sticks, two sizes, for mother and baby.

Occupation—Drawing an apple.

Occupation—Pasting alternate strips, tall and short.

The strips given to the children were of even length and cut by them. The result was satisfactory.

WEDNESDAY.

Circle—Father's work and how children can help.

Gift—Three sizes of whole rings for bowls of Three Bears. Sticks for spoons.

Occupation—Drawing. Illustrate story of Three Bears.

Occupation—Pasting rings, joining, if children wish, to make chains.

THURSDAY.

Circle—Other members of the family, their work and play.

Gift—Sticks, five sizes.

Occupation—Drawing tall people, medium sized and small—all sizes.

Occupation—Pasting strips, five sizes.

The drawing was too difficult and results not good. The pasting gave a picture enjoyed by the children, as the strips were given to them the right length.

FRIDAY.

Circle—Animals in the park. Relative sizes and distinguishing characteristics.

Gift—Second gift, cube for cage.

Occupation—Drawing, cage. If possible animal drawn also.

Occupation—Sewing (without needle) to represent cage, picture of animal placed behind bars.

First communal toy, a cage made by putting sticks in place of bottom of box. The lid makes the door.

Picture—First step. Millet.

Song—The Kitten and Dog. (Neidlinger.)

Story—Go Sleep Story (In Child's World).

Games—Tag. Carousal. Imitation of squirrels, birds, caterpillars, butterflies, trees. Mother's and father's work.

Finger Play—"Go to sleep little thumb." Finger family. Five mice.

Rhythm or exercise—Skipping (stopping quickly at command "halt.")

THIRD WEEK.

Topic—Common experiences outside of the home. Also detailed consideration of important home occupations.

MONDAY.

Circle—Mother's Monday work—washing.

Gift—Splints, to represent washboard.

Occupation—Drawing washboard.

Occupation—Pasting narrow stiff strips at side of corrugated paper for washboard. Tub made of one wide stiff strip.

Stiff strips of paper are easier to paste than splints, and often answer the same purpose.

TUESDAY.

Circle—Fishes in aquarium, their motion, color, food. Mother's Tuesday work.

Gift—Second gift cube, circles and sticks to set a table.

Occupation—Drawing grass and tree.

Occupation—Cutting clothespins.

WEDNESDAY.

Circle—Home of big fishes. Seashore, its pleasures and sights. Mother's Wednesday work.

Gift—First, all colors. Choose dolly by color of dress desired.

Occupation—Drawing, dolly, children choosing color of crayon.

Occupation—Cutting and pasting chains, orange color.

THURSDAY.

Circle—Animals in the country; their care and food. Mother's Thursday play.

Gift—Second gift, all forms. Free play with strings or sticks as desired. Names of forms given incidentally.

Occupation—Chains. Alternate colors for advanced children.

Occupation—Drawing, illustration of story "Lion and the Mouse."

A few children had attempted to draw bears to illustrate story of Three Bears. More had tried to put an animal in the cage drawn previously. All made some attempt at the "Lion and Mouse," most of them giving an idea of the relative size.

FRIDAY.

Circle—Our food, where we get it and where the grocer gets it. Mother's Friday work.

Gift—Hailmann beads, stringing the forms separately to make necklace to wear during day.

Occupation—Drawing, dustpan and broom.

Occupation—Cutting, duster made of strips of soft paper tied to splint (or Christmas twig).

Each day of this week a small picture is drawn on the blackboard to illustrate the mother's work. These form a weekly calendar.

Picture—Barnyard and Seashore.

Song—Fishes at Play (Holiday Songs, 17).

Story—"Lion and the Mouse."

Games—Visiting across street. Fishes. Went to visit a friend one day (Holiday Songs, 111).

Rhythm—Running.

IN MEMORIAM—MARY D. RUNYAN.

The sudden death of Miss Mary D. Runyan inspired in those who knew her best something greater than sorrow. When a life has been marked with the accent of death its meaning is revealed. The personality unrecognized in the multiplicity of prosaic details in which it found expression shines out in beauty and compelling challenge when the end of life makes visible its wholeness.

To those who knew Miss Runyan best her death is a clarion call to more vigorous thinking and more resolute living. She has passed beyond the vision of our eyes and the clasp of our hands but she lives on in our quickened sense of duty and in our complete consecration to that idea of nurture which was to her a perpetual fountain of inspiration.—SUSAN E. BLOW.

Dr. Arnold W. Tompkins, principal of the Chicago Normal School, died at Manlo Park, Ga., in August, where he had gone to regain his health. He had been principal of the Normal School since 1900, being called to that office from the presidency of the State Normal School.

It seems fitting and beautiful that Dr. Tompkins' last lectures, given at the Summer School of the South at Knoxville, Tenn., were upon the subject, "Unity."

Innumerable are those who mourn today the death of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas* since its first number, thirty-two years ago, November, 1873. The children who read its first volume are today parents of children who await its arrival each month now as eagerly as did their elders when years ago they sympathized with "Nimpo's Troubles" and lost themselves in the adventures of "Fast Friends."

Today the nature department and the *St. Nicholas* League for encouraging literary and artistic talent in youthful readers brings it in line with the "new education" and most advanced educational thought. Has any one person edited the same magazine for as long a period as Mrs. Dodge?

Little Folks' Land.*

The Story of a Little Boy in a Big World.

BY MADGE A. BIGHAM, *Free Kindergartens, Atlanta, Ga. Author of*
"Stories of Mother Goose Village," etc.

NOTE.—This Kindergarten Program will run through the next ten numbers of the "Kindergarten Magazine," and later be published in book form under the title "Little Folks' Land" by Messrs. Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, Chicago and Boston. Cloth 6x9. About 400 pages. Advance orders will be accepted by them at \$1.50, postpaid. After publication the list price will be \$2.00 net.

The Prospectus.

THE object of this kindergarten serial is to bring to the level of the child's mind, a sense of man's social, moral and spiritual relationships. Basing the plan on the principles of co-operation and interdependence I begin with a unit, the child, and trace through him the many other units necessary, that must act and interact between nature and the various artisans of the world, ere the child's livelihood be possible.

Branching from these principles as exemplified in the social life, the same laws are traced through the animal and vegetable kingdoms, impressing on the child's mind the striking analogy between man and the world of Nature, and thereby reflecting the Divine law of unity—God the one life of all.

Outline.

Basic thought—Life and its relationships.

Principles—Co-operation and interdependence.

Subjects:

1. The child's home.
2. The child's livelihood.
3. The child's environments.
4. The child and Nature.

Illustration—Serial story, Little Folks' Land.

Points developed—Co-operation and interdependence, traced as follows:

*Copyright, 1905, by Madge A. Bigham.

1. The building of a house.
2. Furnishing of the house.
3. Clothing.
4. Fuel and lights.
5. Food.
6. Civil relationships.
7. Animal relationships—domestic, birds, insects.
8. Plant life.

Incidental points—Form, size, number, color, dimension.

Study from The Mother Play—The Family, Target, Carpenter, Joiner, Mower, Pat-a-cake, Fish in the Brook, The Light Series, The Nest, The Flower Garden.

Texts.

1. *The highest and first law of the universe, and the other name of life is Help.*
2. *We gain in abundance of life by understanding and fulfilling the requirements of its relationships.*
3. *He careth for all.*

NOTES: (a) It will greatly increase the interest of the children in the kindergarten, if they be allowed to build and furnish Joe-Boy's house. If large building blocks for this purpose cannot be obtained, substitute a goods box and divide into the necessary rooms, furnishing them as directed. The children will then get the benefit of the completed whole.

(b) The stories connected with each day's work should not usually be told until after the preparatory circle talk, when the subject for the day has been thoroughly discussed, and all possible information drawn from the children through conversation. We do the child a great injury when we tell him a fact that he might have thought out for himself, and one of the gravest errors made in education to-day is that of teachers who are so busy thinking for children, they are never given time to think for themselves, and consequently the child goes through life depending on others for the most important of all the mind's faculties—thinking.

(c) These stories were not written so much to give the child information, but, rather, to arrange in a logical order his own knowledge, thereby aiding his mind in the power of retention.

The First Week.
The Forest Home.

Monday

ONCE-UPON-A-TIME there were two Gipsies.

They are people, you know, who travel about a great deal and like to sleep and eat in the woods, where they can be near the tall forest trees, the wild flowers, the rocks and moss and the sparkling waters. Gipsies do not like to live in houses like you and me. No, no indeed, they would much rather live in tents, which can be quickly packed up and moved with them from place to place. I can show you with my hands how they look—so.

Now, isn't that a queer little house? and do you think you would like to live in it?

Well, anyway, these two Gipsies I am telling you about liked it very much. Why, when Mrs. Gipsy wanted to cook dinner, she did not need a stove. She would make a fire under the trees near the creek, and then she would hang her pot over it, and boil all kinds of nice things to eat. Then when she and Mr. Gipsy wanted water to drink they would go to the cool spring, where the ferns grew thickest. They did not sleep in beds either, like you and me, but they would sleep on a pallet under the tent, or in fine weather swing a hammock under the trees and sleep in that. So you see how happy they were. But they were happier than ever at this time I am telling you about, because they knew a great big secret. Something was going to happen to them! You see, somebody told them they were soon to receive a wonderful present—one they had longed for ever so many times—and now if they were only willing to wait cheerfully, the present was really to be theirs.

Now, what do you suppose it was? No, and I am afraid you will never guess! When Mr. and Mrs. Gipsy first saw it, why it was all wrapped up in a shawl, lying on the pallet under the tent. And when they peeped under the shawl, Mrs. Gipsy said: "Oh, isn't he sweet! See what tiny pink fists all doubled up! What a queer little mouth just like a rosebud, and—my, my, my, not a single tooth and not a hair of hair on his pretty bald head! But we don't care for that, he is the sweetest, prettiest thing in all the wide, wide world!"

Then they almost smothered the wonderful present with kisses. And what do you think? It began to cry. Of course you know now

what the present was. Why, to be sure, a baby boy for Mr. and Mrs. Gipsy, and they were so proud of it they didn't know what to do.

"We shall name him Joe for you, Father Gipsy," said Mother Gipsy with a smile, "that is the prettiest name that I know—and we will call him Joe-Boy, so that he will not get mixed up with you."

At first Joe-Boy slept nearly all the time and his mother couldn't tell what kind of eyes he had. But then he was growing, you know, and getting so fat he was almost too heavy to lift.

Joe-Boy's House.

Tuesday

ONE day Mother Gipsy said, "Do see here, Father Gipsy, Joe-Boy has his eyes open to-day. They are large and black like mine and merry and glad like yours. And he is growing so fast! I think we shall have to stop living in tents now, and build a real truly true house to live in, just like what the town people have. If we do not, I am afraid Joe-Boy will get cold and sick when the winter time comes."

"Yes, yes," said Father Gipsy, "I have been thinking about that very thing myself, but then, I knew how much you loved our pretty gipsy tent here in the woods and I thought you would not wish to leave it."

"Oh yes," said Mother Gipsy, "we both love our tent home very much, but we love Joe-Boy more. When he grows larger he will have to go to Kindergarten, you know, and there is none in the woods. And when he gets to be a big boy he will have to go to school and when he gets to be a *great* big boy, why he will have to go to college. So you see we will have to build a house in the town for Joe-Boy if he is to grow into a strong, wise man."

"That is true," said Father Gipsy, "but I can't build a house all by myself, so I must find someone to help me, and the new house will be ready for Joe-Boy when the cold winter time comes."

"You can find plenty of helpers, I am sure," said Mother Gipsy, "and we will pay them some of our money for helping us work. First we must find an architect to give us a plan for the house and then some carpenters and stone cutters and brick masons to build it for us."

"How many rooms do you think we should have in the new house?" said Father Gipsy.

"Not very many," said Mother Gipsy,—“let me see; a kitchen, a

dining room, a parlor, a bed room and a play room for Joe-Boy, all his very own, so that when he grows large enough to have toys and other things he will have a nice place to keep them in. Then, of course there must be a broad porch all around the house, for when the weather is bright we shall stay out there a great deal—close to the air and sunshine and the beautiful, beautiful woods, that we love so much.”

“All right,” said Father Gipsy, “it shall be just as you wish, and to-morrow I will find the workmen who are to do the building—the very best ones that can be found, because we want Joe-Boy to have a strong, well-built house to live in.”

Then Mother Gipsy smiled and Father Gipsy smiled, and I am sure Joe-Boy would have smiled too, had he only known how much they loved him. But he only closed his pretty black eyes, nestled up close to Mother Gipsy’s heart, and went fast asleep.

The Architect’s Help.

Wednesday

THE next morning while Mother Gipsy was bathing Joe-Boy, she told him all about the new house she and Father Gipsy were going to build for him, and Joe-Boy laughed and crowed and jumped just as if he understood every word.

“Yes,” said Mother Gipsy, finding a new dimple to kiss, “we are building this house for you, sir, because we love you so, and right this very minute, Father Gipsy is on his way to town to buy a pattern to make it by!”

Then she laughed to think of a pattern to make a house by. But dear me, don’t you have to have patterns to make dresses by? Then how could you make a house without a pattern, I’d like to know? Only we would call them plans, and not patterns, as Mother Gipsy did. Well, sure enough, while she was talking, Father Gipsy was walking very fast down the street, and by and by he came to an office in the town, with “Architect” written over the door.

“This must be the place,” said Father Gipsy, “because architect means a man who makes plans to build houses by. I shall go right in and see him about Joe-Boy’s house.”

Sure enough there sat the architect at a big table, busily drawing the pictures of houses. There were ink and pens and pencils and paper all over his table, and he was as busy as busy could be.

“Oh yes,” he said to Father Gipsy, “I draw plans to houses—large

ones and small ones, brick houses, plank houses and stone houses—let me show you some.”

So Father Gipsy sat down by the table, and the architect took down a big book full of houses and told him to look for the one he liked the best. There were so many pretty ones, though, that Father Gipsy could hardly tell which one he did like the best, but at last he found the very thing. A pretty cottage with a porch all around it and five rooms—a kitchen, a dining room, a parlor, a bed room and a play room for Joe-Boy.

So Father Gipsy took out his big leather pocket book and gave some of his dollars to the architect for the house plan, and then he hurried to the tent to show it to Mother Gipsy and see how she liked it.

“Why, it’s just the thing,” said Mother Gipsy, “all the room and the porch just as I wished. How nice it is to have architects to help us build our houses. I’m sure I thank this one very much, for drawing such a beautiful plan for the other workmen to look at while they build Joe-Boy’s house. Now I will tell you what I am going to do, Father Gipsy. I shall take this piece of paper and tack it to the tree by the tent door, and then I shall write on it the names of every workman that helps us build Joe-Boy’s house. Isn’t that a good way not to forget our helpers?”

“There now!” said Mother Gipsy, laughing, “that will help us to remember.” Then they went into the tent to tell Joe-Boy about it.

The Material for the House.

Thursday

“WELL,” said Father Gipsy, “the next thing for us to do, is to buy the things we need to build Joe-Boy’s house with.

Just get a pencil and paper, Mother Gipsy, and I will write them down as we think of them. First, there must be brick for the chimneys and for the foundation; and there must be sand to make the mortar; and there must be glass for the windows, and iron for gas and water pipes; and then there must be a great lumber pile. It will take ever so many planks to build Joe-Boy’s house—broad planks and narrow planks, thick planks and thin planks, long planks and short planks, and all very strong.”

“Yes,” said Mother Gipsy, “our straight, tall forest trees will give us all the planks we need—they, too, will help to build the house.”

So Father Gipsy wrote all the things down in his little book and then went away to buy them.

For many days after that, the big wagons loaded down with the lumber and brick and sand rolled down the big road to the place where the house was to be built. Mother Gipsy watched the things go by with a happy heart, and sometimes she would take Joe-Boy in her arms to watch the men unload the wagons.

It was then she would pat the tired horses on their heads and stroke them very gently. That was the way she said "Thank you" to them for helping to build Joe-Boy's house. "For who would draw the heavy wagons loaded with lumber and other things, were it not for you, kind horses?" she said. Then, she would take Joe-Boy's soft hand in hers, and show him how to say thank you, too—just as she had done.

The Brickmason's Help.

Friday

AT LAST everything that was needed to build the house had been hauled, and now it was time for the workmen to begin building.

"What workman will you get first?" asked Mother Gipsy, as they sat on a log in the moonlight, talking.

"A brickmason," said Father Gipsy, "because he is the man who lays the foundation, and that is the very first thing to be done on a house."

"Foundation," said Mother Gipsy, slowly, "what a great long word!"

"Yes," said Father Gipsy, "that is the part of a house that rests on the ground and holds the house up. Sometimes it is made of stone, and sometimes it is made of brick or something else very hard and strong. Indeed, it should be the very strongest part of a house, because one without a strong foundation, would be sure to tumble down."

"Dear me!" said Mother Gipsy, "how dreadful! Let us be very sure to have the foundation to Joe-Boy's house made very strong. I would not have it fall down on us for anything."

Father Gipsy kissed the little frown away from her eyebrows, and then he said:

"Do not be afraid, my dear, for ours shall be very strong, and I shall find the best brickmason that can be found—one who will do his very best work on Joe-Boy's house."

And so he did, and the very next day four brickmasons went to work on the foundation. They sifted sand and mixed it with water and lime and made the mortar. Then they took trowels, smoothed the

mortar over the bricks and placed them one above the other, pressing each one firmly in place. All day they worked, until by and by the strong brick wall was finished.

"Well," said Father Gipsy, "that looks like a strong foundation, and we thank you very much, kind brickmasons. To-morrow we should like to have you make the chimneys to Joe-Boy's house, because you do such good work."

The brickmasons went home to rest, very tired but very happy. They were happy because they did good work, and because Father Gipsy had given them money for building the foundation to Joe-Boy's house.

"Now," they said, "we will take this money and buy dresses and hats and shoes for our children to wear, and flour and meal to make them bread to eat. If we did not work and make money we could not buy any of these things for them. We are glad Father Gipsy likes our work, and will let us build the chimneys to the new house."

The Program for the First Week—House Building.

The Forest Home.

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Kindergartner holding some nuts brought her by one child from his Christmas stocking: "Do you remember where we went one bright day last Autumn to find nuts? Were the nuts we found like these? What kind of nuts did we find? What did we see besides nuts? What were the squirrels doing with nuts? What were the rabbits doing? The birds? How would you like to live in the woods? Shall I tell you a story of a little boy who lived in the woods? (*First chapter.*)

Songs: What shall we sing about the woods? ("A Hole in a Tree is a Squirrel's Home," and other songs of forest life suggested by the children.)

Games: Let's play we are going to the woods now. Let's run all the way. Stop and breathe the sweet, fresh air. Now, each of you (First Division) may be something you see in the woods, and we will guess what you are. Now change yourselves into forest trees, and see what comes to live with you. (Second Division represent squirrels, etc.) Use appropriate songs. The kindergartner provides suitable nuts for each tree, and as they drop squirrels and

children gather them up. Finally, let whole class represent troupe of children, coming to the woods to gather nuts, and let each find a supply to carry home (back to the table).

Gift Period: Sort nuts according to form and sizes; then count. After free play, put groups aside to carry to some little friend.

Occupation: Folding,—Joe-Boy's tent.

Joe-Boy's House.

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Story of previous day reproduced by children. How do you cook at home? How could Mother Gipsy cook without a stove? Did you ever see a gipsy pot? (Show one.)

Song: "Forest Song," Gaynor.

Game: Similar to Monday, with additional features suggested by children.

Gift Period: Modelling,—Gipsy pot.

Occupation: Water color,—Woodland picture.

Architect's Help.

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Recall yesterday's story to children's minds. "Yes, Father and Mother Gipsy decided to build a house. Now, what must be done first of all?*" Oh yes, a pattern to look at. Did you ever make a playhouse out doors, with many rooms in it? How? James and Ray may go out to the kindling closet and bring in some fine sticks for Nell and Susie to lay on the floor here, and show us how they shape the rooms of their playhouse.

Marching: Follow along woodland path leading to town and architect's office. Gather imaginary nuts or leaves from overhanging branches by the way.

Gift: Sticks (5 inches), lay plan ("Pattern") of house.

Occupation: Drawing,—Plan of house.

Material for the House.

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do we cut apple trees, peach trees or pear trees to build houses of? What kind of trees are used? Do we build with the trees just as they look in the woods? Did you ever see a log house? Do you know how boards are made of trees?

Songs: "Chopping," "Sawing."

Game: Running, breathing, stretching and bending exercises in connection with imaginary woods.

"Woodman chopping trees."

"Sawmill," imitating sound.

Gift: Large building blocks, 12x6.

Draw blocks to building spot, and pile in order.

Occupation: Constructive work. Use stocks, peas and milk bottle tops, making a truck to haul logs on.

Brickmason's Help.

Friday

1. Relate the story for the day.
2. Devote the morning to a visit to the brick yard.
3. Direct the children's attention to the material used in the foundation of Joe-Boy's house.

The Second Week—House Building.

The Carpenter's Help.

Monday

WHEN the brickmasons had finished their work and gone home, Father Gipsy hurried to the tent in the woods. He knew Mother Gipsy would be waiting for him, and would want to hear all about the work on the new house. Sure enough, she came down the path to meet him, and the very first thing she said was:

"How is Joe-Boy's house? Did the brickmasons build a strong foundation?"

"Yes indeed," said Father Gipsy, "the foundation is finished, and it is such a fine, strong one I am sure you will like it."

"That is good news," said Mother Gipsy, "now, what is the next thing to be done?"

"The next thing to do," said Father Gipsy, "is to find some jolly carpenters. They will build the wood work and finish up the house. It will take them many days of hard work, but I shall pay them well, and by-and-by all will be finished, and Joe-Boy and you and I will move into the pretty house."

Very early the next morning the carpenters came to work on the house, and each one of them brought his dinner in a basket, because they would be so busy building all day, there would be no time to go home for dinner. They brought large tool boxes with them too, filled

with all kinds of carpenter's tools—hammers, saws, augers, gimlets, measuring squares, planes, screws and nails. Soon every carpenter was hard at work, some hammering, some sawing, some planing, some boring and some measuring, but all working on Joe-Boy's house.

For many days Mother Gipsy listened to the ring of the hammers and the whirl of the saws, as the planks were sawn in two—long ones and short ones, thick ones and thin—planed smooth and level, and then nailed in place. Sometimes great, heavy planks would have to be lifted to the top of the house, and then, it would take many men to help, because one man was not strong enough to lift it all by himself. They would tie a rope around the large plank, and then pass this rope over a strong iron wheel, called a pulley, and catching the other end of the rope they would pull and pull with all their strength, and the heavy plank would rise higher and higher, until it reached the top of the house, where other carpenters were waiting to catch it and nail it into place. These carpenters knew of other ways to move things, too,—weights so heavy that many men could not lift them, even a little way, and then they would use the capstan, which could lift heavy weights high and hold them so tight, they could not slip, nor hurt anyone. And if the carpenters had anything on top of the house to send down to the ground, they would slide it down a long slanting board, called an inclined plane, and this helped them in their building very, very much, and saved many steps. So, you see what busy, busy workmen these carpenters were, and how much work they had to do before Joe-Boy's house would be ready for him.

The Painter's Help.

Tuesday

ONE night Father Gipsy came into the tent with a very, very happy face. He stooped down and kissed Mrs. Gipsy and then he kissed Joe-Boy and then he said, "Guess what?"

And Mrs. Gipsy thought a minute, and then she smiled and said, "The carpenters have finished the house!"

"Yes," said Father Gipsy, "that is just it, and to-morrow the painters are coming to paint. Now, what color shall we have our house painted,—red, orange, yellow, green, blue or violet?"

"None of those," said Mother Gipsy, "though I do think red a most beautiful color; but let us have it a cool gray with white trimmings—that will look pretty both winter and summer. The inside walls, we

will have tinted with beautiful colors and borders of flowers. I have thought it all out this week while the carpenters were at work. Joe-Boy's room must be in blue with a border of daisies; our room, red with dogwood blossoms; the parlor white, with violets; the dining-room, yellow with golden-rod; and the kitchen, green with asters. That will be almost like living in the woods, you see,—the wild flowers will still be with us."

"Yes," said Father Gipsy, "that is a very pretty plan and it shall be just as you say. I must see the wall-paper man about the walls, though, and while he works inside, the painters can work outside, so they will soon have things finished."

"I think we should have an iron fence around the yard," said Mother Gipsy, "because I am going to have flowers everywhere, and the back yard is to be quite as beautiful as the front yard with petunias and phlox and pinks and pansies and lilacs and roses nodding good-day to all the passers-by."

"I had almost forgotten about the fence," said Father Gipsy, "but of course we must have one, or other people might get their yard mixed up with ours, or horses and goats and cows walk across it and mash our flowers."

So Father Gipsy and Mother Gipsy talked on and on about the new house and how nice they were going to have everything for Joe-Boy, until the stars and moon peeped in at the tent door to tell them it was bed time, and the painters would catch them napping next morning if they didn't watch out. "And they might paint our house *black*," said Father Gipsy, "if I'm not there to tell them how."

Joe-Boy.

Wednesday

ALL this long while the architect and brickmasons and carpenters and painters were busy working on Joe-Boy's house he was growing and growing and growing!

I know if you could have passed the Gipsy tent in the woods and seen him swinging beneath the trees in a tiny hammock made of his mother's red shawl, you most surely would have wished to kiss him. He looked so bright and happy as his big black eyes watched the dancing leaves, the merry sunbeams and the swaying grasses and flowers. They were all his playmates and came to help him have a pleasant time in his wonderful forest home, and Joe-Boy loved them every one.

When Mother Gipsy was too busy to sing to him and play merry games with his fingers and toes, his eyes and his nose, why he did not think of crying, but instead, he would stretch out his dimpled hands to the birdies up high in the trees who sung him such beautiful songs. Then Joe-Boy would coo and coo to them, waving his dimpled hands back and forth, until by and by he would fall asleep. When he awoke, Mother Gipsy was always there to kiss him and take him up for a frolic. It was then they played "this little pig went to market," and "the little mouse ran round, and round," and "chin-chopper-chin," and

"Round and round the birdie flies
Till it finds the baby's eyes,
Round and round again it goes
Till it finds the baby's nose."

Joe-Boy would laugh out loud then, he liked that game so much, and Mother Gipsy would have to play it over and over again. Of course when Father Gipsy came home from his work there had to be another frolic, and then all three would go for a walk through the forest and down the little path which led to the new house that so many workmen had built for Joe-Boy.

And so the days went by, until one day Father Gipsy came to dinner with a very happy face and said, "Our house is finished! Even the painters have done their work and gone away with their paint and brushes. The papering man has finished the walls with borders of wild flowers just as you wished, and the joiner, another kind of carpenter, has fixed pretty cabinet mantels to the fireplaces, and made the doors and windows to open smoothly, so you see there is nothing else to be done."

"Yes," said Mother Gipsy, "but houses have to be furnished, you know, before people live in them, and another set of workmen will have to help us now. There must be carpets and rugs and beds and dressers and washstands and chairs and sofas and tables and dishes and pans and many, many things made by many different workmen, before our house is ready for Joe-Boy. You must go to all the different stores and find out the merchants who keep these things, and buy the very best that can be found. Then let us choose one room each day, and furnish it as daintily and prettily as possible, and when all the rooms are furnished the house will be finished and then you and Joe-Boy and I will move into it, and be as happy as happy can be!"

NOTE: Beginning with the next chapter, let the children furnish the model house in the kindergarten, completing one room each day. Inspire them with the idea that they are the real workmen who are furnishing the house for Joe-Boy. Draw out their thoughts about the different rooms to be furnished and the necessary articles for each one, suggesting that co-operation in inanimate things is necessary to complete a whole. Sum up the help rendered by workmen in the manufacture of furniture, carpets, china, iron and tinware, tracing them through their several stages to their origin, that the principle of interdependence may be clearly drawn.

Mercantile Relationships: Furniture, drygoods, hardware, chinaware.

The Bed Room.

Thursday

IT WAS early the next morning when somebody crawled over Father Gipsy's chest, before he was awake, and pulled his hair and punched his eyes and poked his cheeks and then pulled his nose! Of course you know it was Joe-Boy, and then Mother Gipsy shook him and said, "Get up, sir; don't you know it is time to go to town and buy some of the furniture for Joe-Boy's house? We are to furnish the bedroom to-day, you know."

"Sure enough," said Father Gipsy, "I had almost forgotten. Can't you go to town with me? I am afraid I will not get just the right things for a bedroom."

"No, indeed!" said Mother Gipsy, "I have nobody to leave Joe-Boy with and he might roll out of the hammock and crack his head. And I couldn't take him with me, because he is too fat, and then I'm afraid he would catch the measles or the mumps, so you must go by yourself."

"All right," said Father Gipsy, "I'll do my best. Now tell me just what to buy, so that I shall not forget anything, and as you tell me I will write them down in my little book."

So Mother Gipsy told him everything that was needed in a bedroom, and after breakfast Father Gipsy went to the best furniture store he could find in the town and bought all the things and had them sent out to the house, where Mother Gipsy was waiting to put them in the room—and such a pretty bed-room as it was when finished! First there was a pretty red rug, large enough to cover nearly all the floor, and then a large iron bed for Father and Mother Gipsy and a small iron bed for Joe-Boy, so white and clean that I am sure you would

feel like tumbling into it for a cosy nap. There was a dresser and a washstand in white, too, and some pretty chairs, and a table, and pictures on the wall, and soft white curtains at the windows, and all the other little things that help to make rooms beautiful.

"And how much money did you pay for this bed-room furniture?" asked Mother Gipsy. "A great deal, I know, because it is made so nicely, and very good workmen must have made it."

"Yes," said Father Gipsy, "the furniture man got it from a very fine factory, where the workmen use planks from the strongest, straightest trees, and everyone does his very best work. The iron beds were made at another factory where only iron furniture is made, and nothing leaves the factory to be sold to people that is not well made, so I was glad to buy them and pay a good price."

"Well," said Mother Gipsy, smiling, "Joe-Boy and I have many to thank for our pretty furniture,—the iron mines, the forest trees, the factory men, the store men, and dear Father Gipsy, who worked for the money to buy them with."

The Parlor.

Friday

THE next day, Father Gipsy started out bright and early to buy some more furniture, because Mother Gipsy was anxious to furnish the parlor, and make it look as beautiful as the pretty bed room.

"Hurry up, Father Gipsy," she said, "I am so anxious to see how everything will look. I believe living in houses is a very good thing after all."

"I thought you would learn to like it," said Father Gipsy. "Good-by; I shall be back just as soon as I can, so you and Joe-Boy may watch for me."

Then Father Gipsy went to town and Mother Gipsy watched and watched, and waited and waited, and by and by she saw the big furniture wagon drive in through the gate, and Father Gipsy right on top!

"Well," he said, "here I am again, and I found the very things you wanted,—none of them too fine for us to use every day."

"That is good," said Mother Gipsy, "we do not want a room so fine we can't enjoy it, I'm sure, but a cosy place in which to sit each day, to read and talk or see our friends, or even work in, when we choose."

"To be sure," said Father Gipsy, "when the cold winter time comes, we shall have to stay in our house a great deal, so we must make every room full of happiness and comfort."

Then Father Gipsy unpacked the furniture and Mother Gipsy placed it all in order, and when it was finished, why, she couldn't say one thing but "Oh, oh, oh!" because everything looked so pretty. Even Joe-Boy stretched out his hands to the violets scattered over the rug, and crowed with delight when Mother Gipsy laid him on a cushion in the broad window seat and played "peek-a-boo" behind the curtains.

"Some day he will be crawling up there all by himself to look at pictures, or watch for me," said Father Gipsy.

"And when you come in tired," said Mother Gipsy, "you can stretch out on that big leather lounge and rest, while I sit in the easy chair and read to you."

"Yes," said Father Gipsy, "or play to me on the piano, over there, music that makes us think of the mountain waters, the laughing breeze and the sunshine in the forest. There are many, many happy days for us in this pretty room, I'm sure,—for you and me and Joe-Boy."

The Program for the Second Week—House Building.

The Carpenter's Help.

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Have you ever seen men building a house? What are the men who build the house called? Do you know what the carpenters use to help them in their work? Yes, hammers, saws, planes and something to bore holes with. That is an auger. Yes, and something to lift heavy timbers from the ground to the top of the house. The machine they use to lift heavy things is called a pulley. Here is one kind of pulley fastened to the top of our window. Ned may pull this end of the rope and see if he can raise the heavy stick tied to the other end, out of doors—high enough so we can see it through the window.

Game: Let each child use pulley.

Play "Carpenter," using Carpenter song.

Gift: Second (with box).

Let each child make a pulley.

Occupation: Cutting,—A saw.

The Painter's Help.

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Is your house the same color as John's house? Do the carpenters color the houses? Who does? One painter started out with a bucket of paint—just a bucket of paint and that was all, because he was thinking hard about his work and all he needed for it. But he soon saw his mistake and turned back to get—what? Yes, a brush; and because the house was so very high he must take something else to climb on. And what was that?

Games: "Painters," "Carpenters."

Call of bell or whistles. Response of workmen, promptly gathering up needed tools and departing to work.

Gift: Large blocks—Complete house ready for painters. Or make ladder for painter.

Occupation: Drawing. Use wax crayons and design on strips of ribbon paper, wall paper, for the interior of Joe-Boy's house.

Joe-Boy.

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Reproduction of stories of Monday and Tuesday, by children.

Game: Run to imaginary woods to see Joe-Boy. Find his friends, birds, rabbits, etc. Find home of quail, squirrel, rabbit, etc.

Gift: Modelling. Some one of Joe-Boy's friends.

Occupation: Make a hammock.

Bed Room.

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: What furniture is in your bed room? What is the bedstead made of?

Game: Walk through the woods to the new house, greeting Joe-Boy's friends by the way and telling them of the new house. Visit an imaginary town; select bed-room furniture from Playstores, and carry home in a wagon.

Gift: Third. Bed-room furniture.

Occupation: Folding.—Chair or bed.

The Parlor.

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: What furniture is in your parlor? And

yours? And yours? Are the walls papered? Are there flower pictures on the paper?

Music: Representing running water. "Brook," by Lack.

Play: Run to the brook near Joe-Boy's house and wade, splash and frolic.

Skip away to a pond, make raft and ride. Follow woodland path home.

Gift: One-inch colored cubes. Parlor furniture. Also forms of symmetry.

Occupation: Folding.—A piano.

The Third Week.

The Dining Room.

Monday

THE next room to be finished was the dining-room, and Mother Gipsy laughed and laughed at Father Gipsy, because she thought he never would understand just *exactly* and *precisely* what she wanted him to buy for it.

There was to be an oak dining-table and an oak sideboard and high backed chairs with leather bottoms and a china closet and curtains and pictures and silver and china.

"Well," said Father Gipsy, screwing up his eyebrows, "I can remember all about the table and the chairs and that kind of thing, but I get the china and the silver all mixed up."

"Why, that's not hard to remember," said Mother Gipsy, "listen again: twelve glasses, twelve cups and twelve saucers and twelve breakfast plates and twelve dinner plates and twelve supper-plates and twelve soup-plates and twelve knives and twelve forks and twelve tea spoons and twelve big spoons and——"

"Goodness, mercy me!" said Father Gipsy, "let me say it over—t-w-e-l-v-e s-u-p-p-e-r c-u-p-s!"

"No, no, no, no," said Mother Gipsy, laughing, "who ever heard of supper cups, sir? I said supper p-l-a-t-e-s!"

"Oh, yes," said Father Gipsy, "I forgot that time, let me say it over—twelve supper forks and——"

Well, he just wouldn't say it right, so Mother Gipsy said she would

go to town and buy the dining room dishes and Father Gipsy should stay at home and take care of Joe-Boy. So that is what she did.

"Now, don't you let Joe-Boy crack his head while I'm away," she said to Father Gipsy, "and don't let him swallow any rocks, or eat any grass or tumble in the water,—and if he cries just show him his fingers and toes, and that will make him hush."

"All right," said Father Gipsy, "please don't stay long."

I think Mother Gipsy was gone all the morning, though she came back as soon as she could, and when the delivery wagon brought the things up, Father Gipsy opened his eyes very wide—she hadn't forgotten a single thing!

"And everything matches, too," said Mother Gipsy, "see, the rugs have sprays of golden-rod like the wall paper border, and even the pretty china dishes have wee bits of golden-rod sprinkled over them—now, won't that make you think of pleasant things while you eat?"

"Indeed they will," said Father Gipsy, "and I think everything you bought is most beautiful! What stores did you go to?"

"Well," said Mother Gipsy, "I went to a chinaware store for the dishes, and to a jewelry store for the silverware, and to a furniture store for all the other things; so you see there are some more workmen we must thank for helping us with Joe-Boy's house."

Then they worked away as busy as bees, until everything was unpacked and in place from Joe-Boy's high chair to the pretty china closet, with shelves full of dainty dishes, washed fresh and clean.

It was then Mother Gipsy asked Father Gipsy how he got on nursing, and Father Gipsy said:

"Very nicely; I did just as you told me to, but when he got through playing with his fingers and toes he cried for your Sunday hat, but I don't think he hurt it very much—he chewed a little piece of the ribbon, and when he went to sleep I took it away from him."

"Why, Father Gipsy, my Sunday hat! You don't give babies everything they cry for to play with! Dear, dear, I'll be afraid to leave you at home to nurse anymore."

Then Mother Gipsy laughed and Father Gipsy laughed and even Joe-Boy waked up and laughed, so they all had a laugh together, and then Father Gipsy promised to do better next time, and when Joe-Boy cried to give him his rubber ball to chew instead of Mother Gipsy's Sunday hat.

The Kitchen.

Tuesday

“**W**E must furnish our kitchen to-day,” said Mother Gipsy, “and there will be a new kind of store to find—a hardware store where iron things are kept.”

“Yes,” said Father Gipsy, “I know where there is a very fine hardware store, so I’ll go and buy the things and let you nurse Joe-Boy this time.”

“All right,” said Mother Gipsy, “I like that plan very much, if you are sure you can remember to get everything as I tell you.”

Father Gipsy said he would be sure to remember, and then Mother Gipsy said:

“Well, get an oil cloth for the floor, and a large table and a safe and some chairs. Then get the very best cooking stove you can find, because I shall have to stop cooking out in the woods now, and use a stove like other people. Of course you know about the pots and biscuit pans and pie pans and cake pans and tea kettle and muffin rings and waffle irons and wafer irons and all that kind of thing. Then there must be a wooden tray to mix bread in and a marble block to roll the dough on, and a rolling pin and a sifter and a biscuit cutter and spoons and knives and forks.”

“And a big kitchen clock, too,” said Father Gipsy, “then we will always know what time to cook and eat our meals.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Mother Gipsy, “and I should like two or three pretty pictures in our kitchen, whether other people have them or not, because I wish the kitchen to be such a bright, cheerful room that we shall love to stay in it when there is work to be done.”

Well, if you had only peeped into Mother Gipsy’s kitchen that night after everything had been finished, you would have wished to stay and be her little cook, for everything was just ready from the kettle singing away on the polished stove to the clock which ticked you a cheerful welcome. Great fun it would be to sift some pure, white flour, mix and roll and knead the dough, shape into delicious biscuit, and bake them for somebody’s supper.

“I cannot tell which room I like best,” said Father Gipsy, “the last one always seems the prettiest.”

Joe-Boy's Room.

Wednesday

“ONLY one more room to furnish now,” said Mother Gipsy, “and that must be the prettiest, daintiest one in the house, because it is for some one we love very much.”

“Yes,” said Father Gipsy, “we have saved the best for the last; tell me how you think we should fix it up.”

“Well,” said Mother Gipsy, smiling,—she always smiled when she spoke of Joe-Boy—“I have thought and thought about Joe-Boy's room, and I wish it to be a room that he can always love and enjoy, so it will have to grow with him from year to year. At first it will be only a play room—the brightest spot in all this house!—but his very own. I have noticed so many of the town children scatter their play-things all over the house—in the halls, porches and yards,—and I believe it is because those children have no place of their own to keep them, and if we give Joe-Boy a room that belongs only to him, with a place in which to keep his books and toys, maybe he will learn to take good care of them.”

“That is true,” said Father Gipsy, “you always set me thinking. Big folks have a place to keep their things and so little folks ought to have a place to keep their things in. Now, what else have you thought about?”

“I have thought about pictures,” said Mother Gipsy, “only beautiful ones of the things we wish Joe-Boy to love. First, one of the Christ child, with Mary his mother, and another of Christ, with many children around him. Then I wish a good picture of a farmer sowing grain, another of carpenters building, another of a flock of sheep and another of a blacksmith shoeing a horse, and one of a cow with a baby calf.”

“Oh, yes,” said Father Gipsy, smoothing the pucker away from his eyebrows, “I see, now, what you are up to! You wish Joe-Boy to know where he gets his food to eat, his clothes to wear and his house to live in, and some day you are to tell him stories about these pictures.”

“That is it,” said Mother Gipsy, with a merry laugh, “for how will he grow into a thankful boy unless he learns to love those who work for him? But I haven't yet finished about the pictures—there is something else Joe-Boy must learn to love and that is birds, so I have planned to put a border of birds all the way round the walls of the room just under the window facings, and low enough for him to see

well before he learns to walk. There must be blue-birds and red-birds and robins, and sparrows, and doves, and woodpeckers, and orioles, and wrens and jays and thrushes and mocking birds and bob-whites and parrots and canaries. Some of them will be building nests, some watching their eggs, and some feeding baby birds,—what do you think of that?"

"Why, I think it will be most beautiful," said Father Gipsy, "and just like you to think about it. What else after the pictures?"

"A rug for the floor with daisies sprinkled over it," said Mother Gipsy, "and a table like what the kindergarten children have and six little chairs. Joe-Boy will not always be a baby, you know, and some day his playmates will be coming to see him, and if they wish to play with blocks the table and chairs will be ready for all. Then don't forget about the book-case for his books, and a cabinet to keep his toys in, for there will be horns and balls and blocks and beads and hoops and dolls and other playthings which Joe-Boy will have from time to time, and will wish to take good care of."

"He seems to think now that the best way to take care of things is to eat them," said Father Gipsy, "as he did your Sunday hat."

"Oh, he'll learn better than that," said Mother Gipsy, "just you wait and see! He has only his colored balls to play with now, but I shall begin to teach him very soon to put them away for a nap, when he goes to sleep—it will be a pretty game for him. But come, if we talk too long we will do no work, and I am anxious to see Joe-Boy's room finished."

Late that night some moonbeam fairies peeped through the windows into Joe-Boy's room, and this is what they saw: Beautiful pictures and a border of birds around the walls, a big square rug with daisies on it, a low table and its little chairs, a pretty book-case and a toy cabinet; and then the moonbeam fairies smiled, for on the top shelf of the toy cabinet they saw a little red ball!—Now, how do you suppose it got there?

The Completed House

Thursday

"WHAT makes you look so happy to-day, Mother Gipsy?" said Father Gipsy, as they sat before the tent door eating their breakfast.

"Why, I am happy every day," said Mother Gipsy, "because I

have you and Joe-Boy to love. And then, too, I am thinking about our pretty new house that we are to move into to-day; have you forgotten that this is to be moving day?"

"No, indeed," said Father Gipsy, "this is the last morning we will eat breakfast in the woods, and we shall say good-by to the little gipsy tent that has been our home so long, and move into the new house which is all finished and waiting for us."

"You need not think I am going to leave our dear old tent behind," said Mother Gipsy, "no, indeed, not for anything! We love it too much for that, and besides I need it for Joe-Boy's sand house."

"Why, I never heard of a sand house," said Father Gipsy, "you must be dreaming."

"No," said Mother Gipsy, with a merry laugh, "we will pack up the tent and take it with us, and put it up in the back yard under the trees. Then, I will have a wagon load of clean, white sand hauled and thrown under the tent, and Joe-Boy and his little friends can have many, many happy days, playing there in the sand."

"Oh, yes, I see now," said Father Gipsy, "it takes you to think up nice plans, and when Joe-Boy gets large enough to play 'soldier' or 'Indian' the tent will be there ready for him."

So when they packed their gipsy-pot and other things they took down the dear gipsy tent, too, and it was placed in the wagon to be moved with them.

"All aboard!" cried Father Gipsy, "jump into the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"

So Mother Gipsy and Father Gipsy and dear little Joe-Boy climbed in and away the horses trotted off to the new house.

When they opened the doors and walked in Mother Gipsy's face was full of smiles, and she carried Joe-Boy from room to room that he might see everything. He jumped and crowed with joy, and when he came to his own dainty room, he stretched out his dimpled hands to all the pretty things. Mother Gipsy held him in one of the little chairs, while she pointed to the pictures and birds on the wall, and then she carried him to the toy cabinet, and let him take down the little red ball with his own hand, and when he had played a game with it, Mother Gipsy showed him how to rock it to sleep and put it away for a nap.

It was just then the moonbeam fairies peeped in at the window

to say good-night, for it was getting late and they wished to see how Joe-Boy liked his new house, before he went to bed. You know the sunbeams and the birds and the winds and the moon and stars were all old friends of Joe-Boy's. He had learned to love them in his forest home. Why, that very night when Mother Gipsy had undressed him to go to bed, he saw the moon shining through the window and reached up his hands to get it, and when Mother Gipsy shook her head Joe-Boy puckered up his lips and cried, because he couldn't have the moon to play with! He hushed though, when Mother Gipsy began to sing:

"Lady moon, lady moon,
Where are you going?
Over the sea, over the sea.
Lady moon, lady moon,
Whom are you loving?
All that love me, all that love me."

Joe-Boy's Party.

Friday

WHEN Father and Mother Gipsy had lived in their new house a few days, they liked it very much indeed. "By and by, I shall love it as much as I did our tent home," said Mother Gipsy,—“and you know how much that was!”

Well, one day when Father Gipsy came home, he found Mother Gipsy in the kitchen making cakes. There was a great row of them on the pantry shelf—gold cake, silver cake, sponge cake, chocolate cake and cocoanut cake, and they were all iced, too!

"My, my," said Father Gipsy, "what are you going to do with all those cakes?"

"Why, Joe-Boy is going to give a party," said Mother Gipsy, "I thought it all out this morning."

"A party!" said Father Gipsy, "I thought Joe-Boy was too little for parties. He cannot eat anything, can he?"

"No," said Mother Gipsy, "but that doesn't make any difference; he will enjoy watching the others eat. Now guess who is coming?"

"All the girl babies in the town," said Father Gipsy.

"No."

"Then all the boy babies in the town."

"No, guess again."

"Well, it must be all the ladies in the town—then he would find some more Sunday hats to chew!"

"No, no, no," laughed Mother Gipsy, "put on your thinking cap, sir. Don't you remember that paper I tacked up on the tree by our tent, long, long ago?"

"Oh, yes!" said Father Gipsy, "to be sure I do, and now I know who is coming to the party—all the workmen who have helped us to get our house ready for Joe-Boy."

"Yes," said Mother Gipsy, "you have guessed right. You see, since I have been living in our pretty, new house, it has made me so happy that I wish to make happy those who helped to build it. So, I thought a good way to say 'thank you' would be to let Joe-Boy give this party, and we would send an invitation to every one of the workmen who helped. Don't you think that will be a nice thing to do?"

"Indeed, I do," said Father Gipsy. "It will be a real Thanksgiving party, and I am so glad you thought about it. What can I do to help?"

"You may write the invitations," said Mother Gipsy, "and be sure you don't forget a single one—the architect, the carpenters, the brick-masons, the painters and the furniture men."

Well, they really had the party and it was the very happiest party that you ever saw! Everybody came, and everybody had a nice time. Father and Mother Gipsy met them at the door, with Joe-Boy, dressed in his prettiest white dress, with pink ribbons on his sleeves. He crowed and kicked and stretched out his arms to go to everyone, and when they held him he tried his best to talk, and laughed until he showed all of his six new teeth.

"That is the only way he knows how to say 'thank you,'" said Mother Gipsy. And when the workmen went in to the party table, Joe-Boy sat in his white carriage, and watched them eat the cakes and other nice things, and he didn't cry a single time, but played with a red apple which the architect tied to a string, showing him how to swing it to and fro, to and fro.

When they finished eating Mother Gipsy sang and played for them, her pretty gipsy music, until it was time to go, but when the workmen went to tell Joe-Boy "good night," and tell him how much they had enjoyed the party, why, he had cuddled up on the brickmason's shoulder, and gone to sleep!

Now wasn't that a funny way to do at a party?

The Program for the Third Week—House Furnishing.

The Dining Room.

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: What is in your dining room? What things are made from wood? What things are silver? Glass? China?

Game: Use kindergarten tea set. Let one child spread cloth and set the table ready for a meal.

Marching: Walk through woods, play with fish in brook, etc. Gather flowers for dining room table.

Gift: Third. Sequence of dining room furniture—table, chairs, side-board, etc.

Occupation: Modelling china dishes and silverware. Or, raffia napkin-ring; chair, using cube for seat, wrapping only the back.

The Kitchen.

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Tell me what is in your kitchen? What is made of tin? What is made from iron? What of wood?

Song and game: "Cooking."

Gift: Third. Make a stove, using cylinder beads for stove pipe.

Occupation: Cutting pans and cooking utensils from black and silver paper. Or, make dishes and pans from tin foil.

Joe-Boy's Room.

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Have you a play-room? What is in it? What bird pictures would you choose for it? What color are these birds?

Play: Bird games.

Sense game to test color.

Gift: Fourth. Closet in which to keep playthings.

Occupation: Modelling. Toys for Joe-Boy.

Or, frame a bird picture to hang on walls of playroom.

The Completed House.

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: If you were going to leave your old home, and go to a new home, what things would you wish to take with you? How could you take so many things?

Game: One division of children make horses and wagon, while those of the other division load imaginary treasures to be carried to the new home.

Gift: Fourth. Make a wagon.

Play "Moving."

Occupation: Drawing. What Joe-Boy saw, out of the window.

Joe-Boy's Party.

Friday

1. Tell the story of Joe-Boy's party.
2. Let the children plan a party, and give it in their own way.

Each kindergartner enters a new field this fall; new worlds to conquer such as Alexander never dreamed of. A glorious opportunity.

To some the new world will consist merely in new groups of new children; with others there will be the added problem of new assistants or fellow-workers; with others there will be the hard-headed principal or supervisor to convert or perhaps the larger official of the sceptical community to convince; fine fields for consecrated effort and happy devotion. Good success to all the pioneers and to those who are the veterans in the service. Take as a watchword Dr. Howe's motto, "Obstacles are things to be overcome."

One little word of suggestion at the beginning of the year: What ever else you do, do not cultivate the "kindergarten smile"; all the sweet and strong and true sentiment you wish, but not a tinge of sentimentality.

Remember that the children love bright colors and plan to wear some touch of cheery line if but a bright flower or a pretty ribbon.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

In his address at the N. E. A. we find Mayor McClellan, of New York, standing staunchly up for the old-time three Rs as follows:

"I do not believe that any one can be educated who has not at least a smattering of the three Rs. It may possibly serve some mysteriously useful purpose to teach twelve-year-old boys who can not read even the simplest English to sew buttons on shirts, or drill girls of the same age to whom the rule of three is unknown in the theory but not in the practice of music and cooking—both are often bracketed together in our school curricula. But the ignorant outsider who is excluded from the Parnassus of educational circles may be permitted to wonder at the wherefore of it all.

"It is anything but flattering to our 'standards of local administration' that the products of our great urban public schools seldom succeed at either West Point or Annapolis. Run through a list of the honor men at both academies, and, while you will often find among them the products of the private institutions, you will find that the vast majority come from the little cross-road country schoolhouse, whose simple-minded teacher—God bless her!—has had no other working capital at her command than a fair knowledge of the three Rs, which she has conscientiously imparted to her pupils."

The three Rs certainly have a large part in modern education and the little red schoolhouse has nobly done its part in drilling a knowledge of what those capitals stand for into the noddles of its barefoot boys and girls. But the home environment of those boys and girls supplemented this drilling by an education which the average child of the city misses, i. e., the education afforded by a daily contact with nature, an intimate knowledge of her resources and the hand and eye training that accompanied work on the farm and in the farmhouse. Would so many honor men be numbered among the graduates of Annapolis and West Point if they had known the *schooling* in the little red house *only* without the compulsory education in responsibility and capacity offered by the general and specific home courses? If the products of our urban schools do not succeed at these military academies it is not because of manual training and the so-called fads as such, but because of *such* manual training as has been offered. That is to say, the fads have been introduced for a given purpose; if they have failed to accomplish this purpose we must simply try, try again until we find just how and when and where they can be used in order to be truly educational; but that the three Rs alone will turn the city pupil into efficient West Point novitiates is yet to be proven.

The boys and girls who sat at the rough desks and whittled at

the crude seats in the poorly equipped rooms of the old régime were descendants of people eager for schooling and who rightly understood the importance of an intelligent constituency in a self-governing community. In the congested cities of today many of the parents are anxious only that the child should as soon as possible become a wage-earner; there is little appreciation of books among the many of the foreign-born people used to the parental rule of the State. It is therefore difficult to keep the children in the schools; they dislike books and study; they seek the streets and the education to be found in them, or go too early to factory and shop; but so soon as the saw and hammer, the needle and the mixing-bowl are introduced, then the child is drawn as by a magnet and is willing to toil over the reader and 'riting-book and 'rithmetic for the sake of these other alluring occupations; as fads and frills, they have undoubtedly been overdone in some cases; that is because they have been employed *as* frills and trimmings. But the American people are not yet homogenous; their national character is not yet a fixed quantity, therefore it is not easy to decide what are the essentials of a good working garment, "frills" we don't want; only by further experimentation and careful trial and study can we know what are merely frills and what are the indispensables; each kindergartner can help in the good work by noting the success or non-success of her own methods and by being cognizant of the results of work in the grades above her; and above all remember that we must not judge by too few examples.

Meanwhile, O primary teachers! would not a little genuine hard work drilling in phonetics, daily, give children the power to read with ease and pleasure to themselves and others? The many frequent complaints of parents that their eight, nine and twelve-year-old children are unable to read new words found in new places indicates that there is something wrong somewhere. So long as our present system of spelling obtains just so long must there be daily drilling and memorizing in addition to learning the few exceptionless rules of English orthography. Slovenly reading is no credit to the "new education."

Asbury Park and Ocean Grove made an ideal convention place; cool breezes and the broad expanse of the sea refreshed and delighted every sense, and the Auditorium is a building to see and rejoice in.

The managers of the N. E. A. are past masters in the art of disposing of vast and heterogenous crowds with little delay or friction.

In the June issue of The Kindergarten Magazine we published a long article upon the "History of the Kindergarten Movement in Canada," compiled by Miss Jean Laidlaw and from letters written at her request, including a delightful and valuable one from Miss Mary A. Hamilton, telling of the kindergarten in Nova Scotia. It seems that when Miss Hamilton wrote Miss Laidlaw she had not understood that her letter was for publication or she would have written in a less personal way. She asks us, therefore, to publish the following explanatory paragraphs. We gladly give space to these additional notes and amendments as follows:

"In the letter which I wrote Miss Jean Laidlaw *in re* Kindergarten Progress in Nova Scotia I omitted perhaps the most important name of all—that of Mrs. Hinkle Congdon, who was instrumental in bringing the kindergarten before the people of Nova Scotia, particularly in Truro and Dartmouth, and who was energetic in pushing the movement until the kindergarten was established in those places.

"Her interest in the cause never flagged. It is very dear to her heart. On her visits from time to time she encourages and inspires the directors, students and children.

"She is now making an effort to have a special government grant given to teachers holding diplomas from training schools.

"Mrs. Congdon has visited many kindergartens in Europe and America as far as Salt Lake City. Now a lady of over seventy years, she reads her New Testament in four languages, one of which is Hebrew, which she has learned during the last few years.

"I would like to say also that Miss Josephine Howe, principal of the school whom I spoke of as ill, has under skilful treatment recovered and will resume her work in September.

"With regard to my letter to Miss Laidlaw, had I had the slightest idea that it would have been published I should have written it much more carefully and compactly and should have omitted so many personals.

"MARY L. HAMILTON, Director of Kindergartens, Dartmouth."

The editor would state that had either she or Miss Laidlaw understood that the letter had not been intended for publication it would not have been so used. We regret the misunderstanding. The letter certainly gave a vivid and living picture of interesting history. We wish here to extend thanks to all who contributed to Miss Laidlaw's valuable article, including Miss Hamilton. The pen picture given above of the active woman "seventy years young" who has lost neither interest nor enthusiasm with increase of years, is one for all kindergartners to keep with them through the perplexities, trials and joys of the new school year.

The Kindergarten Magazine reaches its readers a few days late this month, owing to the negotiations necessary to the final securing of the valuable serial by Miss Bigham, which will continue throughout the year, presenting each month a practical program, accompanied by appropriate stories. During the succeeding months the subscribers will receive their numbers punctually each month, in time to have the programs truly serviceable.

KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVIII.—OCTOBER, 1905.—No. 2.

TWENTIETH CENTURY SERIES.

LITTLE EVE.*

A "*Shadowy Recollection.*"

ALICE DAY PRATT.

FOR the child, no horologue marks the stately passing of the hours of darkness. From daylight to daylight is a single bound. Consciousness and unconsciousness are equally engrossing and complete.

Little Eve, in her instantaneous awakening, was seized by the most intense realization of the present—*The morning!* and sunny? She caught her breath. The border of light about the window curtain was not quite convincing. She closed her eyes and listened. There was no patter of rain upon the roof. She sprang to the floor and thrust her head beneath the curtain and into the open window. The first long breath of morning that came to her with her ecstatic comprehension of the day thrilled through her like a divine inspiration. The sky was cloudless. The dew lay white on the smooth lawn, and beyond, on the rich clover and bending timothy. Below, in the path, stood her father in shirt sleeves blackening his shoes for an early start. Above was a film of smoke from the kitchen chimney, suggestive of Aunt Becky and breakfast (and with the thought of Aunt Becky came another thought—the tin box of gingersnaps closely packed for the carriage luncheon).

Eve turned to the dark world within. Katharine still slept. Eve seldom interfered with Katharine. Inseparable companions, they yet moved in little worlds apart. Katharine loved books and people. Katharine was civilized and thoughtful; Eve was the companion of the animals and the out of doors.

*We are gratified that we can promise our readers a child's story each month from the pen of Miss Alice Day Pratt. In its present form the one here given is not intended for the children, but rather for teacher and parent.

On two chairs lay two little piles of fresh, clean clothes. Eve smiled with rapture on the new, crisp sailor dress—so suggestive of all that was to come. Her bath was a rite enthusiastically performed to the genius of the day.

And now she was in the garden where Peter was digging—filling a long tin box with angle worms. “Do they *like* to be put in a box, Peter?” asked Eve, with quick solicitude.

“Tickled to death, child,” said Peter. “Never was in such fine quarters afore.” “What are they for?” asked Eve. “For the fish, child,” said Peter. “To eat?” said Eve, incredulously. “They can’t like that.” “Lor’, child, druther be eat than not. Worms for the fish and fish for us. That’s Bible.” “And what are *we* for?” said Eve. “Lor, what a young’un!” said Peter. “Run along!”

Wild roses, with the dew on, by the gate—but not to be picked today. Aunt Becky would do better without them, and mamma was going away.

Breakfast with the flavor of expectancy, delightful, yet not absorbing, for the *horses* had come! Eve slipped away and ran to the gate. Oh, the beautiful horses! and white! That was the last touch of perfection. Eve gathered clovers and fed them over the fence with a swelling heart. Horses aroused in her a passionate adoration for the beautiful and strong and free.

With the departure came a little pang when Grandpa said “His little bird had never been a night away from him before.” Katharine was older and had visited away from home, but Eve never. Eve waved to him even when she was settled beside Father on the coveted front seat, with the reins close at hand.

Katharine *preferred* to sit behind with Mamma and tell stories. Think of *preferring* to sit behind when the *horses* were in front!

Eve never forgot that winding prairie road, with grain fields on either side and dwarf prairie roses so large and rich and variously tinted.

Eve learned, once for all, that day to recognize wheat and oats and rye, and long afterward came always with the memory of that ride the red-barred blackbird on the fence and the song of the meadow-lark out of the grass—the song which Papa could whistle so beautifully, but which Katharine and she could only try.

And, best of all, when she had proved her patience, Father taught

her to drive and trusted the reins to her for one little blissful while. How she gloried in the strength of the great horses, and how little and yet how big and proud she felt!

When the road grew rough and Father must take the reins, it was time for gingersnaps—Aunt Becky's best! and that meant the very best in the world.

They had come to woods now and hills and a racing little stream and a mill; and presently the stream tumbled headlong over a great ledge of rock, and there was the lake! shining and blue and big and woodsey-rimmed.

Such a funny, tiny house they were to live in—like a playhouse—just one room. It stood on the very edge of the hill peeping over into the lake. The children wanted to live there forever.

A row-boat, just right for four, with two little seats at the ends for two little girls, a father who would teach you to row and the cool water in which to dip your burning hands. The wonder of water-lilies, wide open and golden-hearted, with stems that went down, down, down into the depths. Then a sheltered bay, with sloping beach, on which the ripples came up softly over the fine white sand. Legged flannel nightgowns in broad day and out of doors, a slow descent into the cool wonders of the lake—to the knees, to the waist, to the chin, and then you were glad of Father's hand and the rescuing boat. Just outside the softness of the sand, sharp, torturing stones and funny white clams, with wide open jaws, rimmed with daintiest pearl. In the dry sand of the beach, hundreds of small, curled shells, and beyond the dry sand, round-stemmed grass with prickly seed pods round and brown.

And, oh! the fishing with Aunt Becky's net—the fishing for the little fish that were to live in the glass aquarium at home!

When she stepped into the boat again, Eve made a strange discovery. Her little seat was really a box and in the box were dead, white clams and little live frogs, huddled in the dark.

"What are the clams for?" Eve asked her father. "Bait," he said. Eve wondered if *they* "liked it," too. "But the little frogs?" Her father did not answer. Eve never asked him the same question twice. She closed the box and sat down on her little seat to think, her eyes on the water-lilies piled about her feet.

The first white tablecloth on the green grass—do we all remember? The unaccustomed sandwiches, the chicken, the cold hard-boiled

eggs, and all the queer dainties that go to picnics and nowhere else, and the appetite such as never was known before.

In the afternoon, the children sat on the high bank and dropped crumbs to the little fish far below—funny, flat sunfish, who loved ginger-snaps every bit as well as Eve herself.

As they sat there, the landlord came sauntering by and stopped to talk with the children. "See that little point of rock away out there?" he said. "I sat on that rock all night when I was a lad, with my baby brother in my arms. You see, I was tending baby, it bein' wash day, when along come Jock Higgins a-teasin' me to go fishin'. Now, mother'd never said I wasn't to take the baby fishin', nor she'd never said she was willin' I should, and, thinks I, 'it's easier to go when she ain't said nothin' than to *ask* her.' So away I goes with baby and Jock, and we three was the jolliest out, till by-an'-by Jock seen somethin' in the water and he leaned kinder careless like on the edge o' the boat, and over it goes in a wink!

"As luck would have it, I had hold of baby's little dress, an' I never let go. But I couldn't right the boat and hold him, and Jock—like a tenderfoot—had put out for shore. So I seen this little point o' rock and I swam to it an' sat down to consider. Baby was howling—small blame to him—all choked up with water, and things didn't look very bright. I couldn't leave him to get the boat, an' I couldn't swim with him on my back, since he'd grab my neck—an' there was Jock, a-puttin' in to the shore that was farthest from home. Well, Jock didn't turn up at home till the mornin' after, an' then my parents come out in a boat an' hauled us in—mighty near dead with cold—and starved into the bargain. Mother never said one word about my goin' fishin' with baby. She didn't look for me to do it agin, and I *didn't* do it again. Bet you that little baby chap and me was always good friends though."

As the sun went down, the boats came slowly home, boats of hunters and fishermen, who had been out since early dawn. And one friend of the children's father came to show his string of ducks, boasting of their beauty and their size. Eve admired them greatly. The rainbow colors she thought were wonderful. She opened and shut the fan-like wings, admiring the perfect markings, the softness and the lustre. But the poor heads hung down limply with closed eyes. She did not care to look at them very long.

Soon came a young man with a load of fish and some pretty girls

helped him to string them on a rod, shrieking with laughter as one now and then flopped from their hands.

At last the little family was left alone and the night came down over the lake. First there were towering "thunder-heads," like piles of wool dyed with wonderful and changing dyes, and then the tender night, with its peeping stars, and by and by the moon out of the lake.

And little Eve sat very still between her father and mother—at first wide awake—with all the pictures of the day passing and repassing before her eyes—the morning ride and the smoothly trotting horses, the floating waterlilies and the little fish, the cool ripples of the water on her feet, the brave boy on the rock and the other making for the shore, and—mingled with all the happy scenes—the angle worms and the little frogs, the wild ducks with the drooping heads, the dying fish at which the girls had laughed, and presently she slept, while strangely mingled compounds of all these passed in her dreams.

Pain and pleasure, love and cruelty, fear and courage, life and death! Forever, for little Eve, these great themes would wear the hues of this summer's day, would burn in the colors of the sunset on the lake or fade before the tender peace of this still night.



A little girl in a crowded tenement house was delightedly telling a friend in the College Settlement about her new teacher. "She's a perfect lady, that's what she is," said the child.

"Huh! how do you know she's a perfect lady?" questioned her friend; "you've known her only two days."

"It's easy enough telling," was the indignant answer. "I know she's a perfect lady because she makes me feel polite all the time."

REPORT OF THE SOUTHERN KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION, ORGANIZED JULY, 1905.

AMALIE HOFER.

THE reports of delegates to the Association continue as follows:

NATCHEZ, MISS.—As to just how the work was begun in our town I can say very little in any definite way. I think there was a private kindergarten, possibly as many as eighteen years ago, by whom conducted or how supported I do not know, but through it the public became interested and one of our own women fitted herself for the work and in the fall of 1890 applied for a position in the public school and now I shall quote from a letter received from one of our members of the school board who has proved himself a faithful friend and supporter of the work.

"In the fall of 1890 Miss Steitenroth applied for a situation as kindergarten teacher in the Natchez Institute, was elected and organized the work in said institute which has continued ever since.

"The board of trustees of the Natchez Institute had heard and read of kindergarten work elsewhere, but were not familiar with the importance of that class of work. However, after discussing the matter in its different phases, as then so imperfectly understood in Natchez, it was finally decided to introduce the system in the public schools of Natchez, more as an experiment than with a view to its becoming permanent in character. Miss Steitenroth was therefore elected in 1890 to introduce and take charge of the kindergarten class in the Natchez Institute, more as some thought as a forlorn hope than aught else. Miss Steitenroth's work, so modestly begun, sprang at once into favor, not only with the board of trustees, but with the public at large.

"The utility of the work was at once discerned and appreciated. To teach our little ones at the very threshold of their unfolding intellects, habits of industry, promptness, courtesy, gentleness, truthfulness and love of all that is good and worthy in life is surely a most noble mission and calling, if indeed it is not prompted by Him who rules, not only the destiny of nations, but of men.

"The attendance at our kindergarten rapidly increased from year to year until 1902, when that department became so congested that it was not possible for one teacher to do justice, either to herself, the work, or to the little ones under her charge and care. The board of trustees then employed another kindergarten teacher in the person of Miss Birdie Gore. The kindergarten work at Natchez is now

justly regarded as the strongest sub-structure upon which the eleven grades taught in said school can possibly rest. It started in doubt and fear as to its worth and usefulness, but today it stands among its fellows the giant oak of the forest." BIRDIE B. GORE.

YAZOO CITY, MISS.—Two years ago, in October, 1903, a private kindergarten was opened in Yazoo City, and after going through the usual struggles, has been given a place for the ensuing term in the public schools upon the condition that children of five years may be admitted free of charge, and tuition to be collected for those under school age, which in Mississippi is five years. There has been no provision made by the State for kindergarten, but we are looking toward that end. The State Teachers' Association agreed at the last meeting that the question should be brought up before the next legislature to provide that our public schools may have the kindergarten. ANNIE BULLOCH.

AUGUSTA, GA.—Superintendent of Schools Lawton B. Evans told the conference informally of the first kindergarten organized in Augusta as early as 1884. He confessed that the school law in its technical sense had to be violated in order to introduce the new feature, but as it was done without additional expense to the school board, it created no objection. He told how an untrained but gifted woman made the beginning, was later excused for a year on full pay in order that she might study, and how there are now eight full fledged public kindergartens under his superintendence. Among the lecturers who had come to Augusta, he said Dr. William N. Hailmann was the one who had fired the whole town. Superintendent Evans did not tell much of what he himself had done for the kindergarten, but he made us all feel if the superintendent is for it, who may stand against it? The Augusta report was called for first from Georgia, as the pioneer kindergarten city of the banner kindergarten State of the South.

SAVANNAH, GA.—The work of the Kate Baldwin Free Kindergarten Association was organized in October, 1899, as a memorial to Mrs. Kate Baldwin by her children. There was one kindergarten opened with an enrollment of thirty-seven children and a training class of seven students. Miss Backus was in charge. She was a graduate of Miss Woodruff, who was a graduate of Louisville Free Kindergarten Association. The second year one more kindergarten was added and a junior class of eight students.

From then on the growth was steady and they now have five free kindergartens, four supported by the association and one by Trinity M. E. Church. The kindergartens reach 300 children and minister to the children of three institutions (day nursery and two orphanages).

In October, 1903, Miss Rubel, a graduate of Louisville Free Kindergarten Association, was appointed supervisor and principal of the training school. Under her direction the work has progressed and improved materially along every line.

In the training class the full two years' course is required, with theory and morning practice, the object being to give teachers thorough training as teachers, and to afford broad general culture.

In May, 1905, ten teachers were graduated, making the total number of graduates of the school forty-eight, some of whom are teaching in Savannah and other parts of Georgia, Florida, South Carolina and Alabama.

The "Savannah Kindergarten Club" was organized in November, 1904, by the Savannah kindergartners, the object being the extension of kindergarten work and interest, and coöperation in all educational matters.

At the invitation of the association Miss Blow and the late Mrs. Treat have lectured before appreciative audiences. The association is a member of the I. K. U. and has sent representatives to the Pittsburg, Rochester and Toronto meetings. "More work and better" is the motto of the association and earnest endeavor is made to forge ahead, despite the difficulties of a young work.

In addition to these free kindergartens, there is a mission kindergarten with an enrollment of about forty-five supported by the Council of Jewish Women, but this is not in charge of a trained kindergartner. There is also a kindergarten for colored children conducted by a negro woman, the wife of one of their ministers. She has had no training but seems to have studied several books on the subject. It is a free kindergarten in every sense of the word, as she gives her services free. There is an enrollment of between forty and fifty.

There are four private kindergartens conducted by graduates of the Kate Baldwin Free Kindergarten Association.

RITA FALK.

ATLANTA, GA.—The Atlanta Free Kindergarten Association was organized in 1895, ex-Governor W. J. Northern, a zealous friend of all true education being its first president. From 1897 to the present time Mrs. Nellie Peters Black as second president has devoted time, strength, energy and her remarkable executive ability to the interests of free kindergartens in Atlanta. Six free kindergartens are now supported under the auspices of the association. Although the Woman's Club has special interest in one, the Jewish ladies almost entirely support another, for which they are putting up a new building this summer with plans for settlement home work. A third, the Nixon Mill Kindergarten, receives its chief support from a member of the association (Mrs. William Nixon, wife of the proprietor of the cotton

mill), and a fourth, the Mary Roul Kindergarten, has been favored with new building and generous contribution from the lady for whom it is named.

The spirit of philanthropy in application to the better care and training of Atlanta's embryo citizens is not, however, wholly confined to the good work of the Free Kindergarten Association. The ladies of the M. E. Church have established and maintain a settlement home with day nursery and kindergarten and a day nursery and kindergarten are also in successful operation at one of the city's charitable institutions known as the Sheltering Arms. One of our great needs in Atlanta is that of lectures, and I cherish the fond hope that as a result of this week of conference such advantage may be made possible to at least all the principal cities of the South.

Atlanta's introduction to kindergarten was given through the private school. The Atlanta Kindergarten Normal School was preceded by seven years of private work. If worth while to mention so small a beginning I will say that it pictures itself to my mind in the form of a germinal hope planted deep and lonely in a lovely garden spot. It was warmed into life by genial sun and encouraging rain. It sent out rootlets of trust which were frugally fed and there came forth leaf buds of faith.

After slow and patient growth it came to be recognized as having a sphere of usefulness in the community. The joy of service provided the wine of life, it grew apace, and seed-bearing blossoms appeared.

Thirty-two graduates, including four mothers, have gone forth with earnest purpose to utilize the highest gifts they possess in helping little children to live such lives as God intended they should.

The Atlanta Kindergarten Normal School can not, strictly speaking, be classified by either of the much used terms conservative or progressive, although it most certainly believes in progress. By all means at its command and with increasing degree of insight it seeks to lead its pupils to deeper insight into eternal truth and into child nature and prepare them for sympathetic, yea, more than this, for motherly living with children that these little ones may be led along such paths as our Master has trod and so earnestly embrace its joys as never to depart from His way.

WILLETTTE ALLEN.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—There are two kindergarten associations in Charleston. The South Carolina Kindergarten Association supports two free kindergartens and has a fund from the city to aid its work. The Kelly Kindergarten Association conducts a free kindergarten at the Royal Bag & Yarn Factory. The association supplies the kindergarten and the factory has put up the building and equipped it. The Episcopal Church Orphanage has a kindergarten, also the Charleston Orphan House. The S. C. K. A. was organized in 1893 and opened its first kindergarten in 1895. The movement has grown

slowly, but the association now maintains a training school for kindergartners, with one of our own young women, Miss Marion Hankel, at the head. Without doubt the growth of the work is chiefly due to the unremitting labors of Miss Evelyn Holmes, for several years the head of the training school and supervisor of the work. So far as I know there are five mill kindergartens in South Carolina, operated by the mill owners at Columbia, Pacolet, Greirers, Greenville and Pelzer. A little assistance comes from the county school fund. We will be glad of suggestions as to awakening more public interest.

ADELE JACOBI.

WINTHROP COLLEGE, S. C.—I am glad to report that the kindergarten is doing good work in South Carolina. There are two training centers in South Carolina—Charleston and Rock Hill. Miss Jacobi has told you of the work in Charleston and I have been asked to tell you of the work done at our State Normal and Industrial College, located at Rock Hill. In this college there is a kindergarten department of which Miss Nannie Macfeat, a graduate of Miss Hill's school in Louisville, is the head. The course is now a four years' course, for which the A. B. degree is given. Miss Macfeat is doing good work for our college and the State. Each year she sends out graduates full of enthusiasm and love for their work, and especially for the work to be done in our mill towns. I wish to tell you that our board of trustees, after seeing the good work done in the kindergarten made the subject of child study a required subject for seniors taking the normal course. This we believe to be a forward step in education. I wrote to Miss Macfeat for a report of kindergarten work in South Carolina and she sent me an extract from an article recently written by her, which reads as follows:

"The history of the kindergarten movement in mill villages of the South is full of inspiration and interest; but we have not time to go into it fully now—will simply point, by way of illustration, to its establishment and growth in one or two centers here in South Carolina.

"In this movement, as in many others, private benevolence has preceded public action. Seven or eight years ago a kindergarten—probably the first to be established at any of the cotton mills—was opened at the Richland Mills of Columbia for the summer months. Today we have fully nine or ten months' session of kindergarten at Richland, Granby and Olympia, and at another point in the city conveniently located for mill children.

"The Olympia, Richland and Granby Mills have beautiful new buildings for the kindergarten. These three kindergartens are well equipped and generously supported—entirely by the mills.

"Here at Rock Hill, S. C., five years ago, in connection with the kindergarten department of Winthrop Normal and Industrial College,

a kindergarten was begun at the Arcade Mills, the management of the mills having kindly given us the use of one of their cottages for the kindergarten. Today we are happy in the possession of a nice new building, large, sunny and airy. This building has been the center from which has radiated many influences for good to the village. Sundays, as well as week days, its hospitable doors stand open. Mothers' clubs and Saturday night clubs for boys and girls have enjoyed its hospitality. The kindergarten work at this point is now supported by the Arcade and Victoria Mills.

"Of many other mill centers the same history might be given. Pelzer, Piedmont, Greer, the Monaghan Mills, of Greenville; the mills of Laurens; the Saxon Mills, of Spartanburg, and others rejoice today in the influence of the kindergarten. Mill presidents and mill companies realizing the need of work like this, desirous also that the children of the mills should have equal opportunities with children everywhere, have cheerfully taken upon themselves the support of the kindergarten. In these sections the kindergarten has passed the experimental stage. It is no longer on trial for its life. It has proved its right to be. Said one of the managers of one of our largest mills, in speaking of the kindergarten: 'It has been the greatest power for good that has ever come into our village.' The kindergarten touches the home life of our people as few influences can. She wins the parents through the children. The work does not stop with the children, in its wake follows the mothers' club, the social club for the young people, sewing clubs, etc.

"That every mill village might have the kindergarten is a 'consummation devoutly to be wished.' If it has been proven that the kindergarten is the best known method of child training and child saving, then every child, irrespective of race, sex or social conditions has the right to it.

"Mr. Claxton, in his strong appeal for the establishment of kindergartens in the South, says: 'We must do it, it is our first duty to our children, for whom alone we live and in and through whom we must live after we are dead.'"

SARA WITHERS.

(To be continued.)

ART IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

JULIA DE WITT STEVENS.

ART is "one expression of freedom, possession and power," the last of which depends entirely upon the artist's insight into the thing he contemplates. It is a representation of the object he sees, but one finer than the original, whether it is a portrait or landscape, and it is always the portrayal of the soul. It is creative. Its greatest power is that it is universally intelligible, and its highest effect is to make new artists.

We must understand that art and nature are not the same world, but two worlds which only *resemble* each other and have many things in common. Men go to nature not to imitate nature, but for the extension of the possibilities of art.

In art there must be thought and feeling (expressed in composition), neither of which is to be found in external nature, though it arouses both in the human spirit. Composition includes all line and color arrangements, all combinations of light and shade, all groupings and contrasts selected and modified.

Feeling expresses itself always in the alteration of nature, by exaggerating and diminishing, by selecting and rejecting, by emphasis and accent. Art in its perfection always comprises three elements. It is a form of poetry, but it is also science in the knowledge of the appearance of things, and a handicraft in the workmanlike use of color and line.

As far back as we can ascertain, man has of necessity found a way in which to record and express himself, that expression having passed through various phases of development, growing slowly out of the failures and fruitions of many a struggling soul. The study of the whole range of the plastic arts has an historical value. They "denote the height of the human soul in that hour, and were not fantastic, but sprung from a necessity as deep as the world." This desire for expression, from the placing of a single boulder, a pile of rocks, picture writing, hieroglyphics, rude carvings, mosaics, sculpture and painting to our present era, is a record of the evolution of the fine arts and "that which is inevitable in the work has a higher charm than individual talent can ever give, inasmuch as the artist's pen or chisel seems to have been held and guided by a gigantic hand to inscribe a line in the history of the human race."

As the race has accumulated its knowledge and passed through its

phases of development, it seems that the child must progress after the same manner. He has his ball, his pile of blocks, his pencil, brush and chisel, all lending themselves to the elemental methods of those that have passed before him.

The perception of beauty is the essential inspirer of art in all classes, climes and conditions. It is astonishing how little people see in this "great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world." Many view a wide range of mountains, ridge after ridge rolling out beyond, receding into the distance and changing into deepest blues and purples; many view the little nestling village far down below, in the valley at eventide, as one by one shine out its little human lights of happiness and home; many view the stars that twinkle dimly as the sun goes down among the wind-swept clouds that seem like a great Abilene shell in the sky; how many *see* and understand all these! Beauty everywhere! In the glad sunshine of a bright clear day; in the tender glow of the evening's dawn. All these, and how much more! "It is the light that never was on sea or land, the vision of the poet's mind."

It is the kindergartener's happy privilege to give to the little child the seeing mind, a gift which can never be taken away. To this end a happy environment is of utmost importance; good pictures, freedom of activities, individual justice, kindly treatment, not to mention the wonderful influence of character. There is an instance of one little girl who persisted in coming each day to the second session. When finally questioned why she kept returning every afternoon after having been repeatedly sent home, she said: "'Cause this room's nicer than mine home. We ain't got no pictures."

A kindergarten room should be first of all clean and orderly. Order promotes a healthful attitude toward study of any kind, and cleanliness inculcates self-respect. There are many small things to care for in the management of a kindergarten, and trifles are apt to become unsightly with dust and neglect if left outside the cupboard when not in use. Paper chains cheapen the appearance of the best of rooms and ruin the good impression it should sustain. I have seen rooms so overloaded with plaster casts that I recoil before the multiplicity.

Have a few good pictures well hung. Pictures that are "good enough" are poor and the best is none too good. (Our modern magazine illustrations furnish many an excellent picture.) Have also one or two casts, well selected, and some of nature's "out of doors" brought

in. Maple branches pressed between newspapers retain their color, and if strung across the wall on a wire will keep their fresh appearance the entire year.

If pictures are small group them. Hang three or five together, and never place in close proximity two that offend each other. Have plenty of green in the room, as green is always soothing and restful to the eye, and plants are in themselves beautiful, to say nothing of the value of the care bestowed upon them. I remember one orange tree that had a sponge bath "from stem to stern" and each little one in the class clamored for his share, after which of their own accord, I heard, "all around the mulberry bush"—and away they went, hand in hand.

The child's world is full of beauty. His garden, flowers, fairy tales are all a wonder of loveliness to him, and his perception of loveliness is often more alert than we realize. How often we hear at the end of a story an ecstatic, "Ain't that lovely!"

One bright-eyed, brown little fellow was intently watching while his teacher was drawing a picture upon the board at Christmas time. In the silence and the hush of many pairs of eyes riveted upon the shepherds and the angels, as they appeared, she heard in an excited whisper as though it had slipped from his soul, "O! God must love teachers what make angels on the board!"

At another time the same kindergartener, while drawing a boat going before the wind, tipping into the white foam, heard close by: "O! look! It's going! It's going!"

While little children are unconsciously poetical, they are not idealists. The heights of idealism belong naturally to a mature mind and are quite unintelligible to a child. We have an example of this in one of Myra Kelly's characteristic sketches of the east side, where "teacher's jumper" was the "most beautiful thing" they had ever known.

As a child sees but one thing at a time, he sees that one in its simplicity. The strongest feature of the thing observed is that one that appeals to his imagination.

In the kindergarten the child's mind is constantly being directed toward form and color, in the objects that surround him in home and school and street. The homely, commonplace things with which he is intimately acquainted are his best working models. All models should be large and definite, the drawing bold and strong.

There should be plenty of blackboard exercise for the first months,

cultivating a free circular movement of the arm, advancing into the practice of straight lines. These exercises should be in good, responsive strokes, made with the flat side of the chalk, except where an illustrated story necessitates an outline. Outline should always be in black or white. There are no colored outlines in nature, outline being actually the meeting of light and shade. Colored chalks may be used with artistic effect, the "artists' crayons" being best for special works of the teacher. The "Dove marking crayon" is a good medium for general work on white paper or on gray "bogus" paper; and it is well to break the chalks or crayon for use into small pieces, about an inch long. This will aid the wide and rapid swing of the arm in the "nest" movement, which is "round and round" with an open center.

Beginnings are always crude in whatever world they are formulated. Their very crudeness is the strength upon which the nations have prospered. Freedom and spontaneity are of greater value than accuracy in a small child. One little fellow having covered an unspoiled paper with black dots, looked up and remarked: "See the seeds!"

"And what are these?" asked the kindergartner, pointing to some elongated ones.

"O, that's where they're growing," said the ever ready little one.

Use all the mediums that are possible beside those of chalks and crayon. Brush and pencil (and pencils only when tracing a pattern in stiff paper, the line being too fine for broad work), sand drawing with fingers, cutting, folding and modeling in paper clay and sand. Also observation lessons each day, in doors and out.

All these assist the child in the natural outlet of his creative energy, and brings him into a closer relation with the talents and resources within himself. He gains a self-reliance and control which directs his aim and purpose into a productive channel, and he will attempt stupendous things in the natural conceit of this new power.

One morning a kindergartner was illustrating "Hiawatha" on the board, after having told the story. She had made the grassy knoll, the pine trees and the water, even the long canoe afloat, and fire sticks, when a little boy cried out: "I can do that!" She looked incredulous, but handed him the chalk. He stood upon a chair and worked bravely and feverishly for a few moments, as though it were fermenting within. He finished a good picture and he had not looked at the original once. Of course, this was nothing less than genius, and although the picture and method were imitative the effect was creative. He had only been

in the class three months, yet many thought the picture was the work of a mature talent.

This board illustrating is one of the best means of stimulating enthusiasm for art. The "Mother Goose" rhymes are all easily pictured, as are also many of our songs. Many kindergartners think they can not draw. Let them try, with the flat side of the chalk and they will be surprised at themselves. The children delight in these chalk pictures and the exclamations after the excited hush is very encouraging.

A picture "growing" from day to day is another very effective means of illustration. For instance, at spring time draw in color a bare brown hill against a dim horizon, a leafless apple tree, a frozen stream. Let that stand for a day or two. Then the tree must begin to leaf, another day the grass turns green, still another and the stream runs blue and so on. The tree blossoms, the birds return in the blue sky, the wild flowers grow and thus it gathers from day to day, until a swing is hung "in the old apple tree" to the delight of the children. A farm picture may be carried on in the same way, until it is possible to have a "growing one" in the sand.

In my experience with brush work I have tried many things in order to obtain best results. I find that, like older folks, little ones do better on the second attempt, showing a strength and mastery lacking in the first. It is astonishing to see with what certainty and pleasure they undertake the second effort. The child's memory and skill are strengthened for the next lesson, which is usually (unless a memory lesson) a degree more difficult. I have even allowed direct imitation with the hesitating ones at first, as a good imitation is better than no effort at all; and imitation is the first effort of our expressive powers.

Art, then, in the kindergarten is idealism in its infancy, the love of the beautiful; and in a purely material sense is primitive in its implements and methods of expression. Its influence can not be measured, and those who have loved beauty in every age have known that art is its natural inevitable language, without which the noblest of inspirations would have been lost.

"The hand can never execute anything higher than the character can inspire," writes the Concord poet and philosopher, and "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not. The best of beauty is a finer charm than skill in surfaces, in outlines, or rules of art can ever teach, namely, a radiation from the work of art, the human character."

Little Folks' Land.*

The Story of a Little Boy in a Big World.

BY MADGE A. BIGHAM, *Free Kindergartens, Atlanta, Ga. Author of "Stories of Mother Goose Village," etc.*

NOTE.—This Kindergarten Program will run through the succeeding numbers of the "Kindergarten Magazine," and later be published in book form under the title "Little Folks' Land" by Messrs. Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, Chicago and Boston. Cloth 6x9. About 400 pages. Advance orders will be accepted by them at \$1.50, postpaid. After publication the list price will be \$2.00 net.

II.

Farmer Green's Cotton Seed.

Relationships as to clothing—Cotton, linen, silk, wool.

Traced from producer to the consumer:—Origin, farmer, ginner, manufacturer, merchant, home.

Fourth Week—Clothing.

Monday.

MAYBE you think that the house and furniture were all Joe-Boy needed to make him happy, but no, indeed, there were other things he must have and other workmen who would have to help him get them. Just the next morning after the party, a little swallow heard Mother Gipsy say that Joe-Boy was getting so fat he needed new cotton dresses, and there must also be some new clothes for Father Gipsy and herself, besides sheets and pillow cases and quilts for the beds.

Mrs. Swallow had been picking up the crumbs under Joe-Boy's window—some for herself and some for her baby swallows. They, too, had a pretty neat home in one corner of Farmer Green's barn, and Mrs. Swallow thought no baby in all the wide, wide world was half so lovely as her own brown darlings—not even Joe-Boy! She had often told them about Father and Mother Gipsy, and the beautiful house they had built for Joe-Boy, so that day when she had fed them and cuddled by their side in the nest, the baby swallows said:

"Tell us something more about Joe-Boy. Have you seen him today?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Swallow, "the crumbs I brought you today for dinner were thrown by his own little hand while his mother held him

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in the window. He is growing fatter and fatter every day and now there must be new cotton dresses for him, besides sheets and quilts for the house. I am glad it doesn't take so many things for *our* snug little home—only a small piece of cotton will line our nest, and for clothes the dear God has given us soft, warm feathers."

Now, there was something else in Farmer Green's barn that liked to listen to Mrs. Swallow tell about Joe-Boy, and that was ever so many tiny cotton seeds, cuddled close together in a great, wide basket. Why, they even knew about the party, for they had heard Mrs. Swallow tell about it.

"Do you hear, sister?" said one little cotton seed, right on top of the basket. "Mrs. Gipsy needs cotton clothes for Joe-Boy, and quilts and sheets for his bed. Don't you wish we might be the seeds to make the cotton for her?"

"Well, we could," said the little sister cotton seed, "if Farmer Green would only plant us! Dick, the plough-boy, ploughed the field up yesterday. We saw him hitch the horse to the plough. How I wish he would plant us today! I am sure we would do our best to grow."

Well, it was just at that very minute that Farmer Green and Dick stepped in the doorway. And Mrs. Swallow said "H-u-s-h" to her baby birds in soft, cooing tones, and the little sister cotton seed said "H-u-s-h" very softly, and everything was as still as still could be! Then Farmer Green took up the basket and put it on his strong shoulder and said:

"Come, Dick, the ground is ready for these seeds, and we will plant them right now, and give them a good chance to grow." So away went Farmer Green and Dick with the basket, and planted them, every one!

"Oh, joy, joy!" said the little sister cotton seed, as she lay in the soft, brown earth, "now we can grow and make the cotton for Joe-Boy's clothes. Tell the little cotton seed lying next to you, that all may do their very best."

So that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, and that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, and that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, and that little cotton seed told another little cotton seed, until by and by *all* the little cotton seeds in the field knew about Joe-Boy's clothes, and grew and grew and grew!

Farmer Green Picks the Cotton.

Tuesday.

WHEN the sunbeam fairies and the raindrop fairies saw how hard the little sister cotton seeds were trying to grow for Joe-Boy's clothes, why, they did their very best to help them, and by and by there was a great field of cotton waving in the sunlight. And every little cotton stalk was as happy as happy could be, to see her boll tucked full of soft, fleecy cotton—waiting, waiting to be picked for dear little Joe-Boy's clothes.

Farmer Green came every day to see how the cotton was getting on, and had raked it over with the greatest care, so one morning when he came into the field he said:

"Only see this cotton, Dick, hasn't it grown finely? Every stalk has hung out a white signal flag, which says as plainly as can be 'Come and pick me, Farmer Green, I am waiting, waiting, waiting, can't you see?'"

Then Farmer Green sent Dick for the big cotton baskets and all the cotton stalks waved their flags with joy as they sang:

"We are ready, we are ready,
Pick us quickly, Farmer Green,
See our cotton, white and fleecy—
'Tis the prettiest ever seen."

Soon Dick came back with the baskets, and a sack for himself and one for Farmer Green, and when they had strapped them over their shoulders they went to work—Dick on one row and Farmer Green on the other, and they picked and picked and picked and picked and picked and picked and picked! Sackful after sackful was emptied into the baskets until all were heaped and running over, and it was night time before they had finished.

"Well," said Farmer Green, as he and Dick went home to supper, "picking cotton isn't very easy work, I'm thinking, but it is a pleasure to pick cotton like that, for a finer lot I am sure I never saw, and it will make somebody some very pretty clothes—one of these days. We will get up early in the morning and take it to the gin house, and we will be sure to keep the seed to be planted another year."

The Cotton At The Ginhouse.

Wednesday.

JUST as soon as Farmer Green and Dick left the cotton field the little sister cotton stalks began to chatter together about their cotton which had been picked.

"My! but doesn't it feel queer when you've lost all your cotton," said one of the little sisters, "just like having your hair shingled."

"Yes," piped another, "and we miss our baby seeds, too, which we had tucked away in the cotton. I do hope Farmer Green will take good care of them at the ginhouse, and send them safely back to the farm."

"You know he will do that," said another one; "didn't you hear Farmer Green tell Dick ours was the finest cotton he had ever seen? Of course, he means to keep our seed and plant them next year. Only look and see how soft and white our cotton is—heaped in the big baskets there. The little Gipsy boy Mrs. Swallow tells about should be glad to wear clothes made from cotton like that."

Then the little sister cotton stalks stopped talking and went to sleep, and when they waked up it was broad daylight, and Farmer Green and Dick were driving into the field with a big cotton wagon, whose body was so deep you just could see Dick's head when he was standing inside. They drove up to the baskets and emptied all the cotton into the wagon, and it was piled up so high it looked like a snow mountain. Then Farmer Green clucked to the horses and away they went down the big road to the ginhouse, while all the little sister cotton stalks waved a glad good-bye. But Farmer Green didn't hear them, because he did not look close enough, and then he was so busy thinking about other things; for he was saying over and over again:

"I'll carry this cotton to the gin and have the seeds taken out, and then I'll carry it to the warehouse and sell it, and then the warehouse man will send it to the factory, and the factory man will weave it into cloth and sell it to the merchant, and the merchant will sell it to the people for clothes, and who knows but what Farmer Green will buy some of the very same cloth made from this cotton?"

But just then he got to the ginhouse and drove his load of cotton under a big-swinging pipe, which hung from an upstairs window. The big engine which turned the gin wheels was puffing and hissing its steam, ready to pick the seeds from the cotton, and then something queer happened

for as the wheels in the gin began to turn Farmer Green's cotton started up that long, swinging pipe,—and you never saw cotton travel so! Up, up, up it went, tumbling from the pipe into a long trough and then through the bins; faster and faster it went, and the way those cotton seeds rolled out of that cotton was a sight! If you'd heard them tumbling into the trough below you would most surely have thought it was a shower of rain—pat, pat, pat, pat, pat, pat they went on one side of the bins, while on the other side out rolled great sheets of the beautiful cotton—roll on top of roll, and not a seed to be seen in it!

"Wonderful!" said Farmer Green, "wonderful! I never saw a prettier sight in all my life! It seems like a pity to press it up into bales. But then, everybody wants cotton clothes to wear, so I will do my part."

Then the ginhouse man raked the cotton into the deep bale holes, and the heavy presser was placed on top, which packed the cotton into neat bales—all wrapped and tied with strong bands—while the gin wheels turned faster and faster, singing as they whirled:

"Over and over and over we go,
Picking the seeds from the cotton, you know,
Picking, picking all the day long,
And pressing the bales as we sing our song."

"Well, your cotton is ginned, Farmer Green," said the busy ginhouse man, as he stopped his engine. "You'll find your cotton seed in the wagon waiting for you—enough to plant another year, and some left for meal and oil, if you choose to make them."

"Thank you very much," said Farmer Green, as he paid the ginhouse man for his work; "I am very glad people do not have to pick seeds out of cotton with their hands these days. If they did, why, I'm afraid there would not be many cotton clothes."

The Cotton At The Warehouse.

Thursday.

FARMER GREEN and Dick left the ginhouse with their bale of cotton in one end of the wagon and a pile of cotton seed in the other. They drove down the big road until they came to a long, low brick house, with a wide platform all the way around it, and large double doors. All the platform was crowded with bales and bales and

bales of cotton, and if you looked inside of the warehouse you would see other bales of cotton piled almost to the ceiling. And still wagons loaded with the great, heavy bales came and went, while the warehouse man was busy all the day long weighing and buying cotton from the farmers.

So, when Farmer Green drove up to the platform with his bale of cotton the warehouse man was there to meet him.

"Good morning, Farmer Green," he said, "just roll the bale of cotton down here on my scales and let me weigh it. I am buying all the good cotton I can find today, because the factory men are waiting for it to weave their cloth, and I shall send them a big car load as soon as I can buy it. Is yours good cotton?"

"The very best there is," said Farmer Green. "Dick and I picked that cotton ourselves and we saw it ginned, and it is as clean and white and soft as can be!"

"Let me look at a sample of it," said the warehouse man. So he cut a hole in one end of the bale and pulled out some of the cotton, pressing it in his fingers and pulling it apart to see if it was strong and good.

"Yes, yes, Farmer Green," he said, "this is fine cotton—the very best I have seen. I will buy this bale from you to send to the factory, and just as many more like it as you will bring me. Do you want to sell your cotton seed, too?"

"No," said Farmer Green, "I shall keep those to plant next year, and now that I have sold my cotton I must hurry back to the farm, for there is always work there for Dick and myself."

So away went Dick and Farmer Green, leaving their cotton behind them.

The Cotton At The Factory.

Friday.

WELL, the next thing seen of the little sister cotton seeds' bale of cotton was on the freight train! And the engine was puffing and blowing as it pulled out of the depot with its long string of cars loaded with cotton. Of course, you know where it was going—straight to the factory to be spun into thread and woven into cloth. And that was just what the little sister cotton seed wanted, you know—only they wanted Mrs. Gipsy to buy some of it and make it into dresses for Joe-Boy. And maybe she will—we don't know!

There were many wheels in the ginhouse, you remember, but, my me! when the cotton got into the big factory, why, there were more wheels than ever—rows and rows of them, and such a hum and buzz I'm sure you never heard as those wheels whirled swiftly round, singing as they worked:

“Over and over and over we go,
 Spinning the cotton as white as the snow,
 Weaving the cloth for dresses and gowns
 For all of the children in all of the towns:
 So, over and over and over we go,
 Spinning the cotton as white as the snow.”

And it did not take them long to make the cloth either, because there were many workmen there to help—men, women and even little children. They stood at the looms ever ready to mend the fine cotton threads when they became tangled or broken while crossing and re-crossing in the cloth. And so it was that Farmer Green's bale of cotton was woven into cloth—beautiful, soft and white. Just the thing for a wee baby's dress, and I am sure if the little sister cotton seeds had only seen it, they would hardly have believed their eyes. But there it was, all finished and wrapped into bolts, ready to send off to the merchants who would buy it to sell in their stores. And, only think! one day the factory man was fixing up a box of cloth to send to the *very* town where Joe-Boy lived, and he put a bolt of the little sister cotton seeds' cloth right in the middle of that box and nailed it up and sent it off! So there it was up on the store man's shelf, waiting for some one to buy it. Now, don't you hope Mrs. Gipsy will find it when she goes to buy Joe-Boy's dresses?

Program for Fourth Week—Clothing.

Farmer Green's Cotton Seed.

Monday.

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you know what your dress is made of? Your waist? etc. Would you like to see a plant that helps to make our clothes? Show cotton stalk with boll of cotton.

Tell story for the day.

Game: “Plowing and Planting.” (Use children for cotton seed.)

Gift: Third and fourth: Let each child take his choice. Build a barn.

Occupation: Folding and cutting.—Barn. Or, Draw the swallow flying home, and the basket of seed in the barn.

Farmer Green Picks The Cotton.

Tuesday.

Circle talk, songs and games: Call for the reproduction of the story used Monday.

Game: Cotton picking. Let some children represent cotton stalks. Place in their hands real cotton bolls. Let others pick cotton.

Song: "Baby's Cotton Gown."

Gift: Second Gift beads, sticks, and small pieces of cotton. Represent a cotton field, ready to be picked.

Occupation: Water color. Cotton boll.

NOTE: Illustrate at circle the use of scales and suction pipe of gin.

The Cotton At The Ginhouse.

Wednesday.

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you remember our ride to the cotton gin last fall? What did we see there? Would you like to hear how the "little sister cotton seed" went to the ginhouse, too? (Show a miniature cotton bale.)

Game: An imaginary ride to the cotton gin.

Gift: Fifth. A gin house.

Occupation: Modelling,—Bales of cotton. Or, Press real cotton into small bales, fastened with wire.

The Cotton At The Warehouse.

Thursday.

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you have a place in your house where jelly and preserves are kept? Well, after the cotton was ginned, it too was sent to a big warehouse to be kept, and I will tell you about it today.

Game: Horses and wagons, to carry cotton to the warehouse.

Gift: Fifth. Warehouse, platform and scales.

Occupation: Construct a wagon. Use an inverted box top for body, and milk bottle tops for wheels.

The Cotton At The Factory.

Friday.

Circle talk, songs and games: Show a piece of loosely woven cotton cloth. Let children trace the threads, and discover the over and under way in which they are woven.

Game: "Freight train."

Gift: Third and fourth. Let children take choice. Build a freight train.

Occupation: Weaving (without needles).

Fifth Week—Clothing.

Joe-Boy's Birthday Dresses.

Monday.

WELL, I don't know which grew the faster, Joe-Boy or the little sister cotton seed, but he was growing very fast, and one morning Mrs. Gipsy said:

"Come here, Father Gipsy, and let Joe-Boy give you a birthday kiss, he is one year old today. And fat? Why, he is just like a caterpillar and has popped through every one of his dresses. Whatever are we to do with such a fat boy, and what shall we give him for a birthday gift?"

"Why, we'll make him a present of some new dresses," said Father Gipsy, "won't that be a fine birthday present? Surely, with so much cotton growing around us here, and ginhouses and factories and stores close by, Joe-Boy ought not to be a 'raggedy-taggedy' baby! Let us buy him some birthday dresses today."

"All right," said Mother Gipsy, "I am sure that will be a very nice present, for he has needed new dresses quite a long time, but I did not buy them because our house and furniture cost so much money, and I was afraid you had spent all of your nickels."

"No," said Father Gipsy, "I still have some nickels left, and I guess by this time the farmers have planted cotton, and it has been ginned, spun and woven into cloth, so Joe-Boy will have fresh, new cloth for his birthday dresses. When can you go and buy them?"

"I will go this morning," said Mother Gipsy, "and maybe I can

get back in time to make him a new dress today, and when he takes his afternoon ride he can wear his new birthday dress."

"That will be fine," said Father Gipsy, "and when you do your shopping, go to the big dry goods store on the corner. I saw the merchant there opening a box of cotton cloth yesterday, and it looked very pretty."

So Mother Gipsy went to town that very morning, and she passed by all the stores until she came to the big store on the corner, and she went in that one and asked the clerk to show her some pretty cotton cloth for dresses.

"All right," said the clerk, "we have the very best cloth in town, right here in this store. It came from the factory only yesterday, and it is very beautiful! Just let me show it to you."

So he reached up to the top shelf and took down three bolts of cloth for Mrs. Gipsy to see which one she liked best. And Mrs. Gipsy held them up to the light and rubbed them in her fingers to see if they were soft and white and very strong. Then, only guess! She placed her hand on the very bolt made from the cotton of the little sister cotton seeds—the very same—and then she said:

"Oh, isn't this beautiful! So soft and white, and the very thing I wish. Please give me ten yards of this bolt for Joe-Boy's birthday dresses—it is the prettiest I ever saw!"

Now, aren't you glad? And don't you wish the little sister cotton seeds knew about it? So, the clerk cut the cloth and wrapped it up for Mrs. Gipsy, who paid him for it, and then she thanked him and went home with the bundle.

"Now," said Mrs. Gipsy, "I will sit here by the machine and make Joe-Boy's dress before I do another thing."

So she cut and sewed and stitched away as busy as busy could be, until the little dress was finished—such a pretty, pretty birthday dress, with ruffles on it! And Joe-Boy wore it that very afternoon when he went to ride and the sunbeam fairies danced around his carriage and kissed him on the cheeks and hair—they surely knew about the little sister cotton seeds, and meant to tell them some day about the birthday dress, but Mrs. Gipsy only smiled and said:

"See, Joe-Boy, the sunbeams have come to wish you a happy birthday—you are one year old today."

Joe-Boy's Linen Picture Book.

Tuesday.

JOE-BOY got another birthday present besides his new dresses, and it wasn't a ball or a top or a tin horn, either—I'm sure you can not guess.

It came by express in a big box, tightly nailed down, and when Mother Gipsy read what was written on the box her eyes got very bright and she said:

"Oh, Father Gipsy, only see, this box came from Joe-Boy's grandmother, all the way across the big ocean! I have written and told her all about Joe-Boy and the new house, and how nicely we had furnished it for him, so I am sure she, too, has sent something nice to go in the house. Do open the box quickly and let us look inside!"

So Father Gipsy got his hammer and drew out the strong nails, while Joe-Boy and Mother Gipsy stood close by to catch the very first peep.

"It is something white," said Mother Gipsy, "because I see it through the cracks. It looks like cotton cloth, too, only it is prettier—what can it be?"

"I hope it is linen sheets and pillow cases for our beds," said Father Gipsy, "and maybe it is, because Joe-boy's grandmother lives on a flax farm, you know, and raises flax for linen cloth, just as Farmer Green raises cotton for cotton cloth."

"That is just what it is," said Mother Gipsy, as the top came open, "a whole box full of linen! Only see the sheets and pillowcases and beautiful linen towels and tablecloths—so soft and white, and just the thing we needed for our house. Aren't they beautiful, and isn't that a dear, good grandmother to think of us and our new home? And here, too, is a fine linen dress for Joe-Boy, made by this very same grandmother, so Joe-Boy has cotton dresses and linen dresses both."

"Yes," said Father Gipsy, "and here is something else Joe-Boy has pulled out of the bottom of the box by himself, and it has his name written on it."

"Well, well," said Mother Gipsy, "it is a very pretty picture book, made on linen, and can not tear—the very kind of a book for Joe-Boy now, because he tries to pull everything to pieces to see how it is made. Come, Joe-Boy, and let us look at the pictures in your birthday book."

So Joe-Boy and Mother Gipsy cuddled down in the deep window seat and looked at all the pretty pictures. On the very first page there was a farmer planting flax seed—the very same that grew to make the linen sheets and tablecloths. The next picture showed where the flax seed had come up and grown straight and tall in long, even rows, and there were pretty blue flowers on every stalk, and some of them had tiny seeds tucked away to be planted another year. The next picture showed the farmers working with the flax stalks to change them into linen—soaking them in water, spreading them on the grass to dry and pulling apart the long, slender threads. Then, another picture showed the large factory where the linen threads were woven into soft, fine cloth—very much prettier than cotton cloth—and the factory wheels, turning swiftly around, sang the song that the cotton had sung:

“Over and over and over we go,
Spinning the flax into linen, you know,
Weaving the cloth for sheets and gowns
For all of the children in all of the towns;
So over and over and over we go,
Spinning the flax into linen, you know.”

The last picture was the one Joe-Boy liked best—a big steamship laden down with bolts of linen cloth and sailing across the great ocean to bring it to the American shores.

“That is a very pretty picture book,” said Mother Gipsy, as she closed the book. “Joe-Boy’s grandmother knew we did not have linen factories near our town, so she sent us the pretty linen cloth and the book to show how it was made. When we write to thank her for it we must tell her about the cotton plants that grow near us and what pretty cloth it makes for aprons and jackets and dresses.”

Father Gipsy’s Surprise.

Wednesday.

AFTER Joe-Boy’s birthday, Father Gipsy had to go off on a long business trip. He did not like to leave Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy at all, but then all fathers have to work, you know, for if they didn’t, where would clothes and food and houses come from, I’d like to know. So, Mother Gipsy packed his big traveling valise and then she

and Joe-Boy stood on the porch and threw Father Gipsy kisses until he was out of sight. After a while, when the whistle blew, Mother Gipsy looked at Joe-Boy and said, "Gone," and then Joe-Boy said, "g-o-n-e," too, right after her, so plainly that Mother Gipsy could not help but squeeze him just a little bit, it sounded so cute, and she was very anxious for Joe-Boy to learn to talk so that he could talk to her when Father Gipsy was away. But, only guess! One morning, while Father Gipsy was away, Joe-Boy learned to walk. He walked all the way from the door across the floor to Mother Gipsy's arms. And, bless you, when Joe-Boy found out he could walk, why, he was so proud he wanted to walk all the time! And up and down the hall and across the room he trotted, until Mother Gipsy was afraid he would get sick. So she had to catch him and hold him tight while he rested some.

"Well, well, well," said Mother Gipsy, laughing, "won't that be a fine surprise for Father Gipsy when he comes home? I shall not tell him one word about it in my letters, and then when he comes I'll let Joe-Boy run to the gate to meet him, and I know Father Gipsy will be surprised!" And then Mother Gipsy laughed again. But let me tell you something else about Joe-Boy that Mother Gipsy thought most dreadful! After he learned to walk and to get down the steps by himself, he began to run away! And one day Joe-Boy got away down the street before Mother Gipsy found him, and my! Mother Gipsy didn't like that one bit, because she didn't want any runaway boy, you know, so she got a tight button and put it on the gate and then Joe-Boy couldn't get out any more, and he stopped running away. Well, Mother Gipsy thought the time never would come for Father Gipsy to come home, but one morning the postman brought her a letter and it was from Father Gipsy, and he said he was coming home that very day, and he was going to bring something beautiful in his valise for Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy—a surprise.

"And I have a surprise for him, too," said Mother Gipsy, "a great big surprise!"

So that afternoon, just before train time, she dressed Joe-Boy in his fresh linen dress, and when she saw Father Gipsy turn the corner, she put Joe-Boy down the steps and then hid him behind the vines to watch. And you know what happened next just as well as I do, for when Father Gipsy opened the gate Joe-Boy stretched out both arms and trotted down the walk to meet him—and laughing every step of the way!

Father Gipsy almost smothered him with kisses and threw him up high—one, two, three times, and then Mother Gipsy came from behind the vines and they all went into the house together.

But I can't tell you what was in the valise for them, yet—because it wasn't unpacked, you know—so how could I? But I will by and by, of course, just as soon as I find out. Just you wait and see.

Joe-Boy's Silk Present.

Thursday.

“**N**OW,” said Mother Gipsy, when Fathey Gipsy had bathed his face and hands and had something nice to eat, “Joe-Boy and I are ready for our surprise—let us see what you brought us.”

“Well,” said Father Gipsy, “listen while I tell you about it, and maybe you can guess. One day while I was away I went to see a man who had a very queer farm—not at all like Farmer Green's, or even Joe-Boy's grandmother's, for instead of planting cotton and flax seed, or raising sheep and chickens, this Chinese farmer raised some very queer little caterpillars, hundreds and hundreds of them. He kept them in great, long boxes under the mulberry trees, and though the trees were full of fine white berries, those caterpillars did not eat a single one, but they ate the leaves instead—every one they could get, and they looked very fat and happy crawling over the twigs in the long boxes, eating, eating, eating. Some of the caterpillars ate so many leaves and got so very fat they would pop through their coats and a new skin would have to grow.”

“My!” said Mother Gipsy, “and is that what you brought us—some little worms?”

“You wait until the end of my story,” said Father Gipsy, laughing; “those little worms were the smartest things I've seen lately. When they had eaten and eaten and eaten all the leaves they could, why, they began to spin a wonderful silk thread, that came from one side of their mouths—yards and yards and yards of it, and what do you suppose they did as they spun?”

“I can't imagine,” said Mother Gipsy, “unless they wrapped up in it and went to sleep. I should think they would be very sleepy after eating so much.”

“Well, that is just exactly what those worms did,” said Father

Gipsy. "I watched them, and as they spun they wrapped the silken thread round and round and round their little doubled-up bodies, until after a while they looked just like a pretty bird egg. But the Chinese farmer did not call them eggs—no, indeed! They were cocoons, he said, and when I put one of the cocoons to my ear I could hear the little caterpillar spinning, spinning, spinning away, and wrapping itself closer and tighter within the silken bed, and then, by and by, all was still, and the little worm was fast asleep. 'Now,' said the Chinese farmer, 'that little worm has finished its work, and the wonderful silken thread that it has spun will be carried to the silk factory, carefully unwound and woven into beautiful cloth—softer and finer than any cloth made either in the cotton or linen factories, though the wheels whirl round the same, singing gaily:—

"Over and over and over we go,
Weaving the silk into cloth, you know.
Spinning the threads for mits and caps,
Socks and ties and ribbons and hats.
In colors blue and red and brown—
Enough for all of the people in town;
So, over and over and over we go,
Spinning the silken threads, you know."

"Dear me," said Mother Gipsy, "it must have been a pretty sight. I wonder if the factory men did not find it very hard work to unwind the long silk thread from the cocoon?"

"Not a bit," said Father Gipsy. "They were first dropped into hot water and that helped them to find the end of the thread, which was washed and cleaned nicely, and then the wheels did the rest. But you needn't think the Chinese farmer sent all of his cocoons to the factory, because he had to save some for 'seed,' you know, so the best cocoons were put away on a large white sheet and after a few weeks the little caterpillar inside changed itself, and, boring a tiny hole through one end of the cocoon, came out with wings—changed into a beautiful moth, and the first thing it did was to lay hundreds of wee, wee eggs all over that sheet, and out of those wee, wee eggs crawled ever so many wee, wee silk worms—just like what their mother had been, and they went straight to eating mulberry leaves, just as she had done! So, those were the Chinese farmer's seeds—not a bit like Farmer Green's, were they?"

And now my story is ended," laughed Father Gipsy, "and here in the valise is the surprise for you and Joe-Boy."

Of course, you know what it was?

To be sure, a silk dress for Mother Gipsy and a silk cap with a pair of mits to match for Joe-Boy.

The Woolen Balls' Story.

Friday.

IF YOU were a moonbeam fairy, now, and could peep into Joe-Boy's toy cabinet every night, as *they* did, you would see all of his play-things, for that is where he kept them, you know. But instead of the little red ball he used to play with and rock to sleep you would see *six* now, dressed in the brightest woolen dresses—a red ball, an orange ball, a yellow ball, a green ball, a blue ball and a violet ball. There they sat in a row on the top shelf. Then there was a wooden ball on another shelf with two other blocks, one that looked like a box, and one like a barrel, and down on the bottom shelf there was a rubber doll and a drum and the new linen picture book. I think Joe-Boy loved his balls best of all because he and Mother Gipsy had such merry games with them, playing, tossing and rolling across the low table. Sometimes they played the balls were ponies or dogs or sheep or kittens or birds, and always before putting them away they rocked them to sleep, Joe-Boy trying hard to hold his hands like a wee nest cradle, and walking on tip-toe as he placed them in the cabinet.

Away in the dark night after the clock had struck twelve, and when Joe-Boy and Mother Gipsy and Father Gipsy were sound asleep, *then*, the toys in the toy cabinet would talk together—but only the moonbeam fairies could hear them and not you nor me, nor Joe-Boy nor Father Gipsy nor Mother Gipsy, because we were not there, you know. And one night the wooden ball said, "Let us tell tales about where we came from—last go!"

"All right," said the woolen balls, "we like to tell tales. It seems very funny to think about it now, but the first things we can remember, we were growing on a sheep's back—soft, fleecy wool to keep them warm, you know. The sheep belonged to Farmer Green, and he had more than a hundred, father sheep, mother sheep and dear little baby lambkins. He kept them in a beautiful meadow with soft green grass

and daisies and buttercups all mixed up together, and the clearest, merriest brook curled in and out, in and out, in and out, the long day through. Farmer Green came to see them often and sometimes brought them salt, which he sprinkled on a long row of rocks. The sheep liked that very much, and would rub their soft heads against him to say 'thank you.' Then Farmer Green would run his fingers through our long wool to see how thick it was, and by and by we found out that just as he raised cotton to be woven into cloth for summer clothes, so he raised sheep that their warm wool might be woven into cloth for winter clothes."

"Well, well, well," said the wooden ball, "I might have guessed that, because cotton and wool do look something alike when they are in bags, only they don't feel alike. But do go on, how did you get off the sheep's back?"

"Oh, that was easy enough," laughed the woolen balls. "One day in early spring, Farmer Green and Dick drove all of the sheep knee-deep into the meadow brook, and such a scrubbing and a washing and a combing of wool you never saw! My, how clean and white we were! Then when the sunshine had helped to dry us off, why, the first thing we knew, Farmer Green and Dick had clipped the wool from every sheep's back, just like shingling children's hair, and bless you! the next thing we knew, we were tied up in bags on our way to the woolen factory, where we were pulled and twisted and spun and woven into all kinds of woolen goods—carpets, rugs, curtains, blankets, flannel, dress cloth and threads—dyed in all the colors of the rainbow! And singing as they whirled:

"Over and over and over we go,
Weaving the wool into cloth, you know,
Spinning the threads for dresses and wraps,
Socks and zephyrs and shawls and caps,
In rainbow colors from red to brown,
Enough for all the children in town;
So over and over and over we go,
Spinning the woolen threads, you know."

"We were spun into zephyr threads and dyed in colors red, yellow, orange, green, blue, violet. Then we were sold to the store man in this very town, and Mother Gipsy bought us and crotcheted us into pretty

balls for dear little Joe-Boy to play with! And——” But just as that very minute the sunbeam fairies tripped through the playroom windows, and those balls wouldn't say *another single word*—because toys don't talk in the day time, you know.

Oh, no, toys *can't* talk in the day time, you know.

Program for Fifth Week—Clothing.

Joe-Boy's Birthday Dresses.

Monday.

Circle talk, songs and games: Brief review of the story of cotton from field to cloth.

Play: Dramatize the review story.

Gift: Fourth (enlarged size and small size) shelves of dry goods store. Bolts of cotton cloth cut and sold by the children.

Occupation: Cutting and sewing. A dress from five cent lawn. Younger children “color dresses” cut from paper. Use wax crayons.

Linen.

Tuesday.

Circle talk, songs and games: What is Janie's apron made of? Joe's collar? Jamie's waist? This dolly? Do you know what table cloths are made of? Look when you go home and see if you can tell us tomorrow. (Use sense game, “Feeling,” cotton and linen.)

Play: Ocean steamer bringing box of linen. “Train.” “Wagon.”

Gift: Fourth. Special emphasis upon dimensions. Make a covered box $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Occupation: Fold books of linen squares. Paste pictures inside.

Father Gipsy's Surprise.

Wednesday.

Circle talk, songs and games: Read stories or rhymes from Joe-Boy's linen book.

Game: Dramatize departure of Father Gipsy.

Gift: Second gift beads (large size), sticks, half rings, etc. Children

select from these, what in their judgment they need to build fence and gate.

Occupation: Cutting paper dolls, representing Joe-Boy, Father and Mother Gipsy. (Place at the gate.)

Silk.

Thursday.

Circle talk, songs and games: Show a sample of silk. Is this like cotton or linen? Is it softer? Smoother? Sense game of "feeling." Compare silk, cotton, linen. Show a silk cocoon. Soak and let children pull thread.

Game: Caterpillar and moth.

Gift: Modeling—Cocoons.

Occupation: Sewing—Silk Cap. Cut three inch circles, gather around the edges and draw into shape. Let younger children paste strings to circles, representing hats.

Wool.

Friday.

Circle talk, songs and games: Show sample of wool; compare through sense game "feeling" with cotton, linen and silk. Do you know where wool comes from?

Game: Farmer Green and his sheep.

Gift: Fourth—Sequence of rack, trough and barn, for sheep.

Occupation: Make ball by wrapping zephyr over card-board, tying and clipping. A ball for baby, or a hair-pin holder for mother.

Sixth Week—Fuel and Lights.

The Wooden Ball's Story.

Monday.

Relationships as to fuel and lights—Wood (1), coal (2), gas (3).

Traced from origin to the consumer: (1) Tree, lumberman, mill, manufacturer, merchant, home. (2) Tree, miner, shipper, merchant, home. (3) Coal, gas plant, home.

“T HERE now!” said the wooden ball the very next night, “I’m ready to tell *my* story about where I came from. Isn’t it nice that Joe-Boy placed me up here on the top shelf near you woolen balls, when he finished playing with me today?”

“Yes, and isn’t he growing fast! Why, he can walk and talk as well as anybody, and it is too cute to hear him say ‘please’ when he wants Mother Gipsy to hold him up to the toy cabinet. The first thing *we* know that child will be going to kindergarten, and won’t he have a merry time then? But hurry and tell your tale; we are anxious to hear,” said the woolen balls.

“All right,” laughed the wooden ball, “if I can sit still long enough. Why, bless you! once upon a time I was a tree—now wasn’t that queer? I grew from a tiny acorn, my mother told me so, an acorn which fell from an oak tree, and of course when I grew I became an oak, too—just like my mother. So I grew and grew and grew and grew and grew, until many summers and many winters passed away, and I tell you I was large and straight and tall! Why, I could peep over the heads of nearly every tree in that forest—all the way to town I could see, and I saw so m-a-n-y things! There were houses and churches and stores and ships and cars and wagons and carriages and furniture, and, do you know, my mother told me every one of those things were made from trees—even Joy-Boy’s house—and people called us wood—I was so surprised, I didn’t know what to do! And then I began to wonder what people would make out of me—something, I hoped, because that was the way to become useful—my mother told me so. But I didn’t have to wait very long to find out, for the very next week a man came and carried me away in his wagon. He trimmed off all of my branches, until I hardly knew myself, and *looked* like a great, long walking stick. But I wasn’t any walking stick, because the man *called* me a *log*, and the next thing I knew, I was floating down the river, as merry as you please. There were other logs tied to me, so I didn’t get lonely, and by and by we floated right to the side of a big saw mill, and there we stopped. And when those saw mill men finished working with us, we certainly did feel mixed up, and I didn’t know which was who! Why, I wasn’t a log any longer, but I was what people called *lumber*—think of it—and when they put me on the freight train and shipped me to the factory, I kept saying over to myself—tree, log, lumber, tree, log, lumber, tree, log, lumber—so I wouldn’t forget my name, you know. And *still* that wasn’t the end

of me! Do you know that man whirled me around in his machine until, when I rolled out, sir, I was a wooden ball, and there were dozens and dozens of others just like me! My, I was like the old woman that lived in the shoe—there were so many of me I didn't know what to do!

"And how did I get here? Why, Mrs. Gipsy bought me for Joe-Boy. And do you know, *she* sometimes calls me a *sphere*! Now, don't you think that very queer?"

Why The Trees Slept.

Tuesday.

WHEN the wooden ball had finished his story, and all the toys had had a big laugh, what else do you suppose wanted to tell a tale? No, it wasn't the drum or the rubber doll or the linen picture book, but it was a big lump of coal, sitting on the hearthstone. "You see," said the lump of coal, "I am not a toy, but then I am kin to the wooden ball, for I am his great, great, great, great grandfather, though I am as black as black can be, and I can tell you a wonderful story. Listen:

"Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, when the world was new, I, too, grew as a tree, just as the wooden ball did—but a tree larger than any tree you ever dreamed of, with huge branches spread wide to the sunshine and a trunk whose top towered almost to the clouds. In those days great winds swept the earth which bowed me almost to the ground, and the rains came down in great torrents and washed about my roots. So fierce were the winds and so mighty the floods of water, that one day I fell and lay stretched upon the ground. And then something beautiful happened to me, and all the other trees which had fallen with me. The sunbeam fairies came to us, and gliding among our leaves and down each trunk they said:

"Let us go to sleep together—we to mingle in the green of your leaves—you to sleep beneath the water and sand and gravel. For hundreds of years your sleep shall last, but when you awake, you shall be changed. People will no longer call you trees, but coal—great masses of black rock. You shall then be useful not only to the lizards which glide among your branches nor as shade for the creeping animals, but you shall be of use to the whole wide world as heat and light, and men shall seek deep into the depths of the earth to find you! We sunbeams will still be locked within you, and we shall make for you a great heat,

whose power shall run steam engines and factories and foundries and mills. Churches and stores and houses shall be made warm and bright by you and people in many lands will call you blessed because of this warmth and light you bring. Are you willing to make the change?

"'Yes, yes, yes,' sang the trees in one great chorus, 'we will gladly sleep for thousands of years, and become the blackest of rocks—to bless and help the world like that.'

"And so it was. Year after year, year after year, sand and gravel and water pressed over us—layer after layer, tree over tree, beneath the marsh and the water of the swamp we sank deeper and deeper; and we slept and slept and slept.

"How long we slept in the earth I can not tell, but the change came as the sunbeams said it would, and we were no longer trees, but great walls of solid coal—as hard as rock and as black as black could be! And one day as we lay hidden in the earth, I heard a sound very near me—pick, pick, picking away, and digging nearer and nearer it came. Then all at once I heard the glad cry of a man, and his voice rang out: 'Coal! coal! coal! we've found coal, great beds of coal, enough to heat and warm the world!' And then I remembered what the sunbeams had told us, and waited. Day after day the miners worked away with pick and shovel, digging deeper and deeper beneath our bed, picking us out in great lumps and sending us out of the mine to be loaded in carts and cars and sent away to the people of towns and cities. Each miner had a tiny lantern in his cap as he bent over his work, for no daylight was there, and the darkness was very great. At last it came my turn to be sent to the sweet, fresh air of the outside world, and just as you were bought by Father Gipsy to make Joe-Boy happy, so did he buy me to brighten his home and keep him warm. Would you see the sunbeams of the long ago dance about us? Watch Mother Gipsy as she kindles a fire and see them curl and dance in flames of joy! Call it not fire, but pent up sunshine—set free after the lapse of ten thousand years."

The Marble Palace.

Wednesday.

JOE-BOY'S toys and the lump of coal grew to be very great friends—indeed, they begged him for a story every single night that came, and would crowd close to the glass doors of the cabinet, so that they could see and listen well.

"Tonight," said the lump of coal, "I shall tell you about the first gas that was made from coal. It is a most beautiful story, and really happened—so I'm told."

"Do! do!" said the wooden ball and the woolen balls in a breath, and they cuddled close while the lump of coal began:

"Once-upon-a-time there was a King who went to live in a wonderful marble palace with over a hundred rooms and in every room there were beautiful things for the King to look at. All day long he walked from room to room and through the marble halls looking at the pretty things, but when night came, the King found there was no way to light the palace and it grew darker and darker and darker—so dark he could not see how to take one step. 'This will never do!' said the King; 'there must be some way to light my beautiful marble palace, that it may be bright even in the blackest night.'

"So the next day the King sent out his swiftest horseman with a letter which said, 'on the twelfth day of the month the King would give a bag of gold dollars to the workman who would show him the best way to light his marble palace.' When the day came many workmen crowded to the palace to show the king their lights. Some brought torches, but the King said no—torches will smoke the palace walls. Some brought wax candles and some brought tallow candles, but again the King shook his head, for they would drop grease on the palace floors. Others brought lamps and lanterns with colored lights, but the King only shook his head and it looked as if no one would win the bag of golden dollars.

"At last there was only one workman left—a coal miner, with sooty clothes and hard, rough hands, and a sack across his back. But he smiled as he stepped to the front and said: 'Oh, King, I bring in my sack a wonderful light, which I dug from the depths of the earth—a light so bright it will make your palace shine like day, however dark the night!'

"Then the King was very glad and they all pressed close to the miner to see his wonderful light, but when the sack was opened they saw only a lump of coal—as black as black could be! Then all the people laughed and said: 'Surely this man has lost his senses—a black rock like *that* light the King's palace—why, that is only a lump of coal! What foolishness!'

"But the miner only smiled as he said: 'Wait, and don't laugh too soon. I will show you what the coal can do.'

PROGRAM FOR 1905-6.

CAROLINE W. BARBOUR.*

THIS organizing plan is the result of a number of years of effort to meet certain conditions which arise when a new kindergarten is opened, or a large admixture of new children is necessary, as in the fall and mid-winter terms.

An isolated subject or topic at this time has seemed to me not to meet the requirements of the situation. Such a topic tends to limit and circumscribe the various immediate interests of the new children, while at the same time it hampers the spontaneity of the kindergartener who is endeavoring to be both logical in her thought and method, and yet sympathetic in meeting the various little spurts of fancy, narrative, observation or experience which pour in upon her from this heterogeneous little group.

The problem is: Can we get a point of departure broad enough to embrace all these varying interests, and yet limited enough to be inspiring to the kindergartener as a method which will bear a definite, instead of haphazard, result in organizing a large group of children?

With the hope of suggesting such a method, the following plan of work is offered:

GENERAL SUBJECT FOR TWO WEEKS: ORGANIZATION.

Motive: To realize in a slight measure the meaning of gathering together in a social group, and the consequent recognition of simple social laws that such a group demands of its individual parts. There should result therefrom: (a) the beginning of a development within the consciousness of the child, of a certain necessity to obey laws which are *not arbitrary*, but are the outgrowth of his new conditions; (b) the training in helpfulness which is the outgrowth of realizing himself as a sharer in the work and play purposes of this little world.

Two phases will be developed. They are distinct in themselves, but can not be separated in their working out.

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I. Getting acquainted with each other and with the new materials about them, through: (a) Greeting games, songs, conversations; (b) *Free play* with materials; discovery of their possibilities and uses; (c) Responsibility for "housekeeping," care of details in the room, materials, plants and pets, helping to decorate the room, etc., etc.

II. Training in recognition of simple social laws—some of the things we must do because there are so many of us together, worked out through: (a) Co-operation in games and tablework leads to definite ideas of consideration for each other's interest. (b) Quick obedience to signals which are made very definite and simple. These will lead to the realization that there is a "time for everything," a time to work together, to be quiet together, to play together.

Games: For greetings: Good morning, good morning.—Gaynor No.

2. Bowing games, shaking hands with and without music. *"Boys and girls go round the ring."

For concerted action; *ring games*, ring-a-round-a-rosy, pig-in-the-ring, farmer-in-the-dell, "Among these happy children"—Hill; skipping tag, ball games, (a) *rolling* to each other, (b) *aiming* at "tower."

For Rhythm:

Gradually adapt to music the three natural movements of the whole body: (a) *walking*, developed into organized marching; (b) hippity-hop, developed into skipping to music; (c) running, used to distinguish fast and slow movements of piano.

All these natural activities should be used as freely as possible *without music* at first, and a great deal of the time.

*Tune: Oats-peas-beans. Adaptation.

"Boys and girls go round the ring,
All together gaily sing
Boys and girls go round the ring,
While all together gaily sing.
Now we stand so very still
Shaking hands with hearty will,
Bow to the left, and bow to the right,
And turn around so very light."

(Return to first four lines.)

Stories: Narrative conversations, leading children to talk to all the group. Repetitional stories in which children gradually join: The Little Red Hen; The Gingerbread Man; The Three Little Pigs; Mother Goose Rhymes.

Table Work: With purpose to allow experiment, discovery and free handling to lead to definiteness and carefulness.

(a) Free play with the various building blocks, clay and sand, suitable to age of each group, to see what each can do.

(b) Free occupation work, crayoning, painting, pasting and blackboard drawing, to learn to handle the *tools*, scissors, brushes, etc., and to experiment with color.

(c) Directed or suggested work in pasting parquetry, making chains for home and for the room.

Finger Plays:

This is the mother, etc. You dear little thumb, go to sleep.—Gaynor No. 1. O, where are the merry little men? Here's a ball for baby. These are mother's knives and forks.—Gaynor No. 1.

Songs:

Good morning to you.—Hill. Happy Monday morning.—Hill.

Cradle Song—any simple one—i. e.:

“Rockabye baby, the moon is a cradle
A bright shining cradle
Swung up in the sky.
The clouds are the pillows
So soft and so downy;
The bright stars are candles,
Rock-a-bye-bye.”

—Tomlins.

OCTOBER, 1905.*

General Subject: Preparation for winter. The activities in social life, and in nature, which are necessary in order to meet the season's conditions; how we make ready for winter in our homes; how everything about us out-of-doors is getting ready, too, each in its special way.

Motive: “In all things there lives and reigns an eternal law.”—(Ed. of Man.) The aim will be to give the child an idea of the purpose

*Owing to a misunderstanding the September instalment came too late for insertion. The general subject was family life, worked out under the social or human phase, and the nature phase.

in all that is happening, an idea of the law, order and co-operation all about him. When he connects the work of his family with other families doing similar work for a like purpose, when he is led to interpret that purpose, and sees that he, other people, animals, insects, birds and even flowers are all working towards the same end, he has gained a dim feeling of that *obedience to law* which *underlies all life*.

To help the children to get this concretely, we must present conditions to be met by some definite kind of work. These will be:

(a) The necessity for shelter and protection.

(b) The necessity for food provision. (This will be worked out in Thanksgiving plan.)

Since the child's own home and social experiences give him the basis for understanding the wider life about him, each nature phase will be taken up as it seems analogous to a corresponding home activity.

First Phase, protection: (1) Getting winter clothing and bedding ready; making comforters, weaving blankets and sewing winter clothes. (2) In nature, the caterpillar's way of getting ready for winter, by spinning and making his winter blanket and bed; the change in trees and leaves, putting on their "party dresses."

Second Phase, shelter: (1) Getting house and garden ready; putting on storm doors and windows, putting up stoves and buying coal from the coalman; covering or transplanting garden plants. (2) How the birds get ready to travel south, *changing* their homes for the winter. The flowers tuck away their seed babies in little seed-houses, or send them flying through the air to find a place to stay till summer comes. General signs of the fall season, wind, rain and frost, we will treat as messengers to tell us to get our work done, for winter will soon be here.

Dramatic Games: The caterpillar; "Crawling, spinning"; The leaves' party; Summer flowers are sleepy; The Coalman; Dance of the Brownies for Hallowe'en.

Ring Games: Use all the organizing games: Skipping tag; musical tag; ten-step; ball games; "Here we go, to and fro."

Rhythmic Games: Work out through imitation; heel-toe-run-run-run; two-step; Brownie skip; bowing and skipping game. Interpretative movements for horses pulling coal wagons; for swaying flowers and trees; for flight of birds. This is done by listening to music, then adapting movements to fit the idea. Instrumental selections—Moran. Music for the Child World—Hofer.

Finger Plays: "These are mother's knives and forks"; The merry little men; "Now comes the time to sew."

Songs: Use all the beginning songs: Sunshine song (Gaynor, No. 1), Greeting song (and game (Gaynor, No. 2); "Good morning"; The caterpillar; Song stories for the kindergarten (Hill); Autumn (Gaynor, No. 2); Mr. Wind and Madam Rain (Gaynor, No. 2); The leaves' party (Gaynor, No. 1); Summer flowers are sleepy (Hill); lullaby, "The sun has gone from the shining sky," or Rocking Baby. Small songs for small singers (Niedlinger). Where do all the flowers go? Hist! hist! be still (Gaynor, No. 1).

Rhymes: Mother Goose; House that Jack built; Puzzle of the Scissors; Lollipops' Hallowe'en; Lollipops (O. M. Long).

Stories: Continue with choice of repetitional stories: Gingerbread Man; Little Red Hen; Three Little Pigs. Read Simple Simon's Silken Coat, The Apple Party, Mother Goose Village (M. A. Bigham). Co-operation: The mouse and the lion; The mouse who lost her great long tail; The Crane Express; In the Child's World (Poulsso).

SPECIAL SUBJECTS FOR OCTOBER 2 "TO 13"—TWO WEEKS.

These will be under Phase I: Protection from winter's cold by means of suitable clothing and covering. Buying and making winter dresses and coats; buying, sewing or weaving woolen blankets and downy comforters for our beds. As a part of this subject the children will realize the relation between the home and the dry goods store. In nature we will observe changes in the weather, in trees and leaves and flowers. What is happening and what it says to us. The "fuzzy little caterpillars," which seem to have nothing to do, are busy, too, getting ready for Jack Frost's coming.

Suggestions for table work:

Picture work. Free cutting, pasting and painting "story-pictures" of the leaves' party, when they "put on their dresses of red and gold." Borders of free-cut leaves mounted on green are effective room decorations.

Sewing. Dressing dolls in the doll-house for winter; making clothespin dollies; comforters of cheese cloth and cotton overcast with zephyr; sewing and stuffing little pillows with cotton.

Weaving. With coarse soft wools make doll blankets. Use small wood-and-nails looms.

Constructions. Cardboard modelling or strawboard trunks; sewing baskets of colored cardboard and zephyr, filled with "spools" of rolled intertwining paper, etc. Folding beds, ordinary beds and cradles of spool-boxes.

Building Gifts. Blackboard, sand, clay and large blocks, used illustratively and in free play.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS FOR OCTOBER 16 "TO 27"—TWO WEEKS.

Phase II. Shelter by means of well-built, well-warmed houses. The co-operation of a number of people (again seeing social relations) will be part of this phase. The coalman, with his yards, wagons and horses, sells us coal and wood. Other people put up our stoves and storm doors and windows. The garden must be got ready and plants removed from it to window boxes.

The nature side is full of interest to the children. What will the birds do? They cannot cover their nests or have stoves; what must they do when Jack Frost's messengers come? Flowers, too, must work. Each thing that happens out-of-doors is one way of saying, "Good-bye to summer."

Eleanor Smith's beautiful "The brown birds are flying" can be sung to the children as part of their listening to good music.

Suggestions for table work: These two weeks afford an opportunity for each child to make an individual doll house, letting the constructive work center about it. Later on in the year, when the social spirit is well developed it is easier to work together in the large doll house, and it *means* more then. Boxes 12 to 15 inches across, turned on long side and fastened into their covers, make good single room houses. One long, low window cut in the back, with the teacher's help, starts the work; creativity is developed in crayoning, or pasting parquetry wall paper borders. Raveled denim squares or a little woven wool rug serve as a carpet. Cardboard furniture, black cardboard stoves and the beds already made furnish it. Paper dolls to live in it, complete a very satisfactory toy, most of which can be entirely made by older groups accustomed to construct from crude materials.

Building gifts used for wagons, coal bins and boxes, bird houses on poles, etc. Free play.

Picture work: Flight of birds from the bird house makes a good poster picture for oldest groups.

A LAST YEAR'S PROGRAM.

LUELLA A. PALMER.*

AT the close of September, the kindergarten, excluding the usual exceptional or solitary children, was a happy united family, each child being ready on most occasions to give up his individual pleasure when such sacrifice was absolutely necessary to promote the enjoyment of all. In my own work it has been found advisable not to divide the children into groups until this feeling has been developed. The bond of unity is formed more quickly when all have the same aim and occupation. Also for all to be contented with different materials the children must have learned the sympathy and fairness of the kindergarten, and have gained the ability to control themselves when others are doing what they would prefer to do at the moment.

This term the third gift was not used until the fourth week. Its introduction depends upon the development of the children, their manual and mental control. Often a class will be ready for it on the second or third day, and it can be used without previous play with the first or second gifts. The gift for each day is chosen because it is the best material for the representation of the children's thought or for experimentation at their age of development.

October Program.

Teacher's Thought.—Broadening of children's lives by:

1. Observation of adults' occupations.
2. Representation in play.
3. Discovery of qualities of character necessary to produce good work.

FIRST WEEK.

TOPIC—Firemen. NATURE—Fall flowers.

Monday.

Circle—Park, its flowers, trees, squirrels and birds, no butterflies nor bees.

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Gift—Third, free play.

Occupation—Drawing of purple aster.

Occupation—Folding book.

Tuesday.

Circle—Interesting sights on way to school.

Gift—Third, free play.

Occupation—Drawing of any object on street.

Occupation—Fold wagon.

Wednesday.

Circle—Firemen, what they do and why they do it.

Gift—Third, suggestion, building of fire engine.

Occupation—Drawing house on fire.

Occupation—Folding fireman's hat (a square folded in half to form triangle makes a good hat in children's estimation).

The drawing is a seemingly hard subject for beginning of term, but the results are always good because a burning building makes a vivid impression.

Thursday.

Circle—Qualities of firemen, bravery, strength, promptness, thoughtfulness.

Gift—Third, suggestion, building of engine house. (When finished a flag is given to each child to place on top.)

Occupation—Drawing of wheel.

Occupation—Clay, free play. (Small balls are usually made at first; these can be strung on a cord or stick, or called nuts and put in basket.)

Friday.

Circle—Firemen's horses, their care and intelligence.

Gift—Third, simple sequence of four forms by method of imitation.

Occupation—Drawing, apple.

Occupation—Pasting chains. Alternate colors for advanced children.

Picture—Nutcrackers and Piper.

Song—Good morning, bright sunshine. Thank Him, all ye little children.

Story—Frisky.

Game—Fire engine. Winter Forethought (Hill), Carousal.

Finger play—Little Boy's Walk.

Rhythm—Galloping.

SECOND WEEK.

TOPIC—Modes of conveyance. NATURE—Sun.

*Monday.**Circle*—How we went to park or country. Sunny days.*Gift*—Third, suggestion, building of cars or wagons.*Occupation*—1. Folding wagon—difficult form.

2. Cutting horses or load for wagon.

Occupation—1. Cutting. 2. Folding, wagon, simple form.

This was the first division of the children into two groups. Group 1 included the more advanced children and Group 2 the less advanced.

*Tuesday.**Circle*—Motormen, their work and qualities necessary for its right accomplishment.*Gift*—Splints, lay car tracks all around table. (Have small car to run on them.)*Occupation*—Drawing trolley car.*Occupation*—Make trolley car of box, with stiff circles for wheels.*Wednesday.**Circle*—Different kinds of wagons. Necessity for horses.*Gift*—Third, simple sequence by imitation.*Occupation*—Drawing golden rod.

During game period a visit was made to the blacksmith.

Occupation—Clay, modelling apple.*Thursday.**Circle*—Blacksmith, his work and tools.*Gift*—Third, suggestion, forge and anvil. (Half rings for horse-shoes make the play very realistic.)*Occupation*—1. Folding anvil. 2. Cutting hammer, shoes, etc.*Occupation*—1. Cutting. 2. Pasting chains.*Friday.**Circle*—Qualities that make blacksmith a good workman. (Two children had been tardy quite often and emphasis was put upon promptness in getting to work, in firemen answering gong, etc.)*Gift*—Third, suggestion, different kinds of clocks.*Occupation*—Drawing clock.

Occupation—Folding clock. (Oblong strip, dial face pasted near fold, pendulum of worsted and pea.)

Picture—Song of lark.

Song—Over there the sun gets up. (Smith I.) Tick-tock. (Neidlinger.)

Story—Gray Pony (Mother Stories), Emma's Late Day.

Game—Trolley. Blacksmith. Lads and Lassies out a walking.

Rhythm—Highsteppers. (Anderson.)

THIRD WEEK.

TOPIC—City's helpers. NATURE—Birds flying away.

Monday.

Circle—Cold days coming, fewer children going to park, fewer birds there, all going on journey.

Gifts—Third, suggestion, train, tell what see from windows.

Occupation—1. Drawing nest. 2. Clay nest.

Tuesday.

Circle—How policeman helps.

Gift—Circles, row of buttons.

Occupation—Drawing policeman's work.

Occupation—Pasting circles even distances apart. (Children always talk about, play and draw pictures of the pleasant duties of the policeman.)

Wednesday.

Circle—Qualities necessary for policemen to have.

Gift—1. Fourth, free play. 2. Third, free play.

Occupation—Drawing flowerpot.

Occupation—Clay, modelling flower pot.

Thursday.

Circle—Other city helpers. Street cleaner. Why and how he works. How we can help.

Gift—1. Fourth, free play. 2. Third, sequence by imitation.

Occupation—Singing. (Children bring chairs around piano and review all songs.)

Occupation—Broom made of raffia.

Friday.

Circle—Postman's work. Why letters are written and to whom sent.

Gift—1. Fourth, suggestion, lamp-post, postoffice.

2. Third, suggestion, lamp-post, postoffice.

(Several small pieces of paper are given to each child to mail as letters or take to postoffice for stamps.)

Occupation—1. Folding envelope. 2. Drawing postman.

Occupation—1. Drawing postman. 2. Folding sheet of paper.

Picture—Flight of birds.

Song—Good-bye to Summer (verse 1).

Story—The Crane's Express.

Game—Policeman. Birds flying away.

Rhythm—Flying.

FOURTH WEEK.

TOPIC—Grocer and his store. NATURE—Leaves and seeds. Horse chestnut twigs.

Monday.

Circle—Bare trees in park. Air full of seeds and leaves.

Gift—Seeds, assorting.

Occupation—Drawing leaf (simple).

Occupation—Cutting autumn leaf. (Children paste on long strip to make border for room.)

Tuesday.

Circle—Object seen from kindergarten window—flags, clouds, sun, grocery and fruit stands, etc.

Gift—1. Fourth, suggestion, house with window.

2. Third, suggestion, house with window.

(One Hailmann cylinder bead used for flowerpot in window.)

Occupation—Drawing, three autumn trees, red, yellow and brown.

Occupation—Clay, plaque for leaf impression. (The children enjoyed the work, but the results were good only with the older ones.)

Wednesday.

Circle—Fruits and vegetables seen in stores.

Gift—First, buying and selling.

Occupation—Drawing carrot.

Occupation—2. Cutting carrot.

During first part of gift period, children all went to store and helped to buy a sample of the different fruits and vegetables.

Thursday.

Circle—Where the grocer gets his stock. How it is brought.

Gift—1. Fourth, suggestion, fruit stand or grocery.

2. Third, suggestion, fruit stand or grocery.

(A few Hailmann beads are given to each child for his stock in trade.)

Occupation—Drawing—Children buying fruit.

Occupation—Clay—Modelling carrot.

Friday.

Circle—Farmer, preparation of food for men and animals.

Gift—Third, a simple sequence by dictation, each form being made by teacher after children have tried to make it.

Occupation—Singing.

Occupation—Blowing soap bubbles.

Picture—Milkweed seeds.

Song—Come, little leaves.

Story—How West Wind Helped Dandelion. Baby Bird's Winter Clothes.

Game—Imitate leaves and seeds whirling. Selling apples ripe.

Finger play—Boys' Fall Walk.

Rhythm—(Command to the rear, face.)

In the olden time a certain man, being stricken with grief, consulted the oracle at Delphi.

"Go bury thy sorrow!" said the oracle.

The man was not a little perplexed by the advice, but concluded that about the first thing to do was to dig a hole. Now this was not easily to be achieved in the rocky soil of Hellas; and, whereas, when he began to dig the man thought a very large hole would be necessary, his idea was modified as he proceeded until, in some fifteen minutes, it seemed clear that a real moderate hole would suffice.

Having dug such, the man looked around for his sorrow, but it was nowhere to be seen. Turning upon himself, he searched his bosom carefully.

"There's no heartache here!" he said.

In fact, the only ache in sight was a backache, and this did not matter, for the man was well supplied with liniment.—*Puck*.

THE HARVEST.

EDITH M. BOUGHTON.

OUT in the country, in a warm, sunny orchard, stood a young tree among many old apple trees. They stood about, like great bouquets of green, full of red blossoms, above the green grass. This tree, about which I am telling you, was so young that it had not even known it was an apple tree, because no apples had ever grown upon it. But this summer it was bringing forth apples, little, round, green knobs at first, but they had grown, and grown, like babies who are well cared for, for the soil about the tree's roots was good food for apple trees. The rain gave them good baths, and the great golden sun shone down warm and bright upon them, so that now the apples peeped out, red-cheeked little fellows, from among the green, sheltering leaves. A beautiful sight it was, and the mother tree was glad. But long after she thought the apples ripe and ready, she stood waiting and waiting, and by and by began to grow tired, and then became a very cross apple tree. "Why doesn't some one come for my apples?" she said, and seemed to sigh with every passing breeze, and shake herself angrily in the wind.

At last, one day, the tree started—and listened. What was that? Someone was coming! "A splendid harvest," they were saying. "What is that?" wondered the tree. She soon found out, however, for the people, a whole family—father, mother and children—came straight to this tree. Up went the boys, clinging to the rough tree-trunk like monkeys, and scrambling out into the branches, to shake them until the apples came bumping, thumping down upon the grass, and rolling about like little things at play. But the little girls quickly gathered them into piles, so that the mother and father could pack them into the barrels. All day long they worked, and the next day, and the next, and thought it was great fun, until all the apples in that orchard were packed away into barrels, and put onto the train ready to be sent to the city.

Down in the city were a great many people, fathers, mothers, babies, boys and girls, who liked apples to eat, but they had no place for apple trees to grow, and so they had to wait till the apples came in from the country. "Toot! toot!" said the trains, as they rushed along. "Here we come, full of apples!"

Now, in that city was a man, a fruit peddler, who always went to the trains for his fruit. On the morning that the trains came in with these apples, this man wakened his little boy, Tony, quite early—before it was light. "Come, Tony," said he, "we must be at the train before six o'clock." Tony yawned and stretched in his warm bed, but he jumped up quickly, for he knew that his father could not go without him to drive the horse. For he could say "Whoa!" or "Get up!" so loud that the horse would go as well for him as for anyone. So it was not long before they were both at the freight depot, where stood the long trains loaded with such good apples that you could smell them anywhere in that depot.

It wasn't long before Tony's father had talked to the men who were selling the fruit, and had paid them for a wagon-load, and had driven off through the streets to that part of the city where the people lived. Then they both had to call out, "Apples! Apples! Twenty cents a peck!" Tony always tried to shout louder than his father, and that was what made the people come crowding out of their houses to buy, with baskets and things to hold the apples. Even the children came with pennies to buy an apple each, they looked so very good to eat.

Tony's father was very busy all day, pouring out the apples from his measure into the people's baskets, and Tony himself was very busy tending to the horse, and shouting at the top of his voice, "*Apples! Apples! Twenty cents a peck!*" That night Tony, his father and the horse all came home so tired that they were glad to be through that day's work. But the father's pocket was so full of money that he gave the mother plenty to buy the clothes and food they all needed, and even enough to buy a fine picture-book which Tony had been wanting for a long time. And all the people—fathers, mothers, babies, boys and girls—had apples for supper that night.

The Ohio Kindergarten Association was organized last June at the annual meeting of the Ohio State Teachers' Association at Put-in-Bay. It is probable that the Kindergarten Association will identify itself with the organization known as the "Allied Educational Association of Ohio," which meets each year at Columbus, Ohio. All kindergartners of the State are asked to send any suggestions regarding the future policy of the Association to the president, Miss Anna H. Littell, "The Forest," Forest avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

THE DEDICATION OF THE HOME.

A FRIEND in the East sends us the beautiful order of exercises with which a new home was dedicated in a Massachusetts town. As she suggests, it will naturally interest kindergartners from the part which a little child took in the service. The names of the participants being changed, the outside page of the program read: Dedication of the Home of Anson and Ruth Robbins Alexander, and Anson Alexander, Jr., Morton Road, Crampton, Mass.

Then followed the responsive reading:

When ye come into a house, salute it; and if the house be worthy let your peace come upon it.

May the peace which passeth all understanding be and abide with this house forever.

To all those who may dwell therein from generation to generation may it be a house of God, a gate of heaven.

Establish, O God, the work of our hands. Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

The house in which we live is a building of God, a house not made with hands.

For every house is builded by some man, but he that built all things is God, seeing that he giveth to all life and breath and all things.

Let us therefore, praise the Lord and forget not all his benefits.

Let us remember his tender mercies and loving kindnesses.

The little boy lights the hearth fire in the study.

O, little ones, ye can not know
The power with which ye plead,
Nor why, as on through life we go,
The little child doth lead.

PRAYER.

O, Thou who dwellest in so many homes, possess thyself of this. Thou who settest the solitary in families, bless the life that is sheltered here. Grant that trust and peace and comfort may abide within, and that love and light and usefulness may go out from this house forever. Amen.

AMERICAN GUILD OF PLAY.

UNDER the inspiring influences of the lectures of Stanley Hall, Patty S. Hill, Mari Ruef Hofer and Elizabeth Harrison on the subject of play at the Summer School of the South at Knoxville, Tenn., it was suggested that an organization for the serious study and propagation of play be formed.

It is alarming, if a fact, that aside from the encouragement of play by educational means that the natural play tendencies of the child are in danger of dying out unless consciously stimulated by revivals of folk festival plays.

The word "Guild," which seems a little anomalous in connection with the idea of play, finds true use when we realize the arduous labors which will be before these knights of the new order. As the guildmen of the middle ages made and preserved the songs and amusements and dances of their orders, such a work will lie before the teachers and workers of the new cause.

The general plan of the Guild will be to study the play life and tendencies of the children as begun in the work of the kindergarten and primary schools and then as carried forward into the playground and recreation centers. For this purpose folk and singing games and dances of different neighborhoods and parts of the country will be investigated and played with the children. Also festivals arranged where the traditional plays of the May, Harvest, etc., can be played. The plays of foreign children and neighborhoods will be studied.

THE SECRETARY'S REPORT FOLLOWS:

THE American Guild of Play was organized at the recent session of the Summer School of the South at Knoxville, Tenn. The need for an organization for the study and propagation of play has been felt for some time and the lectures by Miss Patty Hill and Dr. G. Stanley Hall, and the class work and lectures of Miss Mari Hofer were an impelling force this summer toward such an organizing of the enthusiasm engendered. The purpose of the Guild is the study of children's play, both in the kindergarten and graded schools; the propagation of playgrounds and recreation centers; the collecting of folk games and dances, both native and foreign, and the observation of festivals and holidays.

The following officers were elected: President, Miss Mari Hofer,

New York; vice-president, Miss Scott, Baltimore, Md.; secretary, Mrs. M. S. Seymour, Dallas, Tex.; treasurer, Mrs. Le Grange Cothran, Rome, Ga.

The annual fee will be 50 cents and any person interested in the subject of Play will, by forwarding his name and fee to the treasurer, become a member.

State committees are being organized, who will take charge of the organization of local guilds and report their State work at the annual meetings. A leaflet giving fuller information will soon be issued.

MARGARET S. SEYMOUR, *Secretary*.

THE STATE OFFICERS ARE:

Maryland—Miss Scott, Baltimore; Miss Martini and Miss Kelly, Baltimore, Superintendent Williams, Md.

Louisiana—Professor Miller, Tulane University, New Orleans; Miss Harrolsen, New Orleans; Miss Victoria Hulse, New Orleans.

Georgia—Supt. L. B. Evans, Augusta; Miss Willette Allen, Atlanta; Mrs. Waring, Savannah; Miss Jessie Snyder, Columbus.

Alabama—Miss Julia Barnwell, Selma; Miss Frances Hall, Birmingham; Supt. J. H. Phillips, Birmingham.

Texas—Mrs. Seymour, Dallas; Mrs. Burrell, Galveston; Mr. John Hopkins, Austin; Prof. J. Caswell Ellis, Austin.

North Carolina—Miss Emma Young, Miss Lillie Jones, Durham; Miss Alice Day Pratt, Marion; Dr. Charles S. Mangum, State University.

South Carolina—Professor Tate, Charleston; Miss McKenzie, Florence; Miss Hanckel, Charleston.

Kentucky—Miss Garnett, Hopkinsville; Miss Birch, Louisville; Professor Bereley.

Mississippi—Miss Gore, Natchez; Miss Wells, Greenville.

West Virginia—Miss Erma Well.

Florida—Miss Mamie Sinton; Miss Marian Boggs, Jacksonville; Dr. Hally.

Virginia—Miss Kirk, Richmond; Miss Haliburton, Farmville; State Superintendent J. C. Eggleston.

Arkansas—Miss Gertrude Dodds, Pine Bluff; Miss Grace Strowbridge, Pine Bluff.

Tennessee—Miss Stolzhus; Miss Waring, Knoxville; Miss Edmundston, Nashville.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

In addition to the program included in Miss Bigham's serial there are two others, by Miss Palmer, of New York City, and Miss Barbour, formerly of Chicago. The running of three programs will, we hope, keep the kindergartner reminded of the fact that no such program is to be used exactly as given. Modify and adapt wherever possible, and if you question the why or wherefore of any course pursued, write and ask questions and express your criticism. It is by such exchange of thought and experience that we grow and help others to grow.

A few October days should be given to the spirit of Halloween. Then, if at any time, may fun and frolic reign, presided over by the spirit of the Brownies, representative of the innumerable mysterious beings of another world in which our forbears so sincerely believed. Jolly Brownies can be cut out of paper by the children and a frieze placed across the wall, affording much genuine and natural delight. Brownies can also be made of acorns and pumpkins of clay and lanterns of paper. Brownies can be made of sticks and rings also. The children can creep softly through school rooms and closets, picking up fallen caps and jackets and sweeping up papers, crumbs and other litter, as do the good natured, mysterious, unseen Brownies. An arrangement of Macdonald's Sir Gibbie appeared in the KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE a few years ago and will prove suggestive, as will "The Adventures of a Brownie," by Miss Mulock. The Brownies (Gaynor), Will-o'-the-Wisp (Hofer), and Snow-White (Reinecke) express the thought in music.

When come the days of doubt and discouragement and it seems as if your little kindergarten candle threw its beams such a little way, it will be perhaps a source of strength and inspiration to realize that your faithful kindergarten work stretches far out beyond your own immediate field.

In helping unfold your own kindergarten children and in working out problems with their parents, your efforts touch children and parents in other towns and cities.

One faithless or inefficient kindergartener may discredit the entire system so that in a small town having been tried once, and unsuccessfully, the school board says "No" to its future maintenance, judging all by the one, as weak human nature is prone to do.

On the other side your excellent kindergarten may induce other towns to introduce the kindergarten, may induce other parents to speak in its praise, and as Americans are proverbially migratory, the good seed sown in one small village may be carried to far distant localities. Therefore, do not try to measure the influence of your small garden by its apparent results. Good work, as well as bad work, "will follow you as long as you live."

A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS NOW PART OF WASHINGTON
SCHOOL SYSTEM.

At the last session of Congress, 1905, through the individual efforts of Mrs. Anna E. Murray of Washington, D. C., whose work in the Kindergarten cause is recognized throughout the United States, an appropriation was secured from Congress for placing the training of colored kindergarten teachers under the Normal School, thus making it a part of the school system.

The value of the same was instantly recognized, and while no specific appropriation was made for the white Normal School to have a similar training school, the board of education deemed it advisable to adopt the same method and place the work of training white kindergarten teachers under similar auspices, and selected Miss Grace Fulmer of Chicago to direct the work. Having succeeded in making the kindergarten in every branch, even to the matter of training teachers, a part of the Washington (D. C.) school system, Mrs. Murray is now directing her full attention to kindergarten work for the south. After ten years' effort, pushed persistently, Mrs. Murray has seen her local work crowned with success. During all these years she has given her services without remuneration, but has given freely of her own means and by pleas to friends. In this new work Mrs. Murray undoubtedly deserves the gratitude of the race with which she is identified and the assistance and sympathy of all who believe in and labor for the spread of the kindergarten system in education.

CORRESPONDENT.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS OF GREAT BRITAIN, by James C. Greenough. Dr. Greenough has given us a very valuable study of the schools and school problems of England, and which our own principals, superintendents, school boards and teachers will find suggestive and illuminating, since many of their questions confront us also. The preface by Dr. Harris gives a concise, but very clear and interesting analysis of caste feeling in England and of the "struggle between different social tendencies." Until one reads it, it is difficult to realize what a fundamental difference there is between the point of view of the Britisher and the American, but to understand the gradual evolution of the present schools of Great Britain it is first necessary to have some grasp of the English world-view. Chapter one is historical, showing how from the first the idea of popular education by the state had to make its way, inch by inch, being contested even by such men as Disraeli and Cobbett as impractical and dangerous. The distinction between board, voluntary and public schools is made clear, the evolution and development of the two kinds helping us to understand our own system better, by contrast. The chapter on the Religious Question is an exceedingly important one to us, who are just entering upon a discussion of this question, which we have thought was settled when the Government of the United States was established. Professor Greenough discusses the subject in a broad, fair-minded, sympathetic way, showing how the Anglican and the non-conformist each view the matter of teaching religion in the schools. It is a chapter to be recommended to all interested in this vital question. The chapter on Training Colleges is also of vital interest. Having received some of his own training in a monitorial school in Portland, Maine, and being well acquainted with our own system in its numerous variations, and having studied the English schools thoroughly, the writer has a great deal of valuable information to impart. The pupil-teacher system, with its merits and weaknesses, is placed vividly before us. A certain patriotic Englishman deemed it worth while, recently, to send a commission of educators to the United States to study our schools. We, too, may learn much of others by comparison and contrast. Dr. Greenough's book will help American teachers to a liberal-minded, just and instructive study of education in Great Britain. Sooner or later, all well informed teachers should read it. Appleton & Co., New York.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY SERIES.

A BASIC PRINCIPLE OF GROWTH.*

JULIA H. GULLIVER, PRESIDENT ROCKFORD COLLEGE, ROCKFORD, ILL.

IT is the May-time—the month that takes its name from Maia, Latin goddess of growth. What more fitting than that you, who have dedicated your lives to the nurture of the growing child-soul should receive your final consecration to your work now when the year is at the spring? It is the time of the Christian resurrection. It is the season, or one of the seasons, when the Greeks celebrated the Eleusinian Mysteries, which represent the worship of Demeter, and of her daughter, Persephone. Earth with her thousand voices teaches us a certain truth in her annual changes; this truth the Greek imagination, brooding on the mysterious transformation of winter into spring and of summer into winter again, has creatively depicted for us in the myth of Demeter and Persephone, and, behold! the Greek gospel and the Christian message are at one, and both are identical with nature's laws.

It is your own Froebel, who believes with Emerson that "the world is the mirror of the soul." How this proves itself with reference to a single principle of growth in all its manifold aspects I ask you to consider with me tonight. Let us first trace together, then, the three stages of the myth concerning Demeter and Persephone, which the insight of Walter Pater has so charmingly revealed to us. Whatever of grace there is in the presentation is all his and not mine, let me say.

The story of Demeter and Persephone has to do with the earth and its change of seasons. The myth is older than Homer and it is primarily a story of earth and its wildness. In the first stage of the myth Demeter appears as the goddess of darkness. Pausanias' description of the black Demeter at Phigalia, with a horse's head on a woman's body, covered with reptiles and robed in black, shows from what elements of

* Commencement address at the Kindergarten Institute (Gertrude House), Chicago, May 26, 1905.

grotesqueness and horror the Greek mind evolved the exquisite beauty and dignified harmony of the later conception. In Homer, Demeter has become the blithe goddess of the fields, and in Hesiod, Persephone is first distinctively recognized as her daughter, no longer the wholly terrible goddess of death but associated with Kore, the goddess of summer. Do you see how the irrational, destructive and hostile forces of nature are gradually being molded by the marvelous Greek intelligence, as the potter takes the formless clay and molds it into the attractiveness of the human?

Then comes the Homeric poem, which is the main expression of the myth. According to this, Persephone is snatched away by Aidoneus, king of the lower regions, as flower-like, she gathers narcissus with the Oceanides in a meadow of soft grass. Borne off in his golden chariot she utters a great and terrible cry, and the mother, hearing it, begins her sorrowful age-long search after her child.

In the course of it, she goes to the house of Celeus, the king of Eleusis, and becomes the nurse of his little son, Demophoon. She places the child in her fragrant bosom—it is the earth's bosom fragrant with flowers and of strengthening heat. She breathes sweetly over him—it is the breath of the south wind; and at night she hides him secretly in the red strength of the fire; for her heart yearned over the babe, and she would fain give him immortal youth. But the mother deprived him of this great gift through her failure to understand; for, one night, seeing her child thrust into the fire, she cried out in anger and pain and plucked him out again.

Then Demeter must needs leave them to renew her wanderings; but as she goes the great house fills with light. They see in her a fine graciousness hitherto undiscerned, and at last they recognize this weary, sorrowing woman for what she is and for what she has called herself during her wanderings—*Dos*, a gift. Finally, as you know, Persephone is restored to her aching heart for two-thirds of every year, though for the other third she must ever return to the kingdom of the dead.

In the Homeric hymn the dark and terrible forces of nature have been humanized into the joys and sorrows of a mother's heart. In the marbles of Cnidus, product of the school of Praxiteles, the mysterious depths of human experience are still further revealed. The myth here culminates in its third or artistic phase.

I give you Pater's description of these figures much abridged. One of them appears to be Demeter the seeker, the *Mater Dolorosa*. Says

our author: "The sorrows of her long wanderings seem to have passed into the marble." Again she appears as Demeter enthroned, but strangely enough enthroned on "the stone of sorrow," for though Persephone is returned, she knows that her daughter must fall again into the ground and that she must again descend from her. The third figure is that of Persephone herself with something awesome about her. In the Odyssey she appears as the dread Persephone, bringer of death, who has the head of the gorgon Medusa in her keeping. In the Homeric hymn and still more in the marbles of Cnidus we find the result of "many efforts to lift the old Chthonian gloom concerning the grave, and to connect it with impressions of dignity and beauty, and a certain sweetness even. It is meant to make men in love or at least at peace with death. Persephone's shadowy eyes have gazed on the under world and the tranquility born of it has passed into her face."

What, then, is the great principle of growth—the inner truth so exquisitely embodied in these art-forms of story and song and marble? It is this: Life out of seeming death, the beautiful out of the ugly, the perfect out of the imperfect, harmony out of discord, victory as the fruit of struggle, pain as the nourishing mother of joy, dying in order to live. The Spirit of God, as Froebel teaches, hovered over chaos, and behold there issued therefrom life, intelligence, individuality. So the spirit of man should hover over shapelessness, defining, informing, uplifting into purposeful meaning and spiritual efficiency.

I summon you, then, tonight to your high calling as moral artists-co-workers with the God in-dwelling in the soul of the little child. The medium through which your spirit-visions are to find expression is neither rhythmic verse nor Pentelic marble, but rather

Some Pomegranate, which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within, blood tintured, of a veined humanity.

One of the first requisites to success in all artistic work is a thorough understanding on the part of the artist of the medium through which he is trying to find self-expression. No more plastic material was ever presented to an artist's hands, none ever quivered with such infinite potentialities for good or for ill as a child's soul.

The first requisite for success in its treatment is to recognize its twofold nature.

"Well, this cold clay clod
Was man's heart;
Crumble it, and what comes next?
Is it God?"

So the poet expresses one of the great seed-thoughts of Froebel's philosophy—the divineness of human nature. It is the leavening that is slowly leavening our whole modern point of view. As a result we can not hold to the permanent evil of any human soul. To believe all things and hope all things that make for righteousness, is now becoming a cardinal principle in all education. I once asked Mrs. Johnson, who was for many years the superintendent of the Reformatory for Women in Sherborn, Mass., how she felt about repeaters, that is, women, who after years of care and training in the reformatory, went out to sin afresh and so to be returned often many times. "Oh," she said, and as she said it her face lighted up with a beautiful smile, "Oh, they just have to be laundered over again." What unquenchable faith in human nature is herein portrayed! Slowly in these latter times are our ears being attuned to the long unheard music of the spheres as voiced in that superb genealogy of St. Luke; it is the expression of the inalienable birthright of every human soul; and these are the words of it: "Which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God?" While all this is true, and gloriously true, it does not justify us one iota in assuming that the apple in the green is the apple in the ripe. By no play of words, and by no holding of the eyes that we may not see, can we change the inexorable fact that whereas the angel-soul is the only believable reality as that which is to be ultimately attained and permanently possessed by the sons of men, there exists an actual soul that is undeveloped, imperfect, with tendencies downward as pronounced as its upward tendencies, until they have been properly evaluated and brought under control by the man's self.

There is still a truth lurking in that old and (in its unmodified form) fearful doctrine of natural depravity. One of the most potent aids in the right understanding of human nature is the modern rehabilitation of that doctrine. "Examine," said the tender-hearted Bishop Myriel in "*Les Misérables*," "the road over which the fault has passed." Our growing knowledge of the organic connection between the physical and the spiritual is the first step of progress along this road. We understand now that, as Mr. Henderson has said, we "cannot have un-

developed organs and deficient senses and faulty circulation and stunted brain centers, and still be the source of radiant, complete life." The whole kindergarten movement stands for the truth of this. It is leading educators all along the line to judge leniently and to deal tenderly with a poor student and even one who is morally obtuse, if the eyesight is affected, the body non-symmetrical, or the back crooked; and the first thing we do is not to read a moral lecture to the child or the youth, but to correct these physical deficiencies.

When we have traced moral obliquity to physical defect we have begun to follow the footpath of mercy only to find that it sweeps out into a broad highway that reaches back into inconceivable past time. No one has brought this out more clearly than Stanley Hall in his book on Adolescence. There he points out that the "present soul of man has grown out of antecedent soul-states as different from its present forms as protoplasm is from the mature body." "Souls," he says, "are echo chambers in which reverberate the whispers of unnumbered hosts of ancestors—the carnivora's cruelty, the rabbit's timidity, the peacock's ostentation." Does this not remind you of Demeter with her horse's head and woman's body, out of which the wholly human Demeter was later evolved? These latent and dumb elements are what we must understand, as Stanley Hall insists, and to this end we must study savages, defectives, criminals, animals, in order to learn the difficulties and dangers of the ascent of the soul. "Who," he exclaims, "that is honest and has true self-knowledge will not confess to recognizing in his own soul the germs and possibilities of about every crime, vice, insanity, superstition, and folly in conduct he ever heard of?" Nay, may we not add, who of us can deny that through wilful ignorance or fierce determination to have our own way these potentialities have often become actualities known to ourselves in our own soul-life even though they have not externalized themselves in deeds recognizable by others?

From the doctrine of the divine nature of man we learn the patience of hope and of love. From a right conception of the doctrine of natural depravity we learn the patience of understanding and of compassion. It is more in the spirit of the publican than of the Pharisee that the educator clasps the hand of the learner, be that learner baby, child or youth. We are slowly making a discovery; perhaps we shall get our eyes open to it after awhile even in the so-called higher institutions of learning. It is this: that from a genuinely educational standpoint it is

infinitely more worth while to save the one feeble little sheep who from natural disability can not keep up with the rest than it is to lead in triumph into some given pedagogical fold the ninety and nine who would in any case take care of themselves without any shepherding whatever. Our present custom of dropping every one out of our colleges who does not or can not reach a certain intellectual standpoint has its legitimate pedigree in the savage custom of exposing weak infants and leaving the aged to die uncherished and alone. "Ye have not so read the Scriptures."

The work of the moral artist begins, then, with whatever is recalcitrant or irrational or infra-human just as the work of the Greek artists began with elements of grotesqueness and horror in the myth of Demeter; and as those sunlit souls molded and remolded all this so uncouth and unattractive material until they revealed to us the Mater Dolorosa of unearthly radiance, who by losing her life had saved it, so it is for you and for me as artists of the beautiful in souls.

"Meeting death
I' the shape of ugliness * * *
* * * * * to find therein a foil
For a new birth of life, the challenged soul's response
To ugliness and death—creation for the nonce."

President Faunce, in the *Educational Review* for April, 1905, expresses what seems to be a consensus of opinion, sought from a number of prominent educators as to the main defects of our present educational results from the family to the university. These criticisms are, a failure on the part of our young people to acknowledge rightful authority, a deficient sense of the imperativeness of both morality and religion, too great a tendency to follow in the line of the least resistance, and too little stress on obligation to do the disagreeable thing when necessary.

If, and in so far as, these criticisms apply to the kindergarten, it is certainly because there has been an utter failure to understand the principles of Froebel, whose watchword is self-direction, and who, while he uttered solemn warning against the egotism of self-will imposed by the instructor in the form of arbitrary commands upon the child, seems to have had as deep a reverence as Kant himself for the sacredness of the moral law as unconditionally obligatory upon instructor and pupil alike.

Through suffering as well as through joy he would have the child

find himself. As Demeter breathed sweetly over the little Demophoon and cherished him in her bosom fragrant with flowers and of strengthening heat, so the great prophet of childhood would have the little ones nurtured by all sweet and healthful natural influences; but if I read him aright he, too, would confer upon the child the gift of immortality by hiding him in the red strength of the fire—the fire of pain and of self-conquest.

Right choice is always along the line of the greatest resistance. The right thing is always the higher as over against the lower, the broader as over against the narrower. It stands for wholeness as over against the partial and incomplete, and so requires effort to comprehend and struggle to attain. The strait gate and the narrow way that leads to life is this choice-way, and we attain character, moral backbone, hardiness, dependableness just in proportion as we fight the fight and win the day along the line of righteous self-determination. It follows, then, that the right thing being the more difficult thing will often be disagreeable rather than agreeable. The attitude expressed in the words, "Lo I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God," had its necessary prelude in the agonizing struggle of Gethsemane. There is a spontaneous joy of innocence with which every child is naturally endowed. There is a deeper joy of selflessness that is the slow fruit of self-mastery. Do not deprive the child of this consummate gift of life because you fear for him the red strength of the fire.

"No, when the fight begins with himself,
A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—
He's left, himself, i' the middle; the soul wakes and grows!"

The world is the mirror of the soul. From nature through Greek art we have traced this basic principle of growth—life out of death, pain as the nourishing mother of joy, victory as the fruit of struggle, the dying to live of Christianity.

Let us now return to nature for its final illumination that with Emerson we may follow this "shining law" so far, we may see it "come full circle," and so behold its "rounding complete grace."

One of the halcyon days of life that nestles warm in my memory is the day when we drove from Hadrian's villa to Tivoli—a drive of about an hour. What an experience it was! The road nearly all the

way led through olive groves. Some of the tree trunks were shredded into four or five different parts with great gaps that let the daylight in between; some were twisted like a rope; some had the very heart torn out of them and seemed to have little left but the bark; others were gnarled and doubled and wrenched into grotesque forms without number; one great branch was almost entirely severed from the parent stem, so that it had to be propped up by a marble column. And yet not a single tree did we see so battered and torn and disfigured that it did not leaf out in its own dainty, shimmering green. Such indomitable energy of spirit! No matter how cut and broken below, they joined above what was left of the sundered parts and kept on growing. No matter how wizened with age, how storm-tossed and weather-worn, they lifted their heads in the beauty of an unquenchable life, too gentle to be sullened by misfortune, too divine to be destroyed. The stillness was soft like velvet, and unutterably soothing. The peace that comes after struggle reigned among them.

IT IS THE HOUR OF MAN.

“IT is the hour of man: new purposes,
Broad-shouldered, press against the world's
slow gate:
And voices from the vast eternities
Still preach the soul's austere apostolate.

Always there will be vision for the heart,
The press of endless passion: every goal
A traveler's tavern, whence he must depart
On new divine adventures of the soul.”

—*Edwin Markham.*

REPORT OF THE SOUTHERN KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION, ORGANIZED JULY, 1905.*

AMALIE HOFER.

MONTEZUMA, GA.: In a small town, Montezuma, in southwest Georgia, lives a little woman by name of Mrs. Collins, who conceived the idea of a kindergarten for Montezuma. This woman twenty-five years ago was a teacher of some prominence and had made herself familiar with the kindergarten work. Looking around for a teacher she discovered me, and persuaded me to come over to begin the work.

An association was formed in the early fall, with Mrs. Collins for president, Mrs. Brooks, the wife of the superintendent of the public school, for vice-president, and myself for secretary and treasurer.

About twenty members were enrolled; meetings were held once a month; at these meetings we discussed various ways of improving our kindergarten.

Before I reached the town Mrs. Collins had succeeded in securing tables, chairs and some building gifts through the generosity of the business men of the town. The superintendent of the school and the Board of Education had offered her a room in the school building, which room happened to be ideal for kindergarten work.

Through the association we have secured a piano, more gifts, pictures and all necessary material, and have \$20 with which to begin a new year. During the year I have enrolled about twenty-six children. The town knew so little of our work the president of the association proposed that I should give a public exhibition of games and songs. I gave two of these entertainments, both of which were well received by the people. I believe now there is such a kindergarten spirit in the town that there is no danger of our work failing. PATTI SPARKS.

COLUMBUS, GA.: In order that you may understand correctly the location of the Eagle and Phenix Mills Free Kindergartens, I wish to say that these mills are located in Columbus, Ga., a city of about 30,000 inhabitants. Just at this point the Chattahoochee river is the boundary line between Georgia and Alabama. Immediately west of Columbus and located in Alabama are two incorporated villages, one called Phenix City and the other Girard. Most of the mill operatives reside in these two villages.

The president of these mills is Mr. G. Gunby Jordan, through whose influence these Free Kindergartens were established, believing

*Continued from October number.

that good would come to both mill owners and operatives. In 1903 a kindergarten was organized in Phenix City, one of the villages mentioned. This kindergarten opened with an enrollment of 35, closing with 60.

As an experiment, the first year's work was given in one of the company's dwellings. This building cost \$400 when erected, and required only \$50 more to fit it for kindergarten work. Equipment for the first year's work cost \$154.50. This first year's work being such a success the Eagle and Phenix mills opened in Girard, the adjoining village, another Free Kindergarten, both of these being entirely for the children of their operatives.

The Girard building will easily accommodate 75 children, and is a model of its kind. The interior finish is of Georgia pine, hard oil finish throughout. The furniture is also of Georgia pine. This building contains a large hall, besides an alcove for the piano, a cloak-room, bath-room and ante-chamber. In the rear of this hall is a platform provided with chairs for parents and visitors. The building is heated throughout with steam.

In the yard there is a gymnasium provided with all the necessary apparatus for the amusement and physical development of the children. The floor of this gymnasium is covered with eight inches of sand. A swing and a toboggan are near the gymnasium.

The grounds are large and have been divided into flower and vegetable gardens. Enough vegetables were grown in the spring to supply the families of the children with several dinners.

The enrollment at this building was 55 children, and great progress has been made by them.

The total expense of the Girard building, including equipment, amounted to \$2,589.80.

At the beginning of the second term of the Phenix City kindergarten a gymnasium was built at a cost of \$188.40. Seventy-five pupils were enrolled at this kindergarten last term. The salary list for this term for both kindergartens was \$888. The term lasted eight months.

Occasional mother's meetings are held at both kindergartens.

The Eagle and Phenix Mills also has in operation a Young Women's Christian Association, together with a Free Circulating Library. Connected with this Y. W. C. A. competent teachers offer their services during the school year and teach domestic science, dressmaking

and other useful arts to the girls and young women who are operatives in the Eagle and Phenix mills.

LEOLA PATTERSON.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.: In the autumn of 1898 a committee from the board of directors of the United Charities of Birmingham, Ala., was appointed to investigate kindergarten work, with the view of opening a free kindergarten under the auspices of that organization if a favorable report should be made. The members of this committee were soon convinced of the merits of the kindergarten, and that Birmingham especially needed it, but to open a kindergarten under the name of "charity" would be to thwart the attainment of the highest good hoped for; that while the operation of the kindergartens was largely the work of philanthropists, that the work itself was first, last and always educative. After a few months of delay, in January, 1899, the Birmingham Free Kindergarten Association was organized as a separate and distinct institution, with a membership of twenty-five, educators and philanthropists.

While the work was not then, and is not yet, a part of the public school system, the kindergarten was conducted for the first five months of its existence in a vacant room of one of the public schools. This location was most fortunate for the association, as the public had this constant and practical demonstration of the fact that the kindergarten movement was approved by the Board of Education.

Simultaneously with the opening of the children's department a Normal Training School was organized. It was then, and is today, the only kindergarten training school in the state of Alabama.

The statistics of the first year's work were as follows:

Number of kindergartens	1
Number children enrolled	91
Number in Training school	7

The report of the year which has just closed is:

Number of kindergartens	7
Number children enrolled	473
Number in Training school	11

The comparison of these figures makes it unnecessary to say that the work has grown steadily.

In the seven years of its existence there have been enrolled 1,700 children, and fifteen young women have been graduated from the Train-

ing school. Of these fifteen young women, eight are directors in the Free Kindergartens of our city, one is preparing for primary work, two are married, and the four without occupation are those who have just graduated. It is our hope, and we shall work earnestly to realize the hope, that the work may so extend next year that every one of these may be employed in or near Birmingham.

Of the seven kindergartens now in operation in our city, the association supports only two, the others being supported by churches or other organizations, but all under the supervision of the association. In addition to this we have assisted in organizing kindergartens in several suburbs, and believe this feature of our work is by no means the least helpful.

Seven years ago the majority of the people of this community were either indifferent to the kindergarten influence as a factor for good, or opposed to it; today Birmingham appreciates the kindergarten as one of its strongest aids in brightening and making better its little people, making for itself better and more helpful citizens for the future.

BESSIE NABERS.

ANNISTON, ALA.: The work of our Free Kindergarten Association was begun in 1899, through the woman's organization known as the Club Studiopsis, by establishing a Free Kindergarten in the largest cotton mill district. The work has been successful, having enrolled 100 children yearly with an average of thirty in attendance. There are weekly mothers' classes, with sewing classes for older girls. The house was built by subscription in 1901. The fuel has always been donated; also the materials and water. It has been supported through donations, subscriptions, entertainments and largely from the factory.

At Thanksgiving, Christmas and Froebel's birthday entertainments are given by the children, and a feast provided the little waifs. Clothing, shoes and materials are furnished to needy ones. Since 1902 there is a training school in connection, with a two years' course of study. In January of this year another kindergarten was organized under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. A pupil of the training school has had charge of the kindergarten, of fifty children, with an attendance of thirty pupils; mothers' meetings have been held, instructions given by this order and clothes mended and made.

(MRS.) DAISY B. WALSH.

MOBILE, ALA.: This is the fourth year of public kindergartens in Mobile. During the past year there were three kindergartens in operation, and a fourth is to be added in September. Each school is supplied with one principal, one assistant, and provides for fifty children.

At two kindergartens 108 and 106 children respectively applied for admission. These figures prove the need of additional kindergartens, in order that many little ones may be accommodated who are now cut off from much that would render their lives more bright and beautiful. Appreciation of the work of the kindergartners is shown by the mothers of the children. The erection of large and beautiful kindergarten buildings by the city proves the interest with which the public has come to look upon our work.

ANNIE LEWIS.

RICHMOND, VA.: It is just five years ago, in 1900, since Miss Sallie Fairchild, a member of the New York Kindergarten Association, visited Richmond and, with a membership of seven ladies, organized the Richmond Education Association. The chief purpose of this organization was the establishing of a training school for kindergartners, and the introduction of the kindergarten into the public school system. The officers were drawn from the most cultured and representative circle of the city, and with the tact and charm which characterize the social leader, the association soon extended its membership into all classes. The school officials were enlisted as promoters of the work, with such success that in this brief period the membership has increased until it now numbers about a thousand members. Keeping in view the purpose of the organization, lecturers were secured from the Phoebe Hearst Training College of Washington, D. C., who, within the session, gave several lectures on Froebelian principles. Thus a favorable public opinion was created. Realizing the necessity for a good director of the training school, Miss Fairchild consulted the leaders of the kindergarten movement of the north, who recommended Miss Alice N. Parker, a graduate of the Phoebe Hearst Training College. Miss Fairchild guaranteed the salary for five years, making possible the opening of the school in the fall of 1901. Eight students were enrolled and the work of the school began in earnest. In the spring of 1902 Miss Susan Blow, to whom all kindergartners owe an eternal debt of gratitude for her able work in the kindergarten field, visited Richmond, lecturing at the Woman's Club before an audience composed largely of educators and

school officials. Whatever prejudices may have lingered in their minds were completely swept away by her masterly presentation of the system. Interest in the work became more widespread, and when in May, 1903, the first graduates left the school, they found awaiting them positions in the public schools. In the fall of 1903 three kindergartens were introduced, and so faithfully and zealously did these graduates labor, that the success of their endeavors was instantaneous. Mothers' Clubs were made an important feature of the work, the first being organized at Valentine Kindergarten on November 19, 1903. In January the members gave a housewarming, at which speeches were delivered by the superintendent of public schools and the chairman and members of the school board. One of the members declared that in the thirty years' existence of the public school system of the city, it was the first time that the parent had extended the hand of fellowship to the teacher. In a few months clubs were organized in the other two public kindergartens, giving a tremendous impetus to the work. In the fall of 1904 three other kindergartens were introduced and the increase in number is more than justified by public appreciation. There will be no kindergartens introduced in 1905, as we are contemplating the erection of a \$300,000 high school and the school officials dare not ruffle the complacency of the city fathers by further demands. The Richmond Education Association is a vast power in the uplift of the people of Virginia, directing its influence so as to secure the most practical results. Through it a Co-operative Education Association has been formed which purposes to establish associations in every county seat of the State. In April of the past session the school board gave evidence of their trust in Miss Parker by electing her to the position of supervisor of public kindergartens. In the city there are twelve well-equipped kindergartens, six of them being incorporated into the public school system. The enrollment is as follows:

Number pupils in public kindergartens.....300

In private, missionary and parochial kindergartens....200

In conclusion, I wish to assure the kindergarteners of our dear southland of the cordial co-operation of our Virginia kindergarteners, hoping that the work may multiply a hundredfold.

ANNIE BLANCHE KIRK.

(*To be Continued.*)

Little Folks' Land*

The Story of a Little Boy in a Big World.

BY MADGE A. BIGHAM, *Free Kindergartens, Atlanta, Ga. Author of "Stories of Mother Goose Village," etc.*

NOTE.—This Kindergarten Program will run through the succeeding numbers of THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE and later be published in book form under the title, "Little Folks' Land," by Messrs. Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, Chicago and Boston. Cloth, 6x9; about 400 pages. Advance orders will be accepted by them at \$1.50, postpaid. After publication the list price will be \$2.00 net.

III.

Joe-Boy at Kindergarten

Thursday

WELL, it was just as the woolen balls said it would be about Joe-Boy, and by and by he was one, two, *three* years old—large enough to go to kindergarten—only think! And the very day he started, Mother Gipsy had his picture taken.

"Dear me, our baby has gone now!" said Mother Gipsy, with a tiny, tiny sigh. But bless you! Joe-Boy could not *always* be a baby, you know, and Father Gipsy and Mother Gipsy wanted to do the very best thing they could for Joe-Boy, and so they sent him to kindergarten. They had talked about it a long time and Father Gipsy said, "I did not go to kindergarten when I was a boy, but surely things are better now than then, and if we want Joe-Boy to grow into the finest, strongest kind of a man, and if kindergarten will help him to grow that way, why, we must not let him miss it."

"That is what I think, too," said Mother Gipsy, "and then the kindergarten is such a happy place; the children who go *look* so much happier than the children who do not go, so I am sure it must be a good place for little children. The more I read about it the more I like it, and every time I go into a kindergarten, I long to be a child again."

And Joe-Boy had heard a great deal about the kindergarten, too, because Charlotte Anne, the little girl who lived across the street, went, and when she would come to see Joe-Boy, why, they would play "kindergarten" in the playroom nearly all the time, and Joe-Boy almost knew

* Copyright, 1905, by Madge A. Bigham.

everything the children did. So you see when he was really three, and the morning came for him to go, he did not even want to wait long enough to eat any breakfast, because he was so anxious to go.

Mother Gipsy carried him and when they got there he was just a little bit afraid at first, and hid his head in Mother Gipsy's lap—because there were so many children, you see, more than Joe-Boy had ever seen before. But when he looked around at the bright, pretty room, with its flowers and pictures and blocks and things, he did not feel afraid. And then he saw the "light bird" with its lovely colored dress, as it danced around the room to say "good morning" to the children, and he pulled Mother Gipsy down and said: "See, mother, it is just like the one you made for me at home, and there are the same pretty woolen balls and the wooden one that rolls so well—oh, oh, oh!"

And the very next thing Mother Gipsy knew Joe-Boy had left her side and was seated in one of the little red chairs by Charlotte Anne, clapping and singing away with the other children in the circle. And then he played some of the happy games that you have played, and marched and built a pretty house with blocks, and when the time came to say "good-bye" Mother Gipsy said the sunbeams must have hidden in his feet—because he danced and skipped the whole way home. And when Father Gipsy came home to dinner, there was a pretty, blue paper basket on his plate—just like the one you have made—and Joe-Boy said: "I made it all myself for you, father, because you couldn't go to kindergarten, and tomorrow I'll make you something else."

And Father Gipsy took the little blue basket and hung it over his desk, where he would often see it, and think about the first day that Joe-Boy went to kindergarten.

Joe Boy's Cow

Friday

Relationships as to food.—(1) Milk, (2) oats, corn, wheat.

Traced from origin to consumer: (1) Cow, farmer, laborer, home.
(2) Seed, farmer, miller, merchant, home.

The Child's Food.—(1) Milk—Its value traced to the cow. (2) Grain—Corn, meal, bread, wheat, flour, biscuit, oats, oatmeal, porridge.

Traced from the source to Joe-Boy's home, and stressing thereby the laws of interdependence and co-operation, thus: Seed, farmer, miller, merchants, home.

ONE night when Father Gipsy came home from his work he said, "Just guess, Mother Gipsy, what I bought today for you and Joe-Boy. It is something very large, has four legs, two soft brown eyes, a pair of horns and a tail that curls at the end. If we take very good care of her she will give us something nice to eat—that is white and yellow."

"Oh, that must be a cow," said Mother Gipsy, "and she will give us milk and butter and cheese! I am sure, I am very glad, too, because Joe-Boy drinks so much milk these days, he ought to have a cow. When is she coming?"

"I bought her from Farmer Green, away out in the country," said Father Gipsy, "and he promised to send her in by Dick tomorrow, so you and Joe-Boy may watch for her in the afternoon, and when she comes show her the way to the red barn where she is to sleep."

"All right," said Mother Gipsy, "that will be fun for Joe-Boy and me, and we will see that she has something nice to eat, too, after her long trip, because cows get tired as well as people do."

"And do you reckon she will have her baby with her?" asked Joe-Boy. "To be sure!" said Father Gipsy. "Do you suppose Lady Cow would come to town to live and leave her baby behind? No, indeed! and she will expect us to treat her very politely, so you and Mother Gipsy must not forget."

"And Joe-Boy didn't forget, either, and the next morning when he went to kindergarten—why, he couldn't talk about a single thing but cows! And then the kindergarten teacher and all the children got to talking about cows, too, and they took clay and modeled cows, and they made block houses for cows, with nice broad windows in them, and hay racks and water troughs. And then they played "milking" and "churning" the whole day long and everybody had the finest time! When Joe-Boy went home he carried a little three-legged milking stool, made out of cardboard and toothpicks—he had made it himself, and he gave it to Betty, the big, fat cook—but he told her not to sit on it—no, not for anything, because she might break it, you know.

After dinner Joe-Boy went down to the barn with Mother Gipsy and helped her to make a clean straw bed in one corner of the stall, and put fresh hay in the rack and filled the long stone trough with cool water. "Because if Lady Cow is to give us fresh, sweet milk to drink and butter to eat," said Mother Gipsy, "I'm sure we ought to do all we can to make her happy."

After they had prepared everything, Joe-Boy ran to the big gates to watch for her, and it wasn't very long before Mother Gipsy heard him shout, "Oh, oh, oh, Mother, here comes Lady Cow, and she has a little brown baby, trotting by her side, sure enough, oh, oh, oh!"

"Moo, moo, moo," said Lady Cow, as she came through the gate with her baby. That meant "Howdy-do, howdy-do," you know, and then she and the baby calf trotted—just guess where? Right straight to the red barn and began eating the nice hay that had been fixed for her. She was very gentle, and let Joe-Boy pat her on her head and smooth her on the back, as he called her "pretty cow."

"You needn't ever be afraid of her," said Dick, "she's the best cow that ever Farmer Green raised, and her milk is so rich her butter is as yellow as gold!"

That night when Betty went to milk, Joe-Boy went with her and carried his silver cup, and Betty milked the silver cup full to the brim and gave it to Joe-Boy to drink. And when Joe-Boy had drunk it every bit, he ran around right in front of the cow and made a little bow as he said, "Thank you, pretty cow," in his very politest way. And then Betty laughed, but I'm sure I don't know why!

Program for Sixth Week—Fuel and Lights

Wood

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: What are our chairs made of? What other things in the room are made of wood? Where does the wood come from? How is it changed from trees into chairs, blocks and balls? Did you ever see a sawmill? (Show pictures; if possible, visit a sawmill.)

Games: Inspection of trees. "Wood choppers." (Using song of sawing and chopping.) Sawing logs. Float down the river. Sawmill (represent noise of the saw).

Gift: One-inch cylinders, four to represent logs; one-inch cubes, four logs to represent slabs; two cubes (oblongs), lumber; also cut clay cylinder to show the process. (Second gift, beds, large size.)

Occupation: Modelling, making of balls at factory.

Coal

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: What made us warm in the summer? What keeps us warm these cold days? What makes the trees grow and even lives in them? Let me tell you a wonderful story about trees.

Game and song: "The Miner."

Gift: From variety of material let children choose what they need—some to make coal car; some fence coal yard; some make coal carts, hod, etc.

Occupation: Paper cutting, grate from black paper. Represent fire with colored crayons.

Gas

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Review story of Tuesday. After the day's story, make gas as described in story.

Game: Miners digging coal to make gas.

Gift: Fourth, co-operative work. Build palace.

Occupation: Toothpicks and peas. Make a gas jet.

Joe-Boy at Kindergarten

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: After the story has been told. What games do you think Joe-Boy played at the kindergarten? Which one do you think he liked best? Why?

Play favorite games.

Gift: Third (entirely free use).

Occupation: Folding lunch basket. Let older children use raffia, wrapping a simple basket, by use of wires, placed upright, in a circular disk.

Joe-Boy's Cow

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: What do you like to drink for your breakfast? Where do you get it? Where does the milk come from? Shall I tell you about Joe-Boy's cow?

Game: Grass mowing. Pumping water for the cow.

Gift Period: Show milking stool and let children contrive how to make one.

Occupation: Milk pail and pans made of tin foil.

Seventh Week—Food

Lady Cow's Butter

Monday

LADY COW and her brown baby liked their new home at Joe-Boy's house very much, and every night Betty came from the barn with the bucket brim full of milk, which she strained in the big pans on the pantry shelf. Indeed, Lady Cow gave so much milk that even Father Gipsy and Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy and Betty and the brown baby could not drink it all! And then Mother Gipsy told Joe-boy she was going to town to buy something—to buy something

That was big at the bottom
And little at the top,
And something inside
Went flipity-flop!

Can you guess what that was? To be sure, a churn! That was the very first riddle that I ever learned, and Joe-Boy guessed it, too, because he had heard it at kindergarten the day they played "churning." So, he was very glad, and Mother Gipsy took him with her to the hardware store and they bought one of the old-fashioned churns, with the dasher inside that went "flipity-flop." And then just as soon as they got home Joe-Boy wanted to churn! But Mother Gipsy said:

"Dear me, who ever heard of churning butter until the milk turns to clabber! Why, we'll have to skim the cream from all the pans of milk and the pour it into the churn and let it set all night before it will be ready to churn. By morning it will be ready and *then* I'll let you see how you like churning, and we'll surprise Father Gipsy with some fresh, yellow butter for his dinner."

So that night Joe-Boy watched Mother Gipsy skim the cream from the pans of milk and get the churn ready and, sure enough, by the next morning the milk had turned to clabber and was ready to be churned into butter, and, sure enough, when Joe-Boy churned something inside

went "flipity-flop," just as the riddle said it would, you know. And then Joe-Boy lifted up the top to *see* it go flipity-flop, and the milk splashed all out into his eyes and nose and hair! And Mother Gipsy said: "W-h-y, we don't churn with the top open,—we just *listen* to the flipity-flop."

Then Joe-Boy wanted her to sing a song about the butter—he always wanted songs about everything—so Mother Gipsy sang:

"Come butter come, come butter come,
Joe-Boy's out here waiting for some.

"Come butter come, come butter come,
Mother Gipsy's out here waiting for some.

"Come butter come, come butter come,
Father Gipsy's out yonder waiting for some.

"Come butter come, come butter come,
Betty is out here waiting for some."

Then Joe-Boy clapped his hands and said, "Oh, see, mother, see! it's coming! Ever so many yellow specks—a mother speck, a papa speck and little baby specks!"

And then he ran and brought Betty, so she could see, too. By and by, when all the butter had come, Mother Gipsy gathered it into a ball with the dasher and then she put it in a bowl and poured cool water over it and then took the paddle and pressed and pressed all of the milk out, and put in some salt, and then molded it into a most beautiful cake of butter, with rosebuds on top.

And when Father Gipsy came home to dinner—there was a fresh cake of yellow butter! And he had some on his bread and Mother Gipsy had some on her bread, and Joe-Boy had some on his bread, and Betty had some on her bread—and it was so nice. Then Father Gipsy said:

"I wonder who helped to get this nice butter for our dinner?"

And Mother Gipsy said, "Well, the hay helped, the cow helped, Betty helped, the churn helped, Joe-Boy helped, the store man helped, and I helped!"

Now, how do you suppose they all helped?

The Little Sick Girl

Tuesday

THAT night, when Joe-Boy was tucked away in his white iron bed, he said, "Tell me a story, please, mother." And Mother Gipsy said, "What must I tell you about?" And Joe-Boysaid, "About cows." And then Mother Gipsy smiled as she gave him a love pinch on his cheek and said, "You must think a great deal about cows these days. Let me see,—I'll tell you about how a cow's milk made a little sick girl strong."

"Once -upon -a-time there was a little girl who had been very sick—so sick that all of the red blood, which made the roses bloom in her cheeks, had gone away, and the little girl was very white and thin. So the mother sent for the doctor to see if he could give her some medicine which would make the little girl strong again—so the roses would bloom in her cheeks. But the doctor shook his head and said, 'I have no medicine that can make the little girl strong again, but go and ask the cow—she will give you milk, fresh and warm, and when the little girl drinks it, why, she will grow strong,—and the roses will bloom in her cheeks again.'

"Then the mother took a pitcher and went to the cow, and she said, 'Kind cow, will you please give me a pitcher of milk, fresh and warm? Then I will take it to my little girl, she will drink it and it will make her strong, and the roses will bloom in her cheeks again.' But the cow shook her head and said, 'I have no milk in my bag. Go bring me clover, fresh and sweet, that I may eat; then will I have milk in my bag, and will give you a pitcher full, and you may take it to your little girl, that she may drink it and grow strong, that the roses may bloom in her cheeks again.'

"So the mother went to the farmer, and said, 'Kind farmer, will you please give me an armful of clover, fresh and sweet? Then will I take it to the cow, that she may eat and have milk in her bag. She will then give me a pitcherful, fresh and warm, and I will take it to my little girl, that she may drink it and grow strong, and then the roses will bloom in her cheeks again.' But the farmer shook his head and said, 'I will give you an armful of clover, fresh and sweet, if the sunbeams and the rain-drops will fall upon it and make it grow. Then you may take it to the cow, that she may eat and have milk in her bag, and give you a pitcherful,

fresh and warm, and you may take it to your little girl, that she may drink it and grow strong, that the roses may bloom in her cheeks again.'

"Then the mother looked up to the clouds, and she said, 'Oh, sunbeams and raindrops, will you please fall upon the clover and make it grow? Then the farmer will give me an armful, fresh and sweet. Then will I take it to the cow, that she may eat and have milk in her bag. She will then give a pitcherful, fresh and warm, and I will take it to my little girl, that she may drink it and grow strong, and then the roses will bloom in her cheeks again.'

"Then the sunbeams and the raindrops smiled, every one, and they said, 'Yes, if God will send us, we will fall.' And God did. And the sunbeams and raindrops fell upon the clover, and it grew sweet and fresh, and the farmer gave the mother an armful, and she carried it to the cow, and the cow ate and had milk in her bag, and she gave the mother a pitcherful, fresh and warm, and she hurried home and gave it to her little girl, and the little girl drank the milk, and it was changed into rich, red blood, which ran through all the veins in the little girl's body—along her feet and legs and arms, and into her thin, white cheeks, and she grew stronger and stronger and stronger—and then the roses bloomed in her cheeks again. And the mother was very happy."

"Did she say, 'Thank you, pretty cow?'" asked Joe-Boy.

Farmer Green's Grain

Wednesday

"WELL, Dick," said Farmer Green, "did you carry that cow safely to Mr. Gipsy's house?"

"Yes, indeed," said Dick, "and the little fellow that lives there, named Joe-Boy, was very happy to see the cow, too! He patted her on the back and he smoothed her on the head and he called her 'pretty cow' over and over again. I know she will be well taken care of in her new home, for there was a nice supper waiting for her and a nice red barn for her to live in, with a window and a straw bed."

"That's nice," said Farmer Green; "I do not like to sell my cows to people unless they treat them kindly. But come, we must do some planting today; I believe that very same little Joe-Boy will be wanting some oatmeal and bread to eat with his milk by and by; and how will he ever get it unless the farmer plants and the miller grinds and the grocer sells, that his mother may bake? Come, we will do our part—plow the ground and sow the seed."

Now, Farmer Green had three fields—a great big field, a middle-sized field and a little wee field—and he and Dick plowed them deep and fine, and then raked them nicely over. After that they went to the barn—the very same where the little sister cotton seed had been—and there they found three sacks, a great big sack, a middle-sized sack, and a little wee sack. The great big sack held corn, the middle-sized sack held wheat and the little wee sack held oats. So they carried the sacks to the fields and planted the grain—the corn in the great big field, the wheat in the middle-sized field, and the oats in the little wee field, and then they went away and left it to grow. And the grain, it grew and grew and grew and grew and grew and grew and grew and grew, helped by the rain and the sun and the dew, and after many days it got ripe—the corn in the great big field, the wheat in the middle-sized field, and the oats in the little wee field.

Then, one morning Farmer Green said, “Dick have you seen how well the grain has grown? Why, it is ready for the miller to grind into flower and meal to make the children’s bread. Let us go and gather it.”

So they hitched the horses to the big farm wagon and Farmer Green and Dick got in and drove to the fields. First, they stopped at the great big field and gathered all the corn, and then they stopped at the middle-sized field and gathered all the wheat, and then they stopped at the little wee field and gathered all the oats, and they carried it to the barn and stored it all away—the corn from the great big field, the wheat from the middle-sized field, and the oats from the little wee field.

“There, now,” said Farmer Green, “that’s what I call fine grain, and it is ready for the miller now to grind into flour and meal to make the children’s bread—Perhaps the little Gipsy boy will get some ground from this very grain that grew in the great big field, the middle-sized field and the little wee field.”

The Miller

Thursday

I HOPE you do not think the grain stayed in Farmer Green’s barn all the time! No, indeed, for if it did, how would we ever get any bread, I’d just like to know—you or I or Joe-Boy? No,

The farmer must plant and the miller must grind,
Or there wouldn’t be bread of any kind;

For how could the grocer get it to sell?—
Flour and meal, I can not tell;
And how would the mother get it to bake?
How would she ever make bread and cake?—
If the farmer did not plant the grain,
And the miller grind over and over again.
Yes, the farmer must plant and the miller must grind,
Or there wouldn't be bread of any kind.

So I guess you know where Farmer Green and Dick were going one morning in the big wagon, when they rolled through the wide gate and down the big road with a wagon load of grain—corn and wheat and oats. They were on their way to the mill, which stood on the banks of the hurrying river, and the horses walked slowly, because the load was very heavy.

The miller came out of his mill to meet them, and his hat was white, and his coat was white, and his shoes were white—white with the dust of the flour and meal, for all day long, from morn till night, the miller worked in his mill, grinding the golden grain.

"I am glad to see you, Farmer Green," he said. "What have you there for me to grind today? I have many letters from the merchants in town asking for bags of meal and flour. What do you suppose they would do without us, anyway—those town people?"

"I can not tell you, sir," said Farmer Green, "for people must eat, you know. But I have brought you a load of very fine grain—this corn you may grind into golden meal, this wheat into pure white flour, and these oats into oatmeal flakes—'twill make a fine dish with milk, I'm sure, for it was planted with the greatest care."

"Yes," said the miller, as he peeped into the wagon, "and the meal from this corn will make good cornbread, and the flour from this wheat will make good buscuit—of that I'm very sure! Because everything that comes from your farm is extra good and fine."

"Thank you very much," said Farmer Green, with a smile, "Dick and I always do our best."

And then—well, if you have never been in an old-fashioned water mill, I wish you had been there to watch the miller grind the grain; it was a beautiful sight! Most mills are turned by steam these days, you know, but this one the waterdrops turned, and just as soon as the miller

opened the water-gate and let them in,—through the race they dashed with a rush to the wheel, and turned it quickly over, singing their gay little song:

“We push you, wheel,
To help you turn,
To grind the flour and meal;
Merrily, merrily, over so,
Faster and faster you go.”

And while they sang at their work at the wheel, the miller sang at his work in the mill. First he untied the sack of corn and poured it into the hopper, and as the corn slipped down, down beneath the heavy millstones, it was ground into fine, soft meal, which soon filled the trough below. So the miller brought his sacks and filled them full of the meal—all ready for market, you know, and when all the corn had been ground, then he filled the hopper with wheat, and quickly it, too, passed beneath the heavy millstones and was soon ground into flour, and put into sacks for sale.

Last of all, the busy miller poured the oats into the hopper and it was ground into the brown oatmeal flakes, which every child likes to eat.

And so all of the grain was ground—the corn and the wheat and the oats, and the miller shut up the water-gate, and the mill wheel stopped, very slowly, because there were no little waterdrops to push, you know. But there were the sacks of meal and flour, and the next day they were sent to a store in the very same town where Joe-Boy lived, and—only guess! Joe-Boy’s mother bought some! And I’ll tell you what she made out of it—tomorrow.

The Kindergarten Lunch

Friday

THE next day while Joe-Boy was at kindergarten, Mother Gipsy went to the kitchen with one of her very merriest smiles, and she said to the big, fat cook:

“Betty, I’m going to surprise the children at kindergarten today, and send them a nice, dainty lunch. You know Joe-Boy has been telling them so much about the cow that I thought maybe they would like to taste the milk and see what nice milk Lady Cow gives. But, of course, there

must be something nice for them to eat with the milk, so I have planned to send them oatmeal, and something else, made from the flour and meal I got from the grocer yesterday. It was so fresh and nice, and right from the mill, he said. Let me see," said Mother Gipsy, "what shall we make? Oh, now I know, the very thing! There are twenty children in the kindergarten, and from the flour we will make twenty little biscuits, just the size of a silver dollar, and from the meal we will make twenty little pones of cornbread, just about the size—the size—the size of Father Gipsy's thumb! And then we'll have twenty little dishes of oatmeal and twenty mugs of milk—why, that will be the finest kind of lunch, and so much fun, don't you think so?"

"Y-e-s, indeed, ma'am," said Betty, "it'll be a power of fun for de chillun! I ken see Joe-Boy's eyes a-dancing right now; but me and you—we'd better set to work if we gwine to make all a them dollar biscuit and thum pones o' bread!"

You see, Betty didn't know how to talk, in just the best way, but she was very kind anyway, and pretty soon she and Mother Gipsy were hard at work. Such another sifting and beating and rolling of meal and flour into dough you never saw, and by and by the twenty little biscuits and the twenty little pones of bread were all ready to go into the stove, while the oatmeal steamed away in the double boiler.

"Now they are done," said Mother Gipsy, as she opened the stove door—"such a beautiful, golden brown; my! Won't the children be happy?"

And then she packed them all away in the big lunch basket while Betty got the waiter and fixed the mugs and the dishes and the spoons and the pitcher of milk all ready for the oatmeal, you know. And then they went to the kindergarten and knocked at the door. And my, me! didn't those kindergarten children smile when they saw that lunch! They were so surprised they didn't know what to do! And, sure enough, Joe-Boy's eyes danced just as Betty said they would when he saw the twenty little biscuits and the twenty little pones of bread, and the twenty little dishes of oatmeal and the twenty little mugs of milk! Yes, they danced and danced and danced, and while the children ate the kindergarten teacher told them all about the farm where Lady Cow came from, and about Farmer Green who had planted the grain, and about the miller who had ground the corn and wheat and oats into flour and meal, and about the grocer who had sold some to Mother Gipsy, and how busily

she and Betty had worked to bake for them the twenty little biscuits and the twenty little pones of bread, and the oatmeal flakes so brown—which every child likes to eat. And then the children gave five claps as a “thank you,”—a clap for Farmer Green, a clap for the miller, a clap for the grocer and a clap for Mother Gipsy and Betty. And so everybody had the nicest time!

Don't you wish you'd been there?

Program for Seventh Week—Food

Lady Cow's Butter

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Have you ever seen butter made? How was it made? (Let cream be stirred in a bowl that children may see the formation of butter.)

Play: “Churning.” Take some to grandmother, gather nuts, etc., when returning.

Gift: Second. Use cylinder for the churns. Have a toy churn, and real cream, for each child to use in turn.

Occupation: Modelling or cardboard construction. Make a churn.

The Little Sick Girl

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: What do you like best to drink for breakfast? What do you suppose is best to make little children grow strong—milk or coffee? Then, which would you rather drink? Listen while I tell you about a cow that helped a little sick girl.

Play: Cloverfield, sunbeams, raindrops, mother, sick child, farmer. (Dramatize the story.)

Gift: Tiles.—Represent the clover field with beaded pegs.

Occupation: Parquetry circles or free cutting. Clover leaves. Older children—water color leaf and blossom.

Farmer Green's Grain

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Show grains of corn, wheat and oats. Do you like oatmeal? Do you know which one of these seeds it is made of? Do you remember all about Farmer Green and Dick

and the little sister cotton seeds? I have another story about Farmer Green, and some seeds like these we have looked at. (Story.)

Game: Would you know how does the farmer?" (emphasize threshing).

Gift: 8th.—Sticks—Outline the three fields (emphasize dimensions).

Occupation: Shell corn, thresh wheat and oats. Fold bin, to hold seed, ready for mill.

The Miller

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Take the children to visit a mill. If not possible, show picture of a mill, wheel, hopper and stones, also of grain product. Relate story for the day.

Game: "Merry little river."

Gift: Fourth. Mill sequence. (Construct a toy mill wheel and show its action.)

Occupation: Folding. Sacks filled with meal, flour and oatmeal.

The Kindergarten Lunch

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: What is made from cornmeal? Flour? Oatmeal? Would you like to hear about the party Mother Gipsy gave the kindergarten children? (Relate story.)

Game: Mill.—Sell the flour to the grocer, and buy for Joe-Boy.

Gift: Period. Bake biscuit and cakes.

Occupation: Period. Picnic lunch.

Eighth Week

Joe-Boy's Letter

Civil Relationships—Postman, Policeman, Fireman, Doctor, Preacher.

Monday—Postman

NEXT to Joe-Boy's kindergarten teacher, there were five friends that he loved very much indeed, and I must not forget to tell you about them. You may count them on your fingers, beginning with your thumb, as I tell you their names: The postman, the policeman, the fireman, the doctor and the preacher. He loved them, every one, and because he loved them he had made each one of them something

pretty at kindergarten—and they have them now, so I am told. He had known the postman longer than any of the others, because, you see, he had been bringing letters and papers to Joe-Boy's house ever since it had been built, and that was before Joe-Boy learned to walk, you know. No weather had been too hot or too cold or too wet or too windy for the postman to come, two times every day, so Joe-Boy had learned to love and watch for his cheery whistle, as he came hurrying down the street with his big leather mail sack stuffed full of letters for all the people. It was always Joe-Boy who ran to the gate to meet him and get the letters and papers, and he always asked the postman the very same question, with a most wistful little smile on his face: "Is there any letter for me today, Mr. Postman?"

And always the postman would look through his sack very carefully before he shook his head and said, "Not today, my little man, but here is one for your mother and a paper for your father. Won't that do?"

So Joe-Boy would take the mail and run into the house to Mother Gipsy, but he wanted to get a letter for his very own so much he didn't know what to do, and he kept wondering why somebody did not write him one. But the postman always had a smile for Joe-Boy, anyway, and they grew to be the best of friends as the days went by. Sometimes when it was very warm Joe-Boy would have a glass of cool water waiting for the postman, when he came, and if it was very cold weather, why, he would always ask him to come in and warm, though, of course, the postman couldn't do that, because the people were waiting for their letters, you know, and he did not have time to stop. Then, when Joe-Boy had started to kindergarten, the postman was the very first one he told about it, and he made him a red basket with a gold handle to it, too, and the postman thought that was most beautiful. And one day, not so very long after that, the postman stopped in front of Joe-Boy's gate and blew and blew and blew his whistle—so loud and long and merry that Joe-Boy dropped his linen picture book on the steps in a hurry and ran with a skip and a hop to the gate. And when he said, "Is there any letter for me today, Mr. Postman?" why, the postman took his sack down from his shoulder and said very slowly, "L-e-t m-e s-e-e," as he looked through his sack. And then he pulled out a big, fat letter and said, "Why, to be sure, this letter must be for you! It reads, 'Master Joe Boy Gipsy.'" Then the postman laughed and Joe-Boy laughed as he took his letter and skipped to

the house to bring it to Betty and Mother Gipsy—such a happy, happy boy, because he had a letter.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! mother, I did get a letter!" he said; "open it quickly and read me what it says. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

And when Mother Gipsy opened it, just you guess whom it was from? No, indeed, it wasn't his grandmother, and it wasn't his grandfather, and it wasn't his uncle, nor his aunt, nor his cousin—it was none of these. Why, it was from the postman himself! Now, wasn't that funny? And the letter said:

"Dear Joe-Boy:

"I write you this letter to tell you that I love you. I thank you very much for the cool water you sometimes give me and for the pretty red basket, too. I wish I were like you, and could go to kindergarten every day. It must be great fun.

"I haven't time to write you any more now.

As ever, your friend, "THE POSTMAN."

How the Policeman Helped Joe-Boy

Tuesday—Policeman

JOE-BOY was so very proud of his letter that he almost wore it out carrying it around with him. And, of course, he took it to kindergarten the very next day, because he wanted the children to see it. The kindergarten teacher read it to them, while Joe-Boy smiled and smiled and smiled, and the children thought it was a very nice letter indeed, and everybody wanted to play "postman" right away! So the teacher sang them a pretty song about a postman while they played the game, and everybody in the circle got letters, and they had such a nice time reading them to one another. Then when they went to the table they built mail boxes and mail trains and answered their letters, folding pretty envelopes to send them off in, so you see they had a merry time of it, playing "postman."

After kindergarten, when Joe-Boy started home, he held his precious letter tight in his hand, because he was afraid he might lose it, you know, and every once in a while he would stop and peep into the envelope to see if it was still there. Then he thought he would like to read it again, so he pulled it out and was walking slowly down the street, reading—as he had sometimes seen Father Gipsy do—and all at once, before he

knew it, somebody ran up behind him and snatched the letter right out of his hand,—o-oh! And when Joe-Boy turned round to see, there stood Billy Sanders—a great big boy, and he held the letter away up high, so Joe-Boy couldn't reach it, and then he said, "It's mine now! Oh, yes, it's mine now! I'd just like to see you get it! Jump, sonny, jump!"

But Billy Sanders wasn't a kindergarten boy,—oh, no, indeed! I don't think Billy went to any school, and he wasn't a kind boy, either, because when Joe-Boy said, "Oh, Billy, Billy, do please give me my letter! It's mine, Billy; the postman brought it to me!" Billy only laughed and shook his head as he held the letter up, higher still, and said:

"No, sir! this is my letter now, and you'll never get it any more! I'm going to run home and lock it up in my trunk."

And then Billy ran around the corner just as fast as he could go, and took the letter with him, and Joe-Boy couldn't catch him. But somebody else did, yes, sir! For just as Billy dashed around the corner he ran *right* into the arms of a big, fat policeman, and the policeman held him very tight, and Billy wriggled and wriggled and wriggled, but he couldn't get away. And then the policeman saw the letter and he thought something was wrong, so he said, "Hi there, Billy! What makes you run around street corners like a steam engine, knocking into people on the sidewalks? That's no way for a gentleman to do! What letter is that you have in your hand?"

And then Billy hung his head and said, "It's mine." Wasn't that dreadful? But the policeman said: "Just hand it here and let me see, please. Why, Billy, this is no letter of yours! It reads, on the envelope, 'Master Joe-Boy Gipsy.' I hope you haven't been doing anything wrong, for I only like brave, true boys to live in our town. Come right along with me, sir, and let me see about this letter."

And Billy didn't want to go, very much, but the policeman held his hand, and when they got around the corner there stood dear little Joe-Boy, trying his very best not to cry—because he wanted to be a brave boy, you know. And as soon as the policeman saw Joe-Boy he knew right away Billy had taken the letter from him, and he felt very much ashamed that big boys like Billy would take things away from little boys and then tell stories about it, too—that was most dreadful!

So the big policeman looked at Billy very hard, and he said, "Now, Billy, you just hand that letter over to Joe-Boy right this very minute, and don't you ever let me hear of you doing such mean things any more!"

And then Billy handed that letter over to Joe-Boy in a hurry, and he felt very much ashamed of himself, too. And when Joe-Boy had his letter again his eyes got full of sunshine, and he said, "Oh, thank you, Billy, I wanted my letter so much!" And then he ran off home and told Mother Gipsy all about it.

"That was too bad," said Mother Gipsy, "but I'm sure you are glad we have such good, kind policemen in our town, to help people do the right things. You can always go to them, when you get into trouble on the streets. I hope you did not forget to thank him for helping you?"

"I just thanked Billy," said Joe-Boy, "but tomorrow, when I see him, I won't forget."

And sure enough he didn't, for the very next morning, as he went to kindergarten, he saw the policeman, and then he thanked him. And the policeman smiled and smiled, and that is how they got to be such good friends, for after that Joe-Boy always called him "my policeman."

How Lady Cow Was Saved

Wednesday—Fireman

THE fire engine house was on the next block from Joe-Boy's house, and, of course, when the fire alarm rang he was one of the very first to see the large strong horses dash out with the engine and wagons and gallop away to fight the fire. Often, at kindergarten, Joe-Boy played "fireman" with the other children, and that was almost as much fun as being a truly true fireman. Sometimes he would be one of the horses to dash off at the first tap of the bell and sometimes he would be a part of one of the long wagons and sometimes he would be one of the firemen to run up the ladders or throw the water from the hose pipes over the burning house.

But one day the children had a happy, happy time, because the kindergarten teacher took them all to the fire engine house, and let them see everything! There were the shining engines which the firemen kept so clean and bright, and the hose wagons and the hook and ladder wagon and the brave white horses, standing right under the harness, all ready to be buckled in, at the first tap of the bell. They knew as well as the firemen did what it meant to do their very best, and, I tell you, they could run! Upstairs were all of the iron beds where the firemen slept, and near by was the big brass pole that they had to slide down when the fire alarm rang in the night. They did not have time to come down

steps, you know—no, indeed, that was too slow for a fireman! He would just hold to the brass pole and down he would come in a twink! One of the firemen showed Joe-Boy just how he did it, and then Joe-Boy wanted to slide down, too, and the fireman helped him up two or three times and let him slide all the way down. Wasn't that kind of a fireman? Joe-Boy thought he was the very best one in all the world. And I will tell you why. One night—away late in the night—Mrs. Gipsy waked up, hearing people running and some one shouting, "Fire! fire! fire!" And then she heard the fire alarm ring out, "Ding-dong! ding-dong! ding-dong!" and then she knew there was a fire somewhere, and it sounded like the people running to her house. So she shook Mr. Gipsy to wake him, and they both ran to the window and threw open the blinds to look out, and then Mr. Gipsy said, "Goodness me! I do believe our barn is on fire! See how bright it is in our yard! Lady Cow and her brown baby will be burned up, I'm afraid—what shall we do?"

"No," said Mrs. Gipsy, "there come the fire engines and we need not be afraid, because the firemen will put out the fire, I know, before it burns the barn very much."

And, sure enough, just at that moment the strong white horses dashed into the yard with a gallop, and the brave firemen, dressed in their rubber clothes, were soon fighting the flames. Some of them threw a large stream of water over the barn and some of them ran up the ladders, and others watched the sparks to keep them from putting Joe-Boy's house on fire when they fell on the roof. When the fire was all out Joe-Boy waked up, and he was so surprised when he saw the big fire wagons standing in the yard; and Father Gipsy wrapped a big shawl around him and carried him to the barn to thank the firemen for putting out the fire. And the very first thing he said was:

"Oh, oh, oh, where is Lady Cow and her brown baby?" Then the fire chief said, "Look over there under the tree, Joe-Boy, and you will see the friend who went through the smoke and flames to bring your cow and calf safely out of the burning stable."

And when Joe-Boy looked where the fire chief pointed, guess whom he saw? The very same fireman who had held him and let him slide down the brass pole the day the kindergarten children visited the fire engine house. And now he had saved Lady Cow and her brown baby from burning up, so you may know how very much Joe-Boy loved him after that.

"Well," said Mother Gipsy, when they had all gotten back to bed, "I do not know what we would do without firemen to help in our towns, Why, just suppose our pretty home had caught on fire, too, and burned to the ground! Wouldn't that be most dreadful?"

"Yes, indeed," said Father Gipsy, "and I am very thankful that the firemen put out the fire before the barn was burned down. Only the top was hurt, and tomorrow we must have a new roof put on it, or Lady Cow and her brown baby will have no where to sleep."

So the next day the workmen came and soon a new roof was fixed and the barn looked as good as new.

And, you know, Lady Cow was glad of that!

Joe-Boy And The Doctor

Thursday—The Doctor

ONE morning when Charlotte Anne came to kindergarten she said, "Only guess, my birthday comes in seven days, and then I will be five years old, and mother is going to send some ice cream and my birthday cake to kindergarten, and then all the children will have some."

Then everybody smiled and clapped their hands and begged Charlotte Anne to tell them whom she was going to choose for her birthday king. But Charlotte Anne wouldn't tell, oh, no! not for anything, because that was to be a surprise. Birthdays at kindergarten were the very happiest days of all. If it was a girl's birthday, why, she was called the birthday queen, and she chose one of the boys to be her birthday king, and there was a pretty birthday throne for them to sit on, while all the other children were called the "love fairies" and worked to make the king and queen have a happy day. They would make a beautiful crown and chain for them to wear, and carried it to them with a pretty birthday song, and after the king and queen had skipped with everyone, then came the time for the birthday lunch, when there was always something nice to eat. So that is why the children were so happy when Charlotte Anne told them her birthday was coming in only seven days. When Joe-Boy went home he told Mother Gipsy all about it, and then he said, "Oh, mother, I do hope Charlotte Anne will choose me for her birthday king, because I never have been a king yet—do you guess she will?"

"We can't tell," said Mother Gipsy, "we must wait and see, but.

anyway, you will be sure to have a merry time in helping Charlott Anne to have a happy birthday. You can help make the crown and chain."

But, dear me! just three days before Charlotte Anne's birthday Joe-Boy waked up in the morning sick—and he was so sick he couldn't get up, because his head felt queer—just as yours does when you get sick; and his hands were hot and he had a fever. Oh, wasn't that too bad, when it was only three days till Charlotte Anne's birthday? Just suppose he shouldn't get well in time to go! Mother Gipsy said, "Well, I'll go and bring your breakfast, and you may eat it in bed, and then maybe you will feel better."

So she took her prettiest silver waiter, and she got a glass of Lady Cow's fresh milk, and one of the speckled hen's eggs, and a nice little piece of brown toast—and a pink rosebud—that was to make the waiter look nice, you know. And then she carried it to Joe-Boy, but though he tried his very best, he couldn't eat a thing!

"Well, well," said Father Gipsy, "when boys can't eat a dainty breakfast like that, something's wrong, and the best thing I know to do is to send for the doctor. Maybe he can get you well in time to go to the birthday. Do you think you can take any medicine?"

Well, Joe-Boy said he would surely try, because he just must get well in time to go to kindergarten on Charlotte Anne's birthday, so away Father Gipsy went to the doctor's office, and pretty soon his buggy was at the door—the dearest, merriest doctor that you ever saw, with eyes that twinkled and twinkled ever time he looked at you. He hung his high, shiny hat on the rack and then he said, "Where's the little boy that *thinks* he's sick? I have all kinds of sugar coated pills and fine tasting medicine—pink and yellow and black and white—to make a sick boy well."

Then the very first thing he did was to feel Joe-Boy's pulse—you know what that is—and then he said, "Yes, this is a sick pulse; it beats a little too fast." And then next he said, "Let me see your tongue; yes, that's a sick tongue, too; it is a little too white. I'll try the little fever man now, and see what he says; open your mouth." And when Joe-Boy opened his mouth the doctor put a pretty little glass tube, called a thermometer, in his mouth, and let it stay two minutes and a half, and when he took it out he said, "Yes, the little fever man says you are too hot and need some medicine to make you cooler. Do you know what a miller is?"

And Joe-Boy smiled and said, "Yes, the miller grinds up Farmer Green's corn and wheat and oats."

"Ah," said the doctor, and his eyes twinkled and twinkled, "why, I didn't think you knew! Very good, then I can tell you what is the matter with you. There is a queer little miller who lives down in your stomach, whose business it is to grind up very fine everything you eat—so that it can be changed into rich, red blood. But you have been giving *your* little miller something that was too hard for him to grind and it has made him sick, you see. So that is the reason you do not feel very well today. But never mind, I have some white powders here that will make the little miller well—if you can swallow them. Do you think you can give him one every two hours?"

"Yes," said Joe-Boy, smiling, "if it will make him well by Friday—because I must go to Charlotte Anne's birthday party then."

"And of course you don't want to carry a sick miller with you to the party," said the doctor with one of his twinkles, "that would never do! Well, well, we will give him the powders, and you mustn't let him do any work today, but have a good, long rest, and I feel sure you will be all right for the birthday party."

Then he fixed up the paper for Mother Gipsy to send to the drug store for the powders, and put on his high, shiny hat and away he went to see some more sick people. And when he stepped into his buggy, why, he had a little pink rose bud in his hand. Now, where do you suppose he got it?

Well, Joe-Boy took the powders, one every two hours, and sure enough the little miller got well and Joe-Boy went to kindergarten on Friday; and the children were so glad, and everybody wanted him to be the birthday king, because he had been sick and he had never been a king, and then they loved him so! And when the time came Charlotte Anne chose Joe-Boy to be her birthday king, and he was so happy he danced all the way home to tell Mother Gipsy about it. So now you can guess why Joe-Boy loved the doctor.

Joe-Boy In Church

Friday—The Preacher

THERE was a grand and beautiful church between Joe-Boy's house and the kindergarten. Its steeple was so high it seemed to reach almost to the very sky with its shining weather-vane, that told which way the wind blew. There, too, was the big bell, whose rich

tones rang out far and near—"ding dong, ding dong, ding dong." Charlotte Anne said that meant "Come to church, good people; come to church, good people; come to church, good people."

The stone steps which led up to the large double doors were very long and very high and very many. Often and often Joe-Boy had wondered about the church, and longed to go inside. Once he sat on the bottom step just a minute, but Charlotte Anne said they must not go any further, because it was God's house and only big people went inside. But one day when Joe-Boy was passing the church by himself he heard music—such beautiful, beautiful music—and it came right out of the church. Joe-Boy stopped still and listened, and it grew sweeter and sweeter—sometimes loud and joyous like wind and sunshine among forest trees, then softer and softer like the ripple of a tiny stream, until he thought it had quite gone away, when it would swell out again and echo its grand, sweet song. Joe-Boy listened and listened, and then before he knew it he had climbed the big stone steps to the very top, crossed the old stone porch and stood before the great double doors—but they were closed tight, and though he tried and tried he could not reach the latch.

"Oh, if I only could!" said Joe-Boy, "then I could see inside." And while he stood there tiptoe, somebody ran up the steps—the man who preached in the church—and when he saw Joe-Boy at the doors he was very much surprised, and didn't frown one bit; only smiled a pleasant smile as he took Joe-Boy's hand in his and said, "Why-er, how do you do, sir? Did you come to church today?"

"No," said Joe-Boy, with his shy little smile, "Charlotte Anne says this is God's house and only big folks come here. But I'm just listening to His music. Will God care?"

"Why, no!" said the preacher, "to be sure God won't care! And what's more, Charlotte Anne is mistaken about only big people coming here. To be sure it *is* God's house, but He wants everybody to come, and the little people most of all. So come right in with me now; I'm sorry this isn't church day and you can't see all the people when they sing, but I'll show you everything else, anyway. Would you like to come?"

Joe-Boy slipped his hand into the preacher's, and pushing the double doors open, hand in hand they walked slowly down the broad

aisle. And yes, there was the very place where the music came from—Joe-Boy saw that first of all—such a great, great organ, with its gilded pipes reaching away up to the ceiling, and on the organ bench sat a man playing the music that Joe-Boy thought so beautiful. The preacher nodded his head to him with a smile, and said, "Keep on playing while we look around." And as they walked Joe-Boy's eyes filled with wonder. Never before had he seen so many, many benches! Surely enough for everybody,—big people and little people, too, thought Joe-Boy. And windows and windows and windows, where the beautiful light crept through, and fell on walls and carpet, in all of the rainbow colors. That was almost as beautiful as the music. Then they climbed the altar steps, and Joe-Boy sat in one of the big chairs, while the preacher showed him the great big Bible, that told all about the Christ-child.

"Mother has a book that tells about Him, too," said Joe-Boy, "but it isn't so large as that." Then the preacher took him through a little door that led into the Sunday School room, and that looked so much like a big kindergarten that Joe-Boy said, "Oh-o, I didn't know God had this kind of a room in His house." "Yes," said the preacher, "this is the very room we keep for the children, so you see little folks do come here, and I hope you will come often. When you go home be sure and tell your mother about it, and ask her to come with you."

"All right," said Joe-Boy, "and I'll go right now, and I will tell Charlotte Anne, too, because she doesn't know."

Then away skipped Joe-Boy down the aisle and through the doorway in such a big hurry to tell Mother Gipsy about the preacher and God's house.

Of course Mother Gipsy was glad for him to go, so on the very next Sunday when the big bell from the high church steeple rang out, "Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong! Come to church, good people; come to church, good people; come to church, good people!" Why, Father Gipsy and Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy all went, and when the preacher saw Joe-Boy he just smiled and smiled, because he was *so* glad to see him there. And after that they went every Sunday, and sometimes the preacher came to Joe-Boy's house to see him, and sometimes Joe-Boy went to the preacher's house to see him, and they grew to be the very best of friends.

Program for Eighth Week

The Postman

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games—Who brings letters to the house? Where does he get them? Do you ever get one? Did you know Joe-Boy got a letter? Guess who wrote it. Listen and see.

Song and game—"Postman."

Gift—Sixth, (large blocks). Build postoffice. Use mail boxes made of pasteboard.

Occupation—Folding letters and envelopes.

The Policeman

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games—Who stays awake all night, walks up and down the streets and watches to see that no harm comes to the people while they sleep? Who stands at the street corner in town and keeps people from being run over when they cross the street? What is the best thing you ever knew a policeman to do?

March—Policeman going to roll call.

Play—Policeman at street corner.

Gift—Building blocks and tablets, and such other material as needed to represent buildings, streets, crossings, etc., in city.

Occupation—Make policeman's hat or coat with brass buttons.

The Fireman

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games—What should we do if our house caught on fire? Did you ever go inside an engine house? Did you see the harness for the horses? Where were they? Do you know how long after the bell rings before the horses are harnessed and out of the engine house?

Play—Fireman.

Gift—Sixth. Build engine house.

Occupation—Folding and cutting engine house; or, drawing. The child's own idea of the whole scene.

The Doctor

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games—Do you know of anybody who spends all his time trying to make sick people well? Do you like to have the doctor come to see you? Why? Joe-Boy loved his doctor very, very much, and I will tell you about it.

Play—Dramatize story.

Gift—Fifth. Each child one-third of the gift. Bed room furniture. Play the whole story.

Sense game—"Tasting."

Occupation—Modeling. Pills, bottles, boxes.

The Preacher

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games—Where did you hear the most beautiful music you ever heard? Where the most beautiful singing? Did you ever hear this? (Play Schubert's Serenade.) How do you like it? Shall I tell you about Joe-Boy and the music.

Play—First Gift, balls (long string). "Church bells."

Gift—Sixth. Belfry, organ, pews.

Occupation—Folding organ. Paper cutting, bell from silver paper.



MAGAZINE READINGS.

St. Nicholas for October contained a biography of Mrs. Dodge, of interest to us all.

The *Century* for October—Miss Carl, the artist so long resident, who painted the portrait of the Chinese Empress, tells of impressions of this so little known power behind the throne.

Good House-keeping for November—Edwin Markham writes upon "My Experiences with Boys."

The November *Delineator*—Second paper on "Education for Life Through Living," by Superintendent Maxwell, of the New York Public Schools.

Manual Training Magazine for October—"Industrial Training in Public Evening Schools," by Charles F. Warner.

Outlook, October 21—"The Visiting Nurse and the Nurses' Settlement," Mary Buell Sayles.

McClure's for November—Reminiscences of Carl Schurz.

PROGRAM FOR 1905-06.

CAROLINE W. BARBOUR.

GENERAL SUBJECT FOR NOVEMBER—*Preparation for Winter.*

The social and nature activities which are necessary in order to meet the season's conditions. The necessity for food provision (see "b" of October plan).

THE social, or family, side of this plan will deal with mother's work in the home, putting up fruit and filling pantry and cellar with good things to last through the winter. The relation between our home needs and the grocer, the miller and the farmer, who supply them, will be developed through tracing back to their source, the fruits and grains we use.

In the nature world about us we will see how the "little folk" of out-of-doors obey the same law of foresight and store away suitable provision for themselves ere winter comes. The bees have their "markets" and "pantries." The squirrels work busily to store away nuts and corn "for many a winter's day."

Motive: To develop the Thanksgiving idea. To the very little child, the reason for giving thanks seems to be more clearly realized through its most *concrete expression*: the abundance of good things, a world of *plenty* all about him at this time. The groceries and fruit-stands are full to overflowing. Our cellars are full of fruits and vegetables. The farmer and miller have had a share in it all. And *all* is the result of work—co-operation. The good times at our family Thanksgiving party, the kindergarten songs and games, the prayer-song introduced for the first time, all help to give the child a sense of the gladness and thankfulness which come from each one having done his share.

"Twin-born out of the recognition that all things are working together for him, spring into life the child's gratitude and his sense of responsibility. For this universal service shall not his heart return love and thanks? In a world where all things work shall he alone be idle?"—*Symbolic Education*, pp. 186-187.

First Phase: Preserving and storing away food in our homes. Buying fruits and vegetables of the grocer. Trains and boats which bring fruits to the grocer.

In nature, the work of the bees, putting honey away in their bee-hive "pantries."

Second Phase: Where we get the fruits and grains. Work of the miller, and of the farmer in his orchards and fields. Emphasize well-stocked barns, and the many bags of grain, barrels of flour and boxes of vegetables sent to us from the country.

In nature, the need for squirrels to work, searching busily for nuts and corn. How and where they store their food.

Third Phase: Preparation for the real Thanksgiving party which the children plan for their mothers.

Dramatic Games: Squirrel games; farmer working in field and orchard; Little Miss Muffett.

General Games: Jolly-is-the-Miller. Farmer-in-the-Dell.

Racing Games: (a) Children starting from, and racing to, same point.
(b) Trying to place potatoes or balls and returning to place.

Ball Game: Rolling big ball at children's feet; alertness in trying to avoid being touched.

Rhythmic Games: Running and racing on tip-toes. Recall and develop several rhythmic skips, i. e., run-run-run-hop; toe-toe-run-run-run.

Skipping Game: "Come, come, skip with me;
Put your hands in mine-oh!
Heel—toe! away we go!
Skipping, skipping so!"

Interpreting train motions—slow, fast, slow.

"Instrumental Sketches," K. Montz.

Finger Plays: "This is the bee-hive."—Poulsion:

"Five little squirrels sitting in a tree,
First one says, 'What do I see?'
Second one says, 'I see a gun!'
Third one says, 'Oh, what fun!'
Fourth one says, 'Let's hide in the shade.'
Fifth one says, 'Who's afraid?'
BANG! went the gun, and away they all run!"

Songs: "Lullaby"—Gaynor No. 2, p. 26 (a beautiful resume of October's nature-work. "The Bee"—Small Songs for Small Singers.—Niedlinger; "Mr. Duck and Mr. Turkey."—Niedlinger; "Harvest of Squirrel and Bee."—Gaynor No. 1; "Winter Forethought."—Hill; "God's Care of All Things."—Hill; "Thanksgiving Song" (last two verses)—Gaynor No. 1.

Prayer song (to music of the third verse "The Church."—Gaynor No. 1.

"O Lord, we bow our heads in prayer,
We thank Thee that the day is here.
We thank Thee for the sunshine bright
That through our windows sends its light."

Prayer song to be developed by listening to the music, which is very beautiful and stately, real church music. After the children know this simple prayer, add "God's Care of All Things."

Rhymes: Mother Goose. Peter Pepper. The Rhyme of the Jelly (see page 184). Lollipops' Thanksgiving.—O. M. Long.

Stories: Frisky, Frolic and Bushy-Tail; Stories of Farm Life; children's narratives; "Little Wee Pumpkin's Thanksgiving."—p. 75 Mother Goose Village. Ceres and Persephone.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS FOR NOVEMBER 1 TO 10.

Mother's work at home, putting up fruit, making jellies, preserves and sauces. Work of the grocer in supplying the fruits and vegetables. The freight trains and lake boats which bring them to the grocer and so to us. A literal experience in buying and putting up fruit for our own Thanksgiving party will give the children quite a definite idea of foresight, planning ahead for a *future* use. The simple sequence of activities tracing back to sources of supply will be carried out through "The Rhyme of the Jelly."

Nature phase will be "the busy bee at work all day." Where does it get honey, and what kind of pantries does it have? Observation, also, of weather conditions will be continued, noting all that is happening in November.

Suggestions for Table-Work: Excursions to grocer to buy apples and cranberries. Making apple and cranberry sauce. (The children can do this very satisfactorily, putting up enough to serve their mothers and each other at their Thanksgiving party. The concrete ideas gained of work done for a *not-immediate* purpose can be developed through this actual doing as in no other way.)

Construction: Spool box pantries, with shelves and doors; rolls of intertwining "jelly jars" within. Freight trains of bits of wood and wire, spool smoke-stacks; all painted red and black.

Building Gifts: Trains; freight stations; groceries; wagons for delivery; stoves and cupboards. Large blocks on the floor to play freight train and boats.

Picture-Work: Folding, cutting and crayoning trains, boats, grocery wagons; painting different kinds of fruits and vegetables; blackboard drawing of any or all these subjects. (Children can start pasting picture-books for some Children's Home or Hospital to be sent at Thanksgiving time.)

SPECIAL SUBJECTS FOR NOVEMBER 13 TO 24.

The next steps in tracing back the apples, etc., lead us to the work of the farmer in his orchard. The tracing back is simpler in thought if some one fruit is used, such as the apple which we have had in our literal work. Then the growing trees, the care of the orchard, the picking and packing in boxes and barrels for shipping, will be taken up step by step. Or work may be done with the grains, especially corn and wheat, and the farmer's care again emphasized. Then would come the miller's work and the storing of grains in mill and elevator until needed by the people "in our town." "This is how we plough the fields" (p. 21 Children's Singing Games—Hofer) can be adapted to play out, very simply, all these activities. (See story, "The Harvest," in October KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE.—EDITOR.)

The nature phase will be the squirrel's work, which is to provide nuts and grain for its winter store. The final signs of winter's coming will be noticed in observation of out-door conditions.

Suggestions for Table Work:

Constructions: Chickweed in second gift cylinders, or sand table makes fine forests for cut-out gray squirrels to work or play in. Also with chickweed and beads selected for apple colors, a good orchard can be made in *group-work*, fencing in fields and making quite a realistic farm. Cut-out farmers, with wagons, baskets and ladders, give opportunity to play out the process of fruit-gathering. Mills can be made of cardboard, with pin wheels fastened to side so they will go. Barns and bins of tough wrapping papers can be filled with real hay and grains. Large blocks and sand table used for farm-making.

Building Gifts: Barns, bins and fences about fields.

Picture Work: Fine chance for large, definite blackboard drawing of "orchard, with trees in a row," picturing whole story of farmer up the ladder gathering apples, etc. Ditto with paints and crayons.

Clay: Used freely; and for making nuts; "action stories" of squirrel running, climbing and sitting down to eat nuts.

SPECIAL SUBJECT FOR NOVEMBER 27 TO 29.

Preparation for the kindergarten Thanksgiving party given by the children to their mothers. Apple sauce and cranberry sauce have been prepared and are ready. Crackers, on which to serve them, for this is to be a very simple party, must be bought from the grocer. Invitations, suggestive of Thanksgiving, must be made and carried home to the mothers. Table mats in brilliant autumn colorings, and napkins, cut and folded, complete the preparations. All this working together gives the children a happy, social feeling, which is a part of their share in the happiness of Thanksgiving Day.

Whatever feelings of gratitude and gladness the children may have will be most happily and poetically formulated through the music and poetry of their Thanksgiving songs and prayers.

"To Thee we little children
Our loving thanks would bring,
Of all Thy loving kindness,
Of all Thy goodness, sing."—Amen.

NOVEMBER PROGRAM.

LUELLA A. PALMER.

Teacher's Thought: Broadening of children's lives by:

1. Recognition of man's daily necessities.
2. Tracing these necessities to their unseen source.
3. Rousing of feeling of gratitude toward unseen source of all things.

FIRST WEEK.

Topic—Farm life. *Nature*—Cocoons.

Picture—(Blackboard).

Song—Nature's Goodnight (Song Stories).

Story—Life on Farm. Farmyard Gate (Mother Play).

Rhyme—Jack and Jill.

Game—Winter sleep of animals and flowers. Farmyard. Orchard. Farmer boy's walk to school. Finger-play—The Pigs.

Rhythm—Kitty and Pony (Soft and Hard Balls, Songs for little children. Part II).

Monday—

Circle—Park, its brown grass, etc. Read Autumn Song. (Holiday Songs.)

Gift—1. Fourth—Suggestion that some children make high wall, some long wall and some sidewalk.

2. Third—Suggestion, trees and walls.

Occupation—Drawing, milkweed seeds.

Occupation—Weaving, paper mats, with uneven strips and splints of two colors.

Tuesday—

Circle—Farmer's work during summer and fall. How farmer's boy helps.

On Friday of the preceding week the children had gathered around the blackboard and suggested to the teacher how to draw the farmer's house, barn, fences, road, flowers and trees. A few children could tell how these looked in the summertime, so they were drawn in summer colors. The teacher had previously planned the right proportions, so that the resulting picture was fairly presentable to the adult, yet contained all the objects that the children desired. This picture became the starting point of the morning talks; each day something was changed or added to it. Mr. Brown was the farmer's name, his children were Benny and Elsie. So realistic did the story and picture become that in free playtime very often the children would pick apples from the trees, milk the cow, drive the horse, put hay in the barn and feed the chickens—all in the picture. On Tuesday the color of the trees was changed to red, yellow and brown.

Gift—1. Third and fourth, free play. 2. Fourth, free play.

Occupation—Drawing, fence.

Occupation—1. Weaving. 2. Weaving. 3. Free cutting.

One group had a gift, while another group had an occupation. Group three contained a few children who were too undeveloped to master weaving.

Wednesday—

Circle—Animals on farm. Their food, care and use. Their calls. Animals drawn on blackboard.

Gift—1. Third and fourth, suggestion, fence and barn (Hailmann beads for animals). 2. Fourth, suggestion.

Occupation—Drawing, barn and animals.

Occupation—Clay, animal.

Thursday—

Circle—Benny's life on the farm, his work and play. Draw orchard, brook and bridge on blackboard.

Gift—Nuts, assorting.

Occupation—Drawing, Benny's work or play.

Occupation—1. Folding, barn, difficult. 2. Folding, barn, easy.

Part of the game period was occupied by an imaginary walk to the woods. It was really in the playground, while the teacher scattered nuts and leaves over the kindergarten floor. When the woods were reached there was a wild scramble for treasures, which were brought to the kindergartner's basket.

Friday—

Circle—Vegetables, fruits and grains. Way in which each is prepared for eating. Draw hay and vegetables in the barn on blackboard.

Gift—Third, suggestion, farmer's house and barn. (Half cubes were given for roofs.)

Occupation—Cutting, different vegetables and fruits to be pasted in one large barn.

Occupation—1. Weaving. 2. Weaving. 3. Pegboards.

NOTE.—When an occupation like weaving is introduced, it is used at least three times a week until the children can work freely with the material.

SECOND WEEK.

Topic—Source of our bread and milk.

Picture—Milking Time—Dupre. Mowing Grass (Mother Play).

Song—A Song of Thanks, first verse (Holiday Songs).

Story—Mouse, Grouse and Little Red Hen. Tommy Tucker and His Bun (Mother Goose Village). Rhyme of Bowl of Milk (Mother Play).

Rhyme—Little Boy Blue. Little Miss Muffet.

Game—Throw ball in basket. Millwheel. Train. Finger-play. Making Butter.

Rhythm—Command, backward march.

Monday—

Circle—Bread and its long story of preparation. Farmer's helpers, rain and wind.

Gift—Third and fourth, suggestion and imitation, table and chairs.

Occupation—Drawing, grain.

Occupation—1. Weaving. 2. Weaving. 3. Pasting chains.

Tuesday—

Circle—Miller, his work, his helpers, water and wind.

Gift—1. Third and fourth, suggestion mill. (Circle given for Wheel.) 2. Fourth, suggestion.

Occupation—Folding, boat.

Occupation—Clay, suggestion, bag of grain, bread, mill.

Wednesday—

Circle—Our breakfast, cereal and milk. How we get milk. (Milk placed in pans to "set.")

Gift—Fourth, suggestion, children divided into groups of four. Numbers one make farmer's wagon; numbers 2 make train; numbers three the milkman's wagon; numbers four the store. (Hailmann cylinders are given for cans to numbers one, who pass them along until numbers four are ready to sell milk to all buyers.)

Occupation—Fold wagons, roll strips for cans.

Occupation—1. Weaving. 2. Weaving. 3. String beads.

Thursday—

Circle—Cow, its care, food and use. Cream skimmed from pans and churned. Butter tasted, then salted. Buttermilk was drunk by the children.

Gift—Second, churn.

Occupation—Drawing, churn.

Occupation—Singing.

Friday—

Circle—Sand scene, farmer's house, barn and animals.

Gift—Sand with third gift, free play.

Occupation—1. Weaving. 2. Weaving. 3. Rolling.

Occupation—Clay, churn.

THIRD WEEK.

Topic—Source of our winter clothing.

Picture—Sheepfold, Jacques; Shepherdess, Le Rolle.

Song—The Little Lamb. (Small Songs for Small Singers.)

Story—Kind Shepherd and Lost Lamb (Bible). How Little Boy Got a New Shirt.

Rhyme—Little Bo-Peep. Baa, baa, black sheep.

Game—Hide ball. Brownies (Songs of child world). Finger-play. The lambs.

Rhythm—Brownies.

Monday—

Circle—Sand scene, dried grass put in barn, play vegetables, etc. Like the blackboard picture, the sand scene grew each day.

Gift—1. Third and fourth, suggestion, play, farmer's life. 2. Third and fourth, suggestion. 3. Third, free.

Occupation—Folding and pasting barn with open doors.

Occupation—Cutting vegetables from seed catalogues, pasting in barn.

Tuesday—

Circle—Lamb, its food, care and use.

Gift—1. Third and fourth, dictation and imitation, trough, rack, barn, fence. 2. Third and fourth, same as 1. 3. Third, free play.

Occupation—Drawing, chrysanthemum.

Occupation—1. Weaving. 2. Weaving. 3. Pegboards, fence.

Wednesday—

Circle—Our winter clothes, why we wear them, how they were made.

Gift—Choice of tablets, rings, sticks or seeds for designing.

Occupation—Drawing, illustrate children going for walk.

Occupation—Folding box and cutting clothes.

Thursday—

Circle—Many things farmer raises for use of many men and animals. Make Jack-o-lantern. Brownies and their work.

Gift—1. Third and fourth, free play. 2. Third and fourth, free play. 3. Third, dictation and imitation.

Occupation—Drawing, pumpkin.

Occupation—Cutting, pumpkin.

Friday—

Circle—All men and animals who help to supply food and clothing. Other helpers.

Gift—1. Fourth, dictation, wagon, house, store. 2. Fourth, suggestion, delivery wagons and store. 3. Fourth, free play.

Occupation—Singing.

Occupation—Folding and cutting lanterns.

FOURTH WEEK.

TOPIC—Thanksgiving.

Picture—Samuel.

Song—A Song of Thanks, second verse (Holiday Songs).

Story—First Thanksgiving (shortened). Don't thank me.

Game—Going to grandma's.

Monday—

Circle—Woods, things found on ground.

Gift—Sand and cones.

Occupation—1. Drawing grapes. 2. Drawing grapes. 3. Drawing cranberries.

Occupation—Stringing cranberries and straws. During free play time the children helped tie cones and leaves in long strings for decoration of room.

Tuesday—

Circle—Maker of all things. Our good gifts, family, love, etc.

Gift—Third and fourth, suggestion, church.

Occupation—Folding strips (stairs).

Occupation—Soap bubbles.

Wednesday—

Circle—Celebration in country, farmer brings supply from barn.
Visit to Grandfather Brown.

Gift—Third and fourth, suggestion and imitation, car, train, station, carriage, table and chairs (table set with circles, sticks, beads, etc.).

Occupation—Cutting napkin and plate.

Occupation—Feast.

The kindergarten tables are arranged in a long double row; our refreshments consist of crackers, butter made in our own churn, apples, nuts and small pumpkin pies. During game period the children go to the playground, playing train, there they wait until the carriages, made by using very long reins, call for them. These carriages are driven to grandmother's house, where a welcome awaits them. After all have arrived, they sit down at the tables and sing the "Song of Thanks."

THE RHYME OF THE JELLY—A FINGER PLAY.*

BY CAROLINE W. BARBOUR.

(With due thanks to Mother Goose.)

This is the jelly that mother made.

These are the apples, so red and brown,
That were put in the jelly that mother made.

This is the barrel, so *big* and round,
Packed full of the apples so red and brown,
That were put in the jelly that mother made.

This is the train that comes *swift* o'er the ground,
Bringing the barrels so big and round,
Packed full of the apples so red and brown,
That were put in the jelly that mother made.

This is the orchard with trees in a row,
Where all the big apples *slowly* grow,
That come in the train so *swift* o'er the ground,
That brings the barrels so big and round,
Packed full of the apples so red and brown,
That were put in the jelly that mother made.

This is the sun in the sky, you know,
That shone on the orchard with trees in a row,
To help the big apples slowly grow,
That come on the train so *swift* o'er the ground,
That brings the barrels so big and round,
Packed full of the apples so red and brown,
That were put in the jelly that mother made.

*Words suggest motions, we therefore omit pictures.—Editor.

A USE FOR SOAP NEW TO MOST TEACHERS.

If there is a window in your school which looks out upon an unpleasant scene, soap it. By taking a cake of white soap and cutting it so as to get the right sort of a corner or edge to work with you can draw on that window some beautiful design which will make that direction one of joy rather than displeasure.

It doesn't require an artist to do this work. By experimenting a little you will readily find some sort of ornament in imitation of leaves or running vine or waving grasses which you will be able to repeat the requisite number of times to make a beautiful border. Run it about the edge of the glass, say three inches from the sash. This takes up a large part of the surface. The inner part of the pane may be filled in with a picture of a ship, a bunch of flowers, a single object of beauty, or anything within the limit of your skill.

You will be surprised to see how easily the soap makes a good picture which you did not previously think you could draw. If you copy anything in soap you will find you can not execute it just as the original is drawn, but what you make will surprise you with its striking and beautiful appearance. It is well worth trying, even if you have no window to cover. If you find you can not make any sort of a drawing with the soap, you may make your borders and then fill in the remaining space with wavy lines in parallel direction, either perpendicular, horizontal or oblique. If you carry a steady hand these will look very good indeed.

I got this idea from a bright teacher in Chicago who had a prospect from one window which was anything but edifying. Nobody cares to look out of that window now, but the window is looked at by everybody who enters the room.

The work looks better and more mysterious when done on a mirror, for everything is then doubled to the eye that sees it at an oblique angle, and any teacher who is able to put any sort of pretty work on the black-board will find her skill enhanced by the effect of work in this medium. Cut the soap so as to present a sharp edge an inch wide like a chisel. A little practice in flourishing with it will show you some fine designs which you would not believe you could execute if you hadn't done them before looking at them. Soap is a good thing in several ways.—*School Weekly*, Chicago.

Do you approve?—Editor.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN A PENSION FOR AGED AND INVALIDED TEACHERS?

We have received the following letter and questionnaire, which we are pleased to give space in the pages of the *KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE*. It is a question involving many others and an answer requires thought and interchange of experience and thought to which kindergartners, as well as others may well contribute. We hope any of our readers having convictions upon the subject or having any light to throw upon it will send such statement as soon as possible to the address given below. We would call special attention to question 3.

To the Editor:

Pursuant to a resolution adopted at the last meeting of the New Jersey State Teachers' Association, a Commission of Inquiry has been appointed to study the whole question of teachers' annuity and pension systems in the United States (with a view of strengthening our New Jersey plan) and to report at the December meeting of the association. In connection with this study, the undersigned has undertaken to discover what has been accomplished along these lines. It is intended to embody the findings of our Commission in a report (which will be at the disposal of educators generally), to be issued immediately after January 1st, and which it is expected will cover everything that has been achieved in this direction—whether State, municipal or mutual. We hope, also, to include a review of what has been done in Canada, Great Britain, France and Germany. To make our investigation really thorough, we propose to study the failures as carefully as the successes.

On the questions involved, we wish to evoke the broadest possible expression of opinion, and to this end we bespeak your kindly co-operation by giving space in your esteemed journal to this letter, our questionnaire, and the synopsis of the New Jersey law.

Your readers are earnestly requested to reply to the questionnaire by query numbers; to ask questions of us, to make suggestions. Correspondence is cordially invited with any who are interested in the subject.

Your co-operation will be made doubly valuable if you will editorially call the attention of your readers to this matter, giving your views thereon; and if you will be so good as to mail me a copy of any issues of your paper containing comments on this subject, you will greatly assist our study.

ELIZABETH A. ALLEN.

Secretary.

QUESTIONNAIRE IN RE PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS' RETIREMENT.

ANNUITY AND PENSION SYSTEMS.

1. Do you believe in the principle of a retirement annuity or pension system for aged and invalided public school teachers?

2. Will you kindly state, briefly, your reasons pro and con?

3. Who, in your opinion, is the greater beneficiary of a retirement annuity system that relieves the schools of teachers of impaired efficiency? Is it the schools—*i. e.*, the people, the State, the community—or the teachers themselves? Your reasons.

4. Should the pension fund be provided by the teachers, or the State, or the school district? In other words, ought the fund to be a charge upon the teachers, or upon the people at large? Or should it be contributed by both teachers and people?

5. Who should be eligible to membership in such a fund? (This question does not mean, "who should be eligible to pension or annuity?" which matter is dealt with under queries 8-15, but what superintendents, supervisors, teachers, teacher-clerks, etc., ought to be privileged to join the fund?)

6. Should membership in the fund be voluntary, or ought it to be compulsory on all teachers, including superintendents, assistant superintendents, supervisors, principals, special teachers and teacher-clerks?

7. What percentage of salary ought members to contribute?

8. How should amount of annuity be regulated? What ought to be its amount? Fixed by what standards? What minimum? What maximum?

9. On what conditions ought annuity to be granted? For disability? For age? For period of teaching service? For age and teaching service combined? etc.

10. Should a minimum of service, combined with mental or physical incapacity (to teach? to earn a sufficient livelihood?) be conditions precedent to retirement on annuity?

11. Ought the rules to permit a teacher to be retired on annuity on his or her demand after a specified term of service? or at a certain age, combined with a certain term of service? If so, what should these ages and terms of service be? For men? For women?

12. Should retirement for age be compulsory? If so, at what age, and conditioned on what term of service? For men? For women?

13. Or, ought disability to be a condition in all cases?

14. Should retirement on annuity be voluntary or compulsory?

15. If in some cases voluntary and in others compulsory, name the circumstances that ought to govern either method.

16. Do you favor a retirement system (as in New Jersey) applying to every public school teacher in the State? or a system for teachers in certain cities, or cities of a certain class?

17. If you favor the latter system, what provision is to be made for aged and invalided country teachers? How are the country schools to be relieved of instructors, who, by reason of age or infirmity, are no longer able to render efficient service?

Kindly answer the foregoing questions by number and send reply to (Miss) Elizabeth A. Allen, secretary, 1217 Garden street, Hoboken, N. J. As the period is brief in which our report must be prepared, an early compliance with our request will be greatly appreciated.

MAIN FEATURES OF THE NEW JERSEY PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS' RETIREMENT FUND LAW, ENACTED MARCH 11, 1896—FIRST ANNUITY GRANTED DECEMBER 3, 1897.

Title, "The Board of Trustees of the Teachers' Retirement Fund." Administration, a board consisting of three members of the State Board of Education, the State superintendent, and three teachers elected by the State Teachers' Association. The State treasurer is, ex-officio, treasurer. Membership is voluntary for any superintendent, supervisor, principal, teacher or teacher-clerk in the public or State schools of New Jersey. Dues are reserved from each salary payment and remitted monthly to the State treasurer. They are: (1) All New Jersey teachers were given a certain time to join on a salary deduction of one per cent. (2) At present those who have taught not more than a total of ten years may join for one per cent. (3) Persons joining now who have served more than ten and less than fifteen years must pay two per cent. (4) Those who have taught fifteen years or more must pass a satisfactory medical examination before they may join on the two per cent basis. The law permits the fund to be augmented by donation, legacy, gift, bequest, devise or otherwise. Annuities are half pay (minimum \$250, maximum \$600, less one per cent reserved for the fund), subject to a pro rata reduction if at any time there shall not be sufficient funds on hand to pay in full, and are granted on disability after not less than twenty years' teaching in New Jersey. Before any annuity may be drawn, the beneficiary must have paid into the fund an amount equal to at least 20 per cent of one year's average salary for the last five years. Members whose applications for annuity have been granted by the trustees may make up the balance due in one payment. Any member who shall honorably resign from teaching in New Jersey, except as an annuitant, after contributing to the fund five years or more, may draw out one-half of the amount paid into the fund without interest.

One hundred and nine annuities have been granted (nineteen men and ninety women), to whom have been paid benefits amounting to \$93,754, while a net surplus of \$85,000 has been accumulated, which the teachers are trying to raise to \$100,000 before January 1.

SOME BOOKS YOU WANT TO READ.

CHRISTMAS MYSTERY PLAY, EAGER-HEART, by Alice M. Buckton. We received last Christmas from a friend in England this most exquisite little Christmas mystery, which we wish to call to the attention of our readers this year in the hope that it may be read by many and perhaps given by some in church, Sunday school or day school. The plot is exceedingly simple; Eager-Heart prepares her sweet, white couch, her simple meal of bread and wine for the Child, grown King, who, in remembrance of His birth in a manger:

. . . This hour makes progress through the land,
In memory of a night, a far-off night,
When, as a helpless babe, He found a bed
With beasts—because no roof would cover Him—
Today He comes, the all-acknowledged King.

A weary father and mother bearing a little child approach and ask for shelter. Eager-Heart at first inclines to refuse, but finally hearing how "Eager-Sense" and "Eager-Fame" have denied them, she cries:

"It shames me, 'Pray, you come'—
Yours is the Bread, the Water, and the Wine,
The lowly couch on which I sought to lay
The Beauty of my Lord. Enough, enough,
That you have need, and I the hand to give.
Be you my honored, welcome guests tonight,
Forgotten be aught else 'My foolish dream.'"

She leaves them resting while she seeks the passing king. Meanwhile we listen to a short, but beautiful, dialogue, first between the kings and then later the shepherds, and, finally, led by star and angel choir, all meet at the little cottage where their reverent eyes and hearts are gladdened by the vision of the wayfarers transfigured to the form of the Holy Family.

The language throughout is simple, poetic, dignified and in every way worthy the noble subject. Here is one passage with which the King, symbolic of power, addresses the stars:

"O ye, that hold the Night in breathless beauty,
 Your ways are strong, and life is strong, and death;
 But the will of man is stronger! What is this
 Dumb giant in us set, ready to rise
 In one stupendous act, and empty itself
 Of all it is? Yea, in that only deed
 Know itself crowned, complete! Woe for the will
 That hath not found its King! Staggering, it goes
 Like yon wild meteor through the affrighted night,
 While all around the heavenly bodies sing
 The rapture of their great obedience!

The music required includes an invisible orchestra of strings and a choir of men and boys. Some of the music is taken from Bach's Christmas Oratorio and there are a few carols. Permission to perform *Eager-Heart* must be obtained from the author, care of the publishers, Methuen & Co., 36 Essex street, W. C., London, England. Price of the book, one shilling.

COMMON SENSE DIDACTICS, by Henry Sabin, is a book abounding in practical suggestions for the successful conduct of a school (successful in the best and highest sense). Its bright, interesting, clear-cut style, enriched by many a happy illustration, makes it a book to place upon the time-table for ready reference and refreshment. The experience of other successful teachers and incidents from his own fifty years of teaching are thus drawn upon. We give just one quotation to illustrate its practical value. After speaking of the importance of punctuality, the writer continues:

You may, however, be too strenuous upon this point. Irregularity and tardiness must not be reckoned as a crime or placed in the same class as falsehood, or theft, or swearing. A certain amount of irregularity is excusable and sometimes perfect attendance is attained at too great a sacrifice of more important matters. A teacher who had worked up great enthusiasm in this matter once confessed to me: "I have overdone this matter. If a child comes in late, the other pupils are ready to point their fingers at him. If he should tell a lie, they would think nothing of that."

At the end of each chapter are "Quotations Worth Reading" from authorities. Ten questions are found ending each chapter which will lead the reader to self-examination and a better understanding of just what he is trying to do and how best to do it. There also are five "Sug-

gestions Worth Thinking About'' at the end of each chapter. The chapter on books and their uses will help the teacher in a wise selection of books for her own and her school library.

We close with one paragraph:

Teach the pupil the art of study and everything becomes easy to him. But to do this you must study with him; never for him. In difficult places you may go before him with a lantern, but never behind him with a whip. If he slips, help him to rise; if he mistakes, set him right; if he becomes discouraged, lend him a helping hand; but do not carry him in your arms lest you make a child of him, and do not reprove him too severely, or chide his dullness, lest you make him a slave.

Here is one short one: "Cramming is a synonym for shamming." We believe teachers' and mothers' meetings will find this a storehouse of inspiration. Rand, McNally Co.

JAPANESE FAIRY TALES, *retold* by Teresa Pierce Williston. A choice selection of fairy tales of the country in which all the world is now so much interested. The stories are told with directness and simplicity, and though all kinds of queer happenings occur through agency of demons and spirits of different kinds, virtue and courage, fidelity and truth, love and sacrifice are triumphant over the forces of evil. The colored illustrations are by a Japanese artist and the volume as a whole is beautiful with its clear, beautiful type, marginal decoration and bright and sympathetically drawn pictures. Let your boys and girls read it, and if you are a teacher you will find some stories here to tell to your classes. It is a charming gift book, though gotten up primarily for use in schools and contains suggestions for teachers in the way of art and construction work. Rand & McNally, Chicago.

HOW TO TELL STORIES TO CHILDREN, by Sara Cone Bryant. Since an undoubted renaissance of story telling is at hand, mothers and teachers will alike be glad to read this helpful little book, written by one who speaks from practical experience. Her words upon the value of fairy tales are convincing and, in still fewer words, she gives reasons for the nonsense story, the nature and the historical stories. As an aid in the selection of stories, Miss Bryant analyzes in practical fashion the Three Bears, the Three Little Pigs, and the Pig Who Wouldn't Go Over the Stile. Lists are given of stories suitable for kindergarten, for grades 2 and 3, for grades 4 and 5, and a list of more general sources for the story-teller is also given. An important chapter is that on the "Adaptation of Stories, for Telling," with suggestions for the condensation of

long ones and the expansion of short ones. As example of the former, Ruskin's "King of the Golden River" is given. There are in addition about thirty others given as adapted for school use. In one chapter the specific schoolroom uses of story-telling are discussed with special commendation for the dramatization of stories. There are a few paper-cutting illustrations. Giving, as it does, so many actual stories along with the study of method and theory, the book is sure to win many friends in both home and school. Houghton, Mifflin Co., New York.

WILHELMINE FROEBEL'S ERSTE GATTIN, by Eleonore Heerwart. This biography of Froebel's first wife has just come to us from across the water. It is the second of the Froebel museum series and has been compiled from original writings in the museum, letters forming a large part of the contents. There is a portrait of Wilhelmine and two views of Keilhau. We will review it in a later number. Those who read German will want to add it to their Froebel library. It is to be hoped that it may be translated for the benefit of those who do not. Published by H. Kahle, Hofbuchdruckerei, Eisenach, Germany.

We are just in receipt of the third volume of Miss Anderson's "Characteristic Rhythms," but it comes too late for an extended notice. There are six marches, one a specially slow one in valse time; three skipping themes and a skating motive; one for trotting, running, and high-stepping horses, and one suitable for the old-fashioned bows of our grandparents. Explanatory paragraphs tell in just what way these different rhythms have been most useful and just what they are supposed to develop. Price, \$1.50.

The Chicago Woman's Club and its friends supported eight vacation schools in Chicago during the past summer and *have now an exhibit of children's work in the Municipal Museum of the city, in the Public Library.*

A branch of the Story-Tellers' League has been organized in Chicago, 10 Van Buren street. Second meeting, first Saturday in November, 10 o'clock.

KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY SERIES.

CHRISTMAS IN A JEWISH KINDERGARTEN.

LAURA E. WHITNEY.

How does the spirit of Christmas come to the children of the ghetto?

For the light of the wonderful star may not shine around them, the journey of the wise men, the vigil of the shepherds, the story of the babe in the manger, the music, and mystery, and beauty of the holy night may not be told.

But to little children everywhere may come the spirit of Christmas, the great universal spirit of Love, expressed in service.

The Jewish quarter of a great city is so entirely foreign in population that it seems strangely at variance with the American customs and institutions all about it. Into its prejudice and poverty, into its darkness and ignorance, into its uncleanness and hopelessness has gone the social settlement and the kindergarten, making way for more tolerance, greater thrift and a better future.

In the crowded tenements we find the homes of the peddlers and junk dealers, the street venders and tradesmen.

In dark, crowded and unwholesome rooms women bend over the gaudy sweaters they are weaving, or baste the linings of cheap clothing into place. Whole families, living in one or two small rooms, daily meet conditions so disheartening that it is no wonder pride and thrift do not flourish, that old superstitions enslave, that change comes slowly and ignorance prevails.

Here in this little world the sacred hours of life come—death invades—life struggles into being—marriage and parting, joy and pain are known. And “making sunshine in a shady place” are the little children of the people, thousands of them, bright-eyed, responsive, eager.

They laugh from many a mother’s arms, they tumble in the darksome alleyways and on the stairs; they peer from basement windows, they play in the streets, they hide behind the skirts of women in the

market place, they throng the public schools. Here is the flower and hope of the people—a heritage worth bringing to its best.

Such are they who greet the kindergartner each morning with smiling faces, the plants she seeks to nurture and to save.

Some few come from homes which bear the touch of neatness; some of the children are cared for and clean; some show an effort in that direction which is pitiful in its hopelessness and poverty. But the door swings wide for all and they come in groups or singly, Jake and Sally, Abie and Becky, little Rosie and Sam—dear little ones, eager for the happy work and play, the warmth and brightness of the room, the cheery greeting and pleasant companionship.

Many of the mothers bring their little ones, and, if you look, there is generally a younger baby's bright eyes peeping out from the folds of her dingy shawl.

A passionate caress, a spoken admonition in German or Yiddish and a frosted cookie or something equally unwholesome for lunch time (it may be the child's only breakfast) thrust into the wee hand, and she is gone—to come again at noon.

The mothers like to come early enough to see the good-bye circle; they stand in the doorway, eagerly watching the director in this sweet ending of a happy morning's work, and how proud each one is when her boy or girl goes forward to shake hands and then is free to go. These poor mothers are children themselves so far as the system and order necessary for home making is concerned, yet the deep and open-hearted affection they give to their little ones makes these children more responsive than are many of more fortunate circumstances.

For can anything give the child a better start than love? No other means will avail for the perfection of mind, body and spirit.

In this spirit of loving helpfulness some workers from the Chicago Kindergarten Institute, one year ago, sought to bring the joy of Christmas to the Jewish Settlement Kindergarten under their charge, and thereby won a rich and lasting beautiful experience.

As the holidays drew near the heart of the director longed to give these children a glimpse of the happiness which was making the world so bright in other places. But how? To antagonize the religious teaching of the people would be to destroy our work among them entirely; there must be nothing of the real Christmas story—not even a tree being permitted.

In all this part of the city was scarcely a hint of the lavishness and display which marks the shops in other districts; how dull and sordid and grimy it seemed by contrast—greater than ever before—and to add to the depression came the short, dark days, when often the children worked and played by gaslight.

As we gathered around the table for teachers' meeting the sunny-hearted director lifted us all out of our perplexity by saying that she had been seeking a point of departure which would come from the children's own experience and at the same time serve as a connecting thought between the Thanksgiving and Christmas time, and had decided to use the Chaunka Festival, just then of vital interest in all the homes of the Jewish quarter.

This feast celebrates the rededication of the temple after the desecration of the Syrians and has some beautiful customs and traditions associated with it, one of which—and the only one we used—was the lighting of the candles. One is lighted the first night of the festival and another added each succeeding night until eight days have been accomplished. This is typical of the renewing of spiritual light.

We began in kindergarten by listening to the children's stories of the happy times they were having in their homes—of the Chaunka lights burning every evening, of feasting and guests. It was truly a wonderful time for them.

A Jewish friend of the kindergarten sent us a large supply of candles and boxes of candy as a Chaunka present. This delighted the children greatly, as they were allowed to have a little candy for lunch every day, while we planned to have the table prettily arranged and had each morning a new candle burning beside those saved from the previous days. We talked much of the brightness and happiness of the Chaunka time, and how it would be nice to do things for others to make them glad.

The director planned many pretty games and marches in which candles could be used, such as blowing out a lighted candle while blindfolded; carrying one to lead the march, etc., and the twinkling lights were a never failing joy to the children.

At the tables the children made some pretty decorations for the rooms. One group made a poster showing a long row of tall white candles with green candle-sticks and bits of red flame at the top of each

candle. This was mounted on a background of soft yellow and made an effective dado for the wall.

At the end of the festival eight candles were lighted on the circle and placed in the center during the morning talk. Some of the groups had made little gifts for the mothers and babies at home and these were brought and placed beside the candles. The children responded very beautifully to the thought of joy in doing for others, and, surely, this festival of their faith will always mean more to them because of this early kindergarten experience connected with it.

By this time Christmas itself was drawing near and some of the children seeming to have heard of Santa Claus, the jolly old saint was presented to them in song and story and many a bright picture.

With shining eyes they listened to the tale of his secret coming and the marvelous contents of his pack.

As they were able, we encouraged them in dramatizing the coming of Santa Claus day after day, and it was most interesting to watch the awakening and growth of the imagination. How soon even the most phlegmatic learned to run to their empty chairs and exclaim over the contents of an imaginary stocking. One group made a poster showing Santa Claus and his reindeer; another strung pop-corn and cranberries and made bright little lanterns for decorating the rooms. We had, also, evergreen garlands and a splendid holly wreath tied with scarlet ribbon for the large front window.

The babies made an unique decoration for their room, which was very effective and all their own work; they pasted fluffy bits of white cotton here and there all over a green background, and this was then liberally sprinkled with "diamond dust." It was really Christmasy when it was done. And weren't they proud?

In these days the older children made some pretty gifts for the teachers and settlement workers.

There were many attractive games and the Santa Claus songs. Altogether the kindergarten was as happy and busy a place as it could well be.

For some weeks the children had been saving pennies to buy a bird, but the little pile grew slowly and one day came to the attention of a lady visitor. She said little about it at the time, but the knowledge bore generous fruit, for the day before we were to close for the Christ-

mas holidays there came a gift of toys, candies and a beautiful singing bird in a brass cage.

That was a wonderful morning!

After the usual table period, when the older children wrapped their gifts in tissue paper with great care and pride and the little ones played, all the kindergarten came together in the front room. The children sat on the floor about the low chair where the sweet director sat by the bright grate fire and told them the story of Piccola.

The sweetness and tenderness of that scene was something never to be forgotten. The happy faces, the starry eyes, and all enfolded by the cosy quiet of the hour. A few of the mothers had come in, thinking something might happen, no doubt, and sat along the opposite wall with their babies and listened smilingly.

Then all the curtains were lowered and we played it was Christmas Eve, as we had often done before.

The folding doors closed off the circle room where the little chairs were standing. "Good-nights" were said and every one lay down to sleep (?) on the rug by the fire.

Some little eyes found it an impossible task to keep shut at all for more than a minute at a time. What giggling came from one corner; what whispering went on steadily in another; what conscious effort was made by some dear little souls!

Bennie and Jake were peeping and trying to see if all the teachers and children were there—yes, every one!

So when sleigh-bells began to jingle in the next room it surely must have been Santa Claus himself. Perhaps the kindly housekeeper might have told, had she cared to. Anyway, we were all glad when the piano gave out the bright "Good morning to you."

The shades were lifted, the doors opened, and what a vision greeted the eyes of the astonished children. Their little red chairs stood upon the circle as they had been before, but with what a wonderful difference! Each girl's chair held a beautiful doll, with brown or flaxen hair dressed in some pretty tint. Each boy's chair held a fine drum, resplendent in brass and bright paint, the drum sticks beside it; and every chair held in addition a box of candy and a netting stocking filled with little toys.

For an instant there was silence, followed by a rush which was anticipated by the teachers, and in almost less time than it takes to tell about it, every little boy was beating his drum, and every little girl bend-

ing rapturously over her doll. The expression of some of those childish faces was never to be forgotten.

The grown people could but look on in happy silence, when suddenly from the cage near the window a song came trilling clear and sweet, and the beautiful bird had added his part.

It was a busy time getting them all into their wraps, and after the "good-bye" song the director said, "What would you like to say for all the beautiful things?" Then they sang again of their own desire.

"Thank Him, thank Him, all the little children—
God is love, God is love."

And so the spirit of Christmas came to these children of the ghetto.

And so they carried it with them out into the dark and narrow street where the snow was beginning to fall—bearing their wonderful new-found treasures with careful hands, turning again and again to wave "good-bye."

Very kings of joy they were, seeing nothing dreary anywhere.

Bright bits of God's own sunshine, they went out each in his own way and place spreading the message of Love and Cheer.



"There is perhaps no more striking moment in all history than that at which the Apostle Paul, standing on Mars Hill and pointing to the blue Aegean, the center of the then known world, proclaimed the new but eternal doctrine: God hath made *one* every nation of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth. Standing here as we do, on the border of the Atlantic Ocean, and beholding on the one side the dove of peace alighting from the hand of our president on the fields of carnage in the far East and on the other side the homes of peoples of all nationalities stretching from the Atlantic to the isles of the Pacific, under the protection of the American flag, may we not realize that we, as teachers, have a great part to perform in bringing a vast company to an understanding of the sublime truth that God has made all men one to dwell on the face of the earth—that their mission is not to defraud and to slay, but each to do his best for himself and to help his fellows."

—*Supt. Maxwell, of N Y. City, at N. E. A., July, 1905.*

TROUBLES OF AN IMAGINATIVE CHILD.

"Mother," the little voice began.

"Yes, Rachel."

"Mother, I have something to tell you."

"Yes, dear. Mother is listening."

"But it is very awful."

"Oh! I hope not. But even if it is, mother is the best one to tell it to."

"I don't see how I can. It is so very bad. Worse than anything you ever heard of."

"Go on, dear."

"It is so bad that I know you can never love me any more; but, O mother, I can not help it."

"Nothing can ever make me stop loving my own little daughter. What is this awful thing?"

"Oh, how can I tell it? I am so ashamed! I prayed to God, but he did not help me. I could not help myself—indeed, I could not."

"My child, you alarm me!"

"It will be worse than alarm when you hear. You will never be able to forgive me. Maybe I'll have to go away and earn my own living—or beg."

"Oh, no, Rachel. Go on."

"Mother! Mother! I can not help it, but, dearest mother, I do think Miss Timlow is prettier than you are!"

So the awful secret was out, and the awful tragedy was over. When the word was spoken, the confession made, the child, quieted and restored by the sympathy of the mother, whose amused smiles the friendly shadows hid, walked happily on. When they entered their own door and the lamplight fell on the delicately molded features of the mother's high-bred face, on the bright ripples of her hair and the deep beauty of her large dark eyes, the scales fell from the wide blue eyes of the little girl. The world and the flesh had lost, the spirit had won, and the evil had gone forever as she clasped her arms about the neck of the one who stood in the place of God to her, crying:

"O, mother, it isn't true! It never was true at all! Miss Timlow—why—Miss Timlow is ugly."—*Sara Andrew Shafer, in "The Day Before Yesterday."*

REPORT OF THE SOUTHERN KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION, ORGANIZED JULY, 1905.*

AMALIE HOFER.

DELAND, FLA.: The kindergarten is not a part of the public school system of Florida, and I know of no public school kindergarten in the State. Many private kindergartens have been established, and many have failed, even where the kindergartener was well prepared for her duties. But our primary teachers have introduced much kindergarten work into the first two grades of the public schools, and we feel that in this way the people have come to appreciate the value of this work more than before.

For several years there has been a kindergarten training class at Stetson University, from which a number of young women have gone out to spread the kindergarten spirit. One of these young women conducts a kindergarten at Sanford under the direction of a club of twenty-one mothers, who are sufficiently interested to maintain a kindergarten for at least part of the children of their city.

It is probably only a question of time till the sons of such mothers shall pass laws looking to the establishment of public kindergartens in our State.

LORETTA LAW.

DALLAS, TEXAS: Dallas has three successful private kindergartens and a mission one under the Methodist church.

The Dallas Free Kindergarten and Industrial Association has been organized five years and now carries on an extensive work on social settlement lines. There are three free kindergartens, which have formed the nucleus in each district from which has developed the many activities of neighborhood work. There are three well organized Mothers' Clubs, three self-governing boys' clubs, a guild of play which meets at the neighborhood house, a library, cooking classes held every day under a teacher of domestic science, and a second-hand sale held weekly. The latter provides the people with garments at a nominal cost.

A kindergarten training class for young women has been a feature of the work for several years, and a senior year will be added this fall.

The association owns the neighborhood house, a new and attractive building, as yet the only social settlement in Texas. It has nine resident

*Continued from November number.

and ten volunteer workers. Clubs, classes and entertainments are held in this building daily. Quite a large percentage of the population surrounding the Neighborhood House is foreign—Germans, Polish and Jews, Russian Jews and Italians abound. One hundred children are enrolled in the kindergarten, eighty to ninety attending regularly.

The Cotton Mills kindergarten has seventy children enrolled, while that of East Dallas has sixty-five.

The work of the association has been heartily endorsed by the Commercial Club, the public schools, the superintendent of the cotton mills and the physicians who have observed the work. The co-operation of the United Charities and the King's Daughters, the women's clubs and the Carnegie public library has been gained.

The support of the work is from subscriptions and entertainments. It has taken strong faith and persistent effort to carry on the work, but the members of the association feel that the results have more than justified their labor.

MARGARET S. SEYMOUR.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS: The work in Fort Worth is under the management of the Fort Worth Kindergarten Association. The college is entering its sixth year and is beginning to make itself felt throughout the entire State, and adjoining ones, having twenty-five graduates, nearly all of whom were engaged in active work in Texas and the Territories last year. Of the faculty of seven, three are graduates of the Chicago Kindergarten College, the others coming from leading kindergarten, music or art schools of the north. There were six successful kindergarten schools carried on in Fort Worth during the past year—one in the First ward, by Miss Myra Winchester, of the Chicago Kindergarten College; one in the Third ward, by Miss Elizabeth Hammers, also of the Chicago college; one in the Fourth ward, by Miss Padgett, of the Philadelphia Training School; one in the Sixth ward, by Mrs. Barbee and Miss Ware, both of the Fort Worth College; one in Rosen Heights, by Miss Pauline Eaton, of the Chicago Kindergarten Institute, and at the Fort Worth Benevolent House, by Miss Elizabeth White, of the Fort Worth College. During the past year the college has successfully edited a magazine known as the Southern Kindergarten Magazine, one which has been an inspiration and help to the many teachers and mothers into whose hands it has fallen.

The committee offered the following set of by-laws, which were adopted as a whole by the workers present:

1. The name of this association shall be the Southern Kindergarten Association.

2. Its purpose is to disseminate information on the subject of kindergarten, to stimulate greater interest in the work, arouse popular sentiment in favor of it and to encourage and aid the establishment of kindergartens, especially in the Southern States.

3. All persons who are actively engaged in kindergarten teaching who are preparing for that work, or who are interested in the purpose of this association are eligible for membership.

4. Members may be elected at any meeting of the association, upon recommendation of two members and by majority vote of the association present.

5. The annual dues for members shall be \$1.00, payable at the annual meeting.

1. The officers of this association shall consist of a president, a vice-president, a corresponding and a recording secretary, and a treasurer, to be elected every two years by vote of the association at the regular annual meeting.

2. These officers shall perform the duties that usually belong to their offices.

3. The officers of the association shall constitute a board of directors, whose duty it shall be to prepare programs for the various meetings, decide upon questions of policy, attend to the distribution of the literature and perform such other office as may be in accord with the purpose of the association.

1. There shall be a regular annual meeting at such time and place as the association may determine.

2. The usual rules of parliamentary order shall prevail at the meetings.

The following names were offered by the nominating committee and unanimously elected as officers of the new Southern Kindergarten Association:

Miss Mary Howell Wilson, of Dallas, Texas, president; Miss Willette Allen, of Atlanta, vice-president; Mrs. George W. Pickel, of Knoxville, recording secretary; Mrs. D. D. Walsh, of Anniston, Ala., corresponding secretary; Miss Helen Montague, of Richmond, Va., treasurer.

Therefore, on July 19, 1905, came into being the organization of southern kindergarteners, with a paid membership of forty-six. The treasurer's address in full is as follows: Miss Alice B. Moncure, 223 East Cherry street, Richmond, Va. The next regular meeting will be

held in the summer of 1906, with the Summer School of the South, at the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville.

The officers of the new organization were selected from among the workers present at the time, and great enthusiasm was expressed on all sides. Especial appreciation was shown to Professor Claxton for the generous plans by which the kindergarten interest could thus be united and reinforced. When the hundred fresh blue badges appeared on the campus, the wearers were only too eager to explain the inscription, Southern Kindergarten Association, S. S. S., 1905. The reading on the badge was interpreted by a certain northern kindergartener to mean: "Kindergartens throughout the South, for the South, by the South."

Two motions of importance were made. One that the conference urge the new Nashville Teachers' College to provide a kindergarten training department; also that each worker present send to her home paper a full report of the organization of the Southern Kindergarten Association, and the work at the summer school.

* The following is a list of the charter members of the new organization: Supt. Lawton B. Evans, Augusta, Ga.; Prof. P. P. Claxton, University of Tennessee; Miss Amalie Hofer, Chicago Kindergarten Institute; Miss Mari Ruef Hofer, Columbia University; Miss Elizabeth Harrison, Chicago Kindergarten College; Miss Mary H. Wilson, Neighborhood House, Dallas, Texas; Miss Willette Allen, Kindergarten Association, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. George W. Pickel, president Knoxville Kindergarten Association; Mrs. Daisy B. Walsh, principal Kindergarten Association, Anniston, Ala.; Miss Leola Patterson, supervisor Kindergartens of Columbus, Ga.; Mrs. J. N. Crouse, Chicago Kindergarten College; Miss Florence Hollensworth, Chicago; Mrs. Margaret Seymour, Dallas; Miss Patti Sparks, Montezuma, Ala.; Miss Mabel Corey, Chicago Kindergarten Institute; Mrs. N. M. Burrell, Galveston; Miss Clifford West, Atlanta; Miss Edna Jessop, Columbus; Miss Annie Kirk, Richmond; Miss Myra Phillips, Chattanooga; Miss Francis M. Hall, Birmingham; Miss Elizabeth Forbes, Anniston; Miss Elizabeth Nabers, Birmingham; Mrs. L. L. Brooks, Lakeland, Fla.; Miss Maud Waring, Knoxville; Miss Nell McMahon, Knoxville; Mrs. Olive Warren, Knoxville; Mr. J. N. Brown, Concord, Tenn.; Miss Loretta Law, DeLand, Fla.; Miss Alice B. Moncure, Richmond; Mrs. Clara Moses, Natchez, Miss.; Miss Amanda Stoltzfus, Concord, Tenn.; Miss Grace Markel, Knoxville; Mrs. C. H. Waring, Knoxville; Miss Mattie Bates,

Columbus; Miss Emily Carruthers, Memphis; Miss Flora R. McIntyre, Greenwood, Miss.; Miss Birdie Gore, Natchez, Miss.; Miss Mabel C. Surles, Lumpkin, Ga.; Miss Helen Coleman, Columbus; Miss Kate Edmunson, Nashville; Miss Adele Jacobi, Charleston, S. C.; Miss Rita Folk, Savannah; Miss Julia Barnwell, Selma, Ala.; Miss Nellie B. Jackson, Union City, Tenn.; Miss Anna Bullock, Yazoo City, Miss., and Miss Kate Kelley, Laurel, Miss.

INTERRUPTION.

RUBIE T. WEYBURN.

I said, "I will lock the doors of my house,
Hang up the shining keys,
And tune my lute to the songs I love—
Here will I take mine ease."

But a light wind called, "Come out,"
And a sunbeam sparkled by,
And then we were wandering over the hills—
The sun, and the winds, and I.

Then a low voice thrilled my ear,
And a new pulse stirred my breast;
O, the lute and the song are dear, are dear,
But the voice of the wind is best!

I said, "I will lock the door of my heart,
And turn mine eyes within;
Wrap myself in a mantle of thought,
Away from the noise and din."

But a child's voice called, "Come out,"
And the army of toil came by,
And there we were, journeying hand in hand—
Life and duty and I.

Then a light broke in on my brain,
And a new heart beat in my breast;
I would fain have followed in Fancy's train,
But the leading of Love is best!

Little Folks' Land*

The Story of a Little Boy in a Big World.

By MADGE A. BIGHAM, *Free Kindergartens, Atlanta, Ga.* Author of
"Stories of Mother Goose Village," etc.

NOTE.—This Kindergarten Program will run through the succeeding numbers of THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE and later be published in book form under the title, "Little Folks' Land," by Messrs. Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, Chicago and Boston. Cloth, 6x9; about 400 pages. Advance orders will be accepted by them at \$1.50, postpaid. After publication the list price will be \$2.00 net.

IV.

Ninth Week

Joe-Boy's Pets

Monday

Animal Relationships—Cow, horse, dog, cat, sheep, pig, rabbit, fish, frog, spider.

I HAVE not told you anything about Joe-Boy's pets yet, and I most surely must not forget them, because that's the very best part of all.

When Joe-Boy first began to get his pets, why, do you know he told Mother Gipsy that he was going to get one of every animal in the whole world! And Mother Gipsy laughed that merry little laugh of hers and said, "All right, you may get as many as you please, just so you remember four things: Give them plenty to eat, give them plenty to drink, give them a clean place to sleep in and then be sure that they are happy."

Well, I'm sure all of Joe-Boy's pets were happy, because he treated them very kindly and there were the cow and her brown baby that you already know about; and the horse and dog and kitty and sheep and pig and rabbits and spider and frog and fish and chickens and pigeons and birds—but you needn't think he kept his birds in a wire cage nor his fish in a glass bowl! No, indeed, for I do not believe they would have been happy that way! But let me see which one I shall tell you about first. Oh, yes, about the horse, of course. He was the largest pet Joe-Boy had, and I believe the very smartest one. His name was Prince Charming, and he belonged to the circus before Joe-Boy got him, and that's where he had learned all his tricks, you know. He

* Copyright, 1905, by Madge A. Bigham.

was a very large pure white horse, with a long tail and a long, wavy mane, and had been so beautiful when he was young and used to gallop around the circus ring with the painted lady standing tiptoe on his back—while the music played and the people clapped. Prince Charming liked that and he could even waltz to the music, too, and march in perfect time as well as you or I; so in the street parades that marched through the towns he did his very best, and stepped so high and proud that the people who saw him said, "See what a beautiful snow-white horse! How he tosses his head as he steps to the music! The circus man should be very proud of him!"

And the circus man was proud of him, too, but that was when Prince Charming was a young horse; after he began to get old and a little bit stiff, why, the circus man bought another horse to gallop around the ring with the painted lady standing tiptoe on his back, and he kept Prince Charming for a work horse, to pull the heavy wagons loaded with the circus tents and boxes and other things. Then Prince Charming used to miss the painted lady and the music and the people who would clap their hands when they saw him, and he would long to waltz and gallop around the circus ring again. But anyway, he always did his very best and he worked so hard and pulled such heavy wagons for the circus man that he grew thin and poor—so thin you could even see his backbone and count his ribs—and I'm afraid the circus men sometimes forgot to treat him kindly, and did not give him enough to eat, because they said he was getting too old and wasn't of very much account. And one day the circus came to the town where Joe-Boy lived, and Prince Charming fell and hurt himself, because the circus men were trying to make him pull a great heavy wagon-load of things too heavy for *any* horse to pull, and when he fell and couldn't get up, it made the circus men very angry, and they said ugly words and hit him with a long switch. But though Prince Charming tried his very best, he couldn't get up, because he was so sick and tired. But just at that very minute Father Gipsy and Joe-Boy passed by. They had come to see the circus animals, and when Father Gipsy saw how those men were treating Prince Charming his black eyes flashed, and he said:

"You wicked men, aren't you ashamed to treat a good horse like that! Why don't you take some of those heavy boxes down and make the wagon lighter? Come, I will help you."

But the circus men wouldn't do it. They said, "You just attend

to your own business! This is our horse and we will treat him as we please—he is lazy and no 'count, that is all!" And then they jerked Prince Charming again to make him get up. Now, all the time Father Gipsy had been talking, Joe-Boy had been thinking, and he remembered about his letter and Billy Sanders. So he said, "Wait a minute, father, I know what to do."

Then he ran off very quickly, and when he came back he brought somebody with him—somebody that wore a blue coat with big brass buttons on it—you know who. Yes, sir, it was that very same policeman you've heard about, and when those circus men saw him they didn't jerk Prince Charming any more, either. And the policeman looked at those circus men very hard, and then he said:

"Just unhitch that horse, please, and roll the wagon away from him until he is ready to get up by himself. Hurry! we don't have horses treated that way in our town, and it is my business to see to it."

Well, those circus men did hurry, too; they knew what would happen if they didn't so pretty soon all of the harness had been taken off of Prince Charming, even to the iron bit—which made him feel very much better, and he looked at the policeman and Father Gipsy and Joe-Boy out of his great brown eyes as much as to say, "I thank you so much!"

"Now," said the policeman, "I'll just keep my eye on this horse the rest of the day, and he shall have a good rest! If you circus men want that wagon moved, you'd better move it yourselves—or get another horse that is strong and well to do the pulling."

Then the circus men went away, and Joe-Boy stooped down and rubbed and patted Prince Charming all over his tired body. But the best part of it all is, that the circus men *did* come back and get their wagon, but they *never* did come back for Prince Charming.

They thought he was too old and worn out to do them any more good, so they just went away and left him. It was then that Joe-Boy asked to have Prince Charming for a pet, and the policeman said, "Well, I am sure if he belongs to anybody now, he ought to be Joe-Boy's, and I am sure he will always treat him kindly, so we will give Prince Charming to him, and see what love will do to make him well again."

So that is how Joe-Boy got the circus horse for a pet, and I have something else to tell you about him—tomorrow.

Prince Charming

Tuesday

RIGHT next to the stall in the stable where Lady Cow lived, there was another large airy stall, and that is the place where Prince Charming slept at night. There was a broad window between the two stalls, and he and Lady Cow grew to be the best of friends. If Prince Charming waked first in the morning he would poke his white head through the window to say "Good morning," and if Lady Cow waked first she would poke her brown head through the window to say "Good Morning," and then they would have the nicest little talks together—long before Joe-Boy waked up. Prince Charming told Lady Cow all about the circus and the painted lady, and how he used to gallop and waltz around the circus ring with her standing tiptoe on his back, and how very careful he would be to run so smoothly that she might not fall off. Lady Cow thought that was all very wonderful, but she shook her head and said, "I shouldn't like to lead a gay life like that—I'd much rather stay with Farmer Green or Joe-Boy."

"Yes, indeed," said Prince Charming, "I, too, would rather stay with Joe-Boy. He is always kind to me, and the circus men sometimes forget. I feel sure Joe-Boy saved my life the day he went for the policeman. But let us not talk of those unhappy times any more, because I am so happy now. I have this clean stall to live in, and a soft straw bed, and fresh water and so many nice things to eat! Just see how fat I am getting!"

And Prince Charming was getting fat. I only wish you could have seen him. Why, you couldn't see his backbone any more, and you couldn't begin to count his ribs, either, and he had been brushed so nicely each day that he was looking almost like silk, and his mane and tail were smooth and wavy as they used to be. I guess that was because Charlotte Anne used to plait it up sometimes, and let it stay all night. She and Joe-Boy just spent hours and hours playing with Prince Charming in the buttercup meadow—Prince Charming thought that buttercup meadow was the dearest spot on the earth! The first time Joe-Boy turned him in there he was so happy he didn't know what to do, and he hadn't seen any fresh green clover in such a long time that he did not know whether to eat it or to smell it or to roll over in it, and so Prince Charming did all three, while Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne clapped

their hands in glee. Charlotte Anne loved him as much as Joe-Boy did, and every day she would come over to bring him an apple or a lump of sugar or something nice to eat, and Prince Charming would come to the gate to meet her. He liked apples very much and would eat them from her hand, bowing his head up and down while he chewed—that meant “Thank you,” of course. Some days Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy would dress Prince Charming up in clover chains, and he would hold his head very still while Charlotte Anne fastened it around his neck, and then he would trot off around a big circle, with his head lifted high—just as he used to do in the circus ring, you know—and Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy would laugh and clap their hands. That would make Prince Charming think more and more about his circus days and the painted lady. Don’t you know it did? And so the happy days went by, and dear old Prince Charming was growing stronger and better every day—so strong that Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy both often rode on his back. But one day while they were riding something very funny happened. They had ridden down the big road and back again and were crossing the front lawn, when all at once Prince Charming heard Mother Gipsy playing a waltz on the piano. He stopped right still and pricked his short white ears back and forth very quickly, and *then*, only think!—Prince Charming began to waltz! Round and round he went in a ring, with Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy both on his back—just for the world as he used to do with the painted lady on his back! Betty laughed until her fat sides ached, and Father Gipsy laughed until his sides ached, and Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne laughed until they almost rolled off of Prince Charming’s back! And then Mother Gipsy came out to see what was the matter with everybody, and of course when the music stopped, why, Prince Charming stopped, too! Now, wasn’t he the dearest horse that ever you heard about?

Captain

Wednesday

CAPTAIN was a great big shaggy dog, and he was another one of Joe-Boy’s playmates, and one of the best playmates. They often ran races together, tumbled in the grass, played hiding, and all sorts of games, and if Joe-Boy would throw his rubber ball away out in the pond, Captain would jump into the water with a great splash

and swim after it. He liked to do this very much, and when he would bring the ball back to Joe-Boy he would drop it at his feet, and then wag and wag his tail, which meant, "Please throw it again, I like to swim after it."

Once-upon-a-time, Captain had saved Joe-Boy's life, too, when he was a baby. There was a tub of water on the back porch, that Betty had left—just for a minute—and Joe-Boy tumbled into it, with his head right down under the water, and he most surely would have drowned had not Captain seen him and pulled him out by his dress. It was then Father Gipsy said he would not take a bag full of gold dollars for Captain, and he made him a new dog house, with a soft bed inside—all his very own. But then Captain was always doing something kind. He came from a very noble family of dogs called the St. Bernards. Mother Gipsy told Joe-Boy many wonderful tales about these dogs hunting for people who had been caught in the snow storms on the mountains and almost frozen to death, when the dogs would find them and dig them out from under the snow. Then they would howl and howl, until somebody came to help them. But one of the smartest things Captain did was to find Joe-Boy the time he got lost in the woods, near their house. There was a white sandy path that stretched through the buttercup meadow and twisted over the hills and through the woods, and every time Joe-Boy saw that path—he wanted to follow it and see where it led to. So he started out one day all by himself, without telling a single soul good-bye, and he walked and walked and walked before anyone missed him; and when he couldn't find the end of the little path, and turned around to come home—well, he was lost, and just couldn't find the way! There seemed to be two or three little paths and Joe-Boy had forgotten which one he had taken. By and by, when dinner-time came, there was a high chair at the dinner table, but there was no boy in it, and Mother Gipsy called and called, and Betty called and called, and Father Gipsy called and called, and then everybody hunted and hunted and hunted, but no Joe-Boy could they find. He wasn't at the barn and he wasn't in the meadow, and he wasn't on the lawn, and he wasn't at Charlotte Anne's house, and none of the other neighbors had seen him, though they all came over to help hunt, and even the big fat policeman looked, too, and he couldn't find Joe-Boy. Then Mother Gipsy thought about Captain, and she said, "Oh, why didn't I think about that first! Captain will find him, I feel very sure!"

Then she took Joe-Boy's red cap from the rack and called, "Here, Captain, here!" And when Captain came running up she patted him on the head and held out the cap for him to see and smell, and then she said, "Joe-Boy—gone—go bring!" Captain looked up at Mother Gipsy, watching her very closely, and his tail went wag, wag, wag, as it always did when he listened, and I'm sure he understood, because he darted off like a flash, with his nose right close to the ground, and guess which way he went? Right down that very same little path that twisted over the hills, to be sure, and he ran so fast that nobody could begin to keep up with him! Father Gipsy got on Prince Charming and galloped off after him, and pretty soon he heard Captain give a long, glad bark, and he knew Joe-Boy had been found. When he got to them, there sat Joe-Boy on a log and Captain was licking the tears away from his cheeks, with his long pink tongue.

"Oh, father, father," said Joe-Boy, "I thought you never would come, and this little path just twists everywhere and has no end!"

"Well, well," said Father Gipsy, "we'll soon be home again now, and the next time you start out to find the end of a little, twisting path, you must invite somebody to go with you—don't you think so? Why, I don't know what we should have done without Captain today." Joe-Boy cuddled up close to Father Gipsy on Prince Charming's back and off they trotted home, with Captain following after. Mother Gipsy ran out to met them, and I tell you he was a happy, happy boy to get back home once more.

Captain had a very fine dinner that day, and everyone patted and hugged him so, he was glad to trot off to his house for a nap. Mother Gipsy said he was the dearest dog in all the world, and you know Joe-Boy thought so!

Snowball

Thursday

THE pet kitten's name was Snowball, but, my, me! you never would have thought she looked like a snowball if you had seen her the first day Joe-Boy got her. Why, she was as black as black could be—with dirt. You see, it happened this way. Joe-Boy got her from the trash man—and, do you know, that trash man didn't have any more sense than to think that kitten was trash? Why, I never heard of such a thing! One morning he came with his cart to Joe-Boy's house to get the trash, and right on top of his cart, mixed up with all the

dirt and rags and paper, was this poor little kitty, crying "meow, meow, meow!"

Captain was the first one to hear her, and he ran up to the cart, wagging and wagging his tail—he knew something was wrong. Then Joe-Boy heard the kitty crying "meow, meow, meow!" and he ran up to the cart, too, and there was the little kitty, just as black and dirty as she could be.

"Oh-o," said Joe-Boy, "a dear little kitty! What are you going to do with her, Mr. Trashman?" But the trash man must have gotten out of the wrong side of his bed that morning, because he didn't even stop his cart long enough to give a polite answer. He just said, "Throw her in the trash pile, of course! Get alone there, mule!" and then he started off down the lane.

"Wait a minute, please, Mr. Trashman, I want that kitty, and I'll give you all the pennies in my red bank if you won't carry her to the trash pile, too."

"Whoa, mule!" said the trash man, as he held out his hand, "Here, take the kitten! I'm glad to get rid of the little old squalling thing! Where's your pennies? Be in a hurry!"

"I'll bring them in just a minute," said Joe-Boy, as he flew into the house for his bank, and then when he came back he shook every one of the pennies out into the trash man's hand. And then the old trash man said, "Get along there, mule," and away he rolled down the lane.

But he he didn't have any little kitty in his cart then; no, indeed, because Joe-Boy had that, you know, and the little kitty was so glad to hear a kind voice once more, and to feel a soft hand rub and pat her on her head. Captain tried his very best to lick her with that tongue of his that made such a good wash-rag—I guess he thought she needed a washing, don't you? Well, Joe-Boy thought she needed something to eat, so he carried her up to the pantry, and gave her a saucer of Lady Cow's fresh milk. But the kitty would not drink the milk, she only cried and cried, and she couldn't stand up either. Joe-Boy looked at her very sorrowfully for a minute, and then his face brightened as he said, "If kittens won't eat a nice, dainty breakfast like that, why, something's wrong, and the best thing I know what to do is to send for the doctor—that's a sick kitty."

You, see, Joe-Boy remembered the very thing that Father Gipsy had said to him, the morning he waked up sick and couldn't eat any

breakfast, when Mother Gipsy fixed it up with the pink rosebud, and what do you suppose he did? Why, he picked up that kitty and went right off to the doctor's office, with Captain trotting on behind. And there was the doctor, just stepping out of his buggy, and when he saw Joe-Boy and the kitty, he said, "Why, this is my little friend, I do believe! Is the little miller sick again?"

"No, no," said Joe-Boy, "my little miller is well, I thank you, but this little kitty's miller is sick, I am afraid, because she can't eat anything."

"Ah," said the doctor, with his same old twinkle, "I'm sorry to hear that! Just bring her into the office here, and let us see about that. Lay her over there on that leather lounge, while I get my gloves off—poor little thing! she can't stand up; maybe it's her leg and not her miller that is out of fix. Let me see." So the doctor felt the right front leg, and that was all right; then he felt the left front leg, and that was all right; then he felt the right hind leg, and that was all right; and then he felt the left hind leg and the kitty said "M-e-o-w!" That meant, "it hurts," you know.

"Ah," said the doctor, "it is just as I thought; that kitty has a broken leg! She is sick in her left hind leg, and there is nothing wrong with her little miller. I do not think she has a fever, so we need not try the thermometer. I will set her leg, and then by and by you must give her a gentle, warm bath, and in a few days she will even be well enough to go to a party!"

That tickled Joe-Boy very much, and he held the kitty while the doctor fixed her leg. First he bathed it with some medicine, to take the pain away, and then he took two pieces of soft thin pine and bound it on each side of the kitty's leg, to hold it still until the bone grew together again. And he did it all so very gently that the little kitty forgot to cry!

"There, now," said the doctor, as he patted her on the head, "you are all right now, little kitty," and then he said to Joe-Boy, "You may take her home now, and put her to bed, and if she isn't all right in a few days, just let me know!" And then his eyes twinkled some more. Of course, Joe-Boy knew that doctors had to be paid for their work just like any other workmen, but you know he had given all the money in his bank to the old trash man for the kitty, so he didn't have any left to pay the doctor.

"Never mind," said the doctor, "that's all right! It seems to me if you loved the kitty enough to buy her out of her trouble, why, I ought to love her enough to set her leg for her, so I won't charge anything."

Well, sure enough, that kitty did get well, and when Mother Gipsy and Joe-Boy bathed her with soap and warm water,—why, she wasn't a black kitty any more, but looked so white and fluffy that Joe-Boy named her Snowball right away, and she got so fat—my! Sometimes she wore a blue ribbon around her neck—Charlotte Anne thought she looked beautiful that way—and everybody learned to love her. Even Captain would let Snowball take a nap between his shaggy paws. I think that was kind—don't you?

Silverlocks

Friday

SILVERLOCKS came to live with Joe-Boy when she was only a wee, wee lambkin, and couldn't say a thing but "B-a-a," all the time. But that was when Silverlocks was a baby; of course, she did not cry when she grew up into a big sheep. She stayed in the buttercup meadow most of the time, so she knew Lady Cow and her brown baby, and Prince Charming and Snowball and Captain, and all the others. Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne liked to play with Silverlocks because she was so gentle, and would follow them all around the meadow—just like Mary's little lamb that you've heard about. Only Silverlocks always wore a pretty silver bell around her neck that went "tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," ever step she took. That helped them to find her when she got lost among the bushes—and, dear me! Joe-Boy would not have had Silverlocks lost, not for anything, because she was to give him the wool for his first pair of trousers. He had begged to wear them from the first day he started to kindergarten, but Mother Gipsy said, "No, let's wait until you grow a little bit larger; three years old is most too young for trousers."

And, do you know, the very next day Joe-Boy said, "Now, mother, I'm a little bit larger. May I have some trousers?"

And that is what he said almost every day, so at last Father Gipsy said: "I'll tell you what we will do about those trousers. Just as soon as Silverlocks can give you a bag full of wool to make them out of, why,

you may have your trousers, so you had best go down and talk to her about it!"

And that is just what Joe-Boy did. He got his cap and went to the meadow and when he found Silverlocks he told her all about the new trousers, while he stroked her wool, to see how thick it was. Silverlocks did not say anything, but she rubbed her head against Joe-Boy's shoulder and then trotted away with a very happy look on her face, so I *believe* she understood. Anyway, Joe-Boy would not let Captain run any more races with Silverlocks, because he was afraid she would run through the briars and pull some of her wool out, and he needed it, every bit, you know, for those trousers. Well, every day Silverlocks' wool grew thicker and thicker, and all that time Joe-Boy was growing bigger and bigger, but he was so busy thinking about Silverlocks, why, he forgot all about himself, and didn't know how large he was getting. That tickled Betty a great deal; she laughed and laughed over Joe-Boy and Silverlocks. Of course, the kindergarten teacher and all the children knew about the trousers, too,—they had heard all about it, over and over again, and were just as anxious about Silverlocks' wool as Joe-Boy was. And when the day came to shear Silverlocks, why, the kindergarten teacher herself did that—and all the children helped. They sat in a line on the banks of the meadow brook, while Silverlocks had her wool washed. One by one, they each had a turn at the scrubbing, and Silverlocks behaved most beautifully—but then they did not wash her ears, only her wool—and when she was just as clean as clean could be, Joe-Boy led her out on the grass and the sunbeams and another scrubbing soon got her dry. Her wool was as soft and white as any Farmer Green had ever had, and Silverlocks did not seem one bit afraid as she stood in the center of the circle with the children gathered all around her. Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne held the bag open while the kindergarten teacher took the big shears and clip, clip, clip, went all of Silverlocks' wool into the bag, while everybody watched to see that none was wasted. They were so afraid there wouldn't be a bag full, you know. But the bag was full—and full to the very top—and the children couldn't help laughing just a little at Silverlocks, because she did look too funny with all her wool shingled off. But she didn't care, she was glad to get rid of it, because it was getting too warm, so after licking salt and meal from the children's hands, Silverlocks switched her tail and walked off, as happy as you please. Well, of course, you know what had to be

done with the wool next—you heard the woolen balls tell all about that. And so Silverlocks' wool was sent to the big factory, too, and spun and woven into cloth, and dyed a most beautiful red, which was the color Joe-Boy liked best. After that the cloth was cut and sewn into a pair of trousers, just to fit a little boy four years old—do you know who that boy was? And there was a Russian blouse to match, and a white kid belt with a most beautiful buckle on it. And one morning what do you suppose was in a box on a chair right by the side of Joe-Boy's bed when he waked up? His trousers, to be sure! And he could hardly wait long enough for Mother Gipsy to buckle his belt! And he didn't want a mouthful of breakfast! He wanted to run and show them to Charlotte Anne and to all the neighbors. Then he went down to the barn to show them to Lady Cow and Prince Charming; and then he skipped all the way to the buttercup meadow to show them to Silverlocks, while he hugged her and hugged her, because he was so proud of his trousers! When he went to the kindergarten, all of the children said, "Oh, oh, oh, here is Joe-boy in his trousers!" And everybody wanted to sit by him, and when the time came to skip, everybody wanted to skip with him! After kindergarten, Mother Gipsy had his picture taken in them, and that night, when bed-time came, Joe-Boy wanted to sleep in his trousers! Now, what *do* you think of such a boy?

Program for Ninth Week—Pets

Joe-Boy's Pets

Monday

Circle talks, songs and games: Did you ever see a horse that could march in time to music? What else have you seen them do? Do you suppose they knew how to do these things without being taught? Did you ever see how the trainers pet and feed their ponies after they have done well? Joe-Boy had a pet horse all his very own. I must tell you about it.

Game: Training of ponies and horses. Galloping, trotting and stepping.

Gift: Fifth. Barn, feeding box, etc.

Occupation: Modeling, "Prince Charming." Folding, feeding box.

Prince Charming

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Where do you think Joe-Boy kept Prince Charming? Do you suppose in the same stall with Lady Cow? Did Prince Charming like the same things to eat as Lady Cow? What kind of food will make her fat?

Play: "Training horses."

Gift: Sixth. A double stall with a window between, where Prince Charming and Lady Cow bowed "Good morning."

Occupation: Drawing, dancing horse; or, paper cutting, barn window.

Captain

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Have you a dog at home? Do you ever play "hide-and-seek" with him? How can he find you when he has not seen you hide? Did your dog ever find you, when you were lost? Relate story.

Game: Fox and hound (following scent).

Gift: Fifth (one-third for each child). Make a kennel for Captain.

Occupation: Folding, a red cap. Or, parquetry, half circle, and obtuse angled triangle, to represent cap.

Snowball

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Guess what other pets Joe-Boy had? Did a stray cat ever come to your house? Did you feed her? Did you find her soft cushions and her sharp claws? Listen, while I tell you about Joe-Boy's kitty named Snowball.

Game: "Five little mice." "Mrs. Pussy."

Gift: Modeling, a cat.

Occupation: Drawing cat.

Silverlocks

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: What is your jacket made of, Ben? Is your coat made of cotton, too? What else have you that is made

of wool? Do you know where the wool comes from? Have you ever seen mother sheep and baby lambs? Shall we go and see one now?

Note:—If a pet lamb can not be brought to the kindergarten for the children to observe, they should be carried to a farm where sheep are kept.

Game: "Sheep."

Gift Period: Fourth, Barn, water trough, hay rack. (Use song from Poulsson book.)

Occupation: Folding and cutting. Trousers.

Tenth Week—Animal Relationships—Pets

Pig-a-Wee

Monday

WHICH would you rather have, a little fat pig, or a fat little pig? Well, one of the funniest pets Joe-Boy had was a fat little pig named Pig-a-wee, and he was so fat and so round and so slippery that you couldn't hold him very well, after you caught him, and he had the curliest of little curly tails, that turned all around in a circle—so. But do you know Pig-a-wee did not like to bathe anywhere but in a mud-puddle? Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne thought that was most dreadful, and every time they caught Pig-a-wee in the mud-puddle they would drive him out and into the clean water of the meadow brook, and then Joe-Boy would hold him and Charlotte Anne would scrub him, and Pig-a-wee would squeal and squeal and squeal—because he did not like to be bathed. And then just as soon as they would turn him loose, what do you suppose he would do? Go right straight back to that mud-puddle and wallow over and over again, with the very happiest little grunt that ever you heard!

"Mercy me!" Charlotte Anne would say, "Pig-a-wee will never stay clean long enough to wear a pretty blue ribbon around his neck, like Snowball's, and I have kept one in my apron pocket for him two or three days!"

"Maybe he will, when he gets older," said Joe-Boy, "he is only a baby now, and doesn't know any better."

"Oh, I'll tell you what let's do," said Charlotte Anne. "Tomorrow I am going out to grandfather's to spend a week; s'pose you let

Pig-a-wee go with me? There isn't any mud-puddle in grandfather's meadow, and so Pig-a-wee will *have* to keep clean, and then maybe when he finds out how nice it feels, why, he will want to keep clean all the time, and then he can wear the blue ribbon."

"All right," said Joe-Boy, "but you must be sure to bring him back again."

So they washed Pig-a-wee one more time and penned him up in the barn until time to start, because, of course, they did not want Pig-a-wee to go visiting to the country dirty—that would never do!

Well, the next day when Charlotte Anne's grandfather came for her, she climbed into the buggy by his side, and then she said, "Now, grandfather, drive by Joe-Boy's house, and get Pig-a-wee; he's going, too."

"What? Who? Which?" said Grandfather Ray. "A little p-i-g, you say? Why, I never had a pig visit me before, my dear; I hope he isn't very big?"

"Oh, no," said Charlotte Anne, very gravely, "Pig-a-wee isn't big; he is only a little fellow, but he hasn't much sense yet, and bathes in mud-puddles all the time, so Joe-Boy and I want to break him of it. We just thought we would send him off to the country for a while until he forgets all about it, you know."

And then Charlotte Anne showed him the pretty blue ribbon in her apron pocket, which Pig-a-wee was to wear as soon as he had sense enough to keep clean.

"Well, s-i-r!" said Grandfather Ray, as he shook the reins over old Dobbins' back, "if that don't beat all! But if Pig-a-wee is really going to visit me, why, I suppose I'll just have to stop for him. But I'll tell you one thing—you'll either have to do the holding, or you'll have to put Pig-a-wee in a bag—because he'll be sure to fall out on the way if you don't! I can't drive Dobbins and hold a fat little pig at the same time."

"Well, we'll just have to put him in the bag then," said Charlotte Anne. "I hope Pig-a-wee won't mind, but he's so very slippery, I couldn't hold him, you see."

"Very well," said Grandfather Ray, "that's settled, so here we go."

Then they drove over to Joe-Boy's house and caught Pig-a-wee, and put him in a bag and tied the bag up, and put it *underneath* the buggy seat! And as they drove away Joe-Boy stood at the gate and shouted

"Good-bye, Charlotte Anne, take good care of Pig-a-wee, and don't let him stay but a week."

And Grandfather Ray smiled and Charlotte Anne waved and Pig-a-wee squealed and squealed, and away they rolled off down the big road to the country. Pig-a-wee stopped squealing in a little while—I guess he found out how nice it was to take a ride—and by and by, when they got to Grandfather Ray's house, Grandmother Ray came out to the gate to meet them, and Charlotte Anne jumped down and then she said, "Wait a minute, Pig-a-wee's come, too, grandmother." And when they pulled Pig-a-wee out from under the seat Grandmother Ray was so surprised she didn't know what to do; so she just wiped her spectacles and said, "Deary, deary, deary! Now, did you ever!" But she went with Charlotte Anne to the meadow where there wasn't any mud-puddle, and turned Pig-a-wee loose, and when he got out of the bag he shook his curly tail about and went rooting around for his supper, and grunting every step of the way.

"You see, grandmother," said Charlotte Anne, "Pig-a-wee is hunting for a mud-puddle this very minute! He just won't keep clean, and Joe-Boy and I want him to wear a blue ribbon so!"

"Well, well, well," said Grandmother Ray, "I'm sure I never saw a pig in my day that kept clean enough to wear a blue ribbon, but I hope this one will be different, because everybody loves clean things."

Then they told Pig-a-wee good night, and went to the house to supper, and pretty soon Charlotte Anne was in the high bed fast asleep.

And now comes the funny thing about Pig-a-wee. The very next morning, right after breakfast, Joe-Boy went down to the buttercup meadow to take Silverlocks some salt, and when he passed by the mud-puddle, guess what he saw? Yes, sir, there was Pig-a-wee in the very middle of that mud-puddle, with mud all over his back and head and nose, as happy as happy could be!

Now, how do you think Pig-a-wee found his way home? Joe-Boy could hardly believe his own eyes. It surely *was* Pig-a-wee, and it did look as if he had *some* sense, if he couldn't keep clean! It seems to me if somebody tied me up in a bag, and put me under the buggy seat, and rode and rode down the country road, and turned me loose in a big wide meadow,—why, I'd never find my way home! Could you?

The Rabbits That Wore a Blue Ribbon

Tuesday

I GUESS you would like to know what Charlotte Anne did the next morning when she found Pig-a-wee was gone. She went to Grandfather Ray's meadow early to take Pig-a-wee his breakfast, and she looked and she looked and she looked everywhere for Pig-a-wee, and she could not find him. And the hired man looked for Pig-a-wee and he could not find him; and Grandfather Ray looked for Pig-a-wee and he could not find him; and Grandmother Ray looked for Pig-a-wee and she could not find him! And then—well, I do not like to say Charlotte Anne cried, but her mouth was turned down some at the corners—you know how that is—and Grandmother Ray said very quickly:

"Well, well, well, deary, we won't worry. I'll just send the hired man into town, horse-back, and see if Pig-a-wee could have gone home. I *have* heard that you could hardly lose a little pig if you tried, so I believe Pig-a-wee is safe at home this very minute. Come along, and while the hired man is gone we'll go and look at the white rabbits. They are clean enough to wear a blue ribbon, any day. How would you like to have a pair to carry home for your very own?"

"I'd like it very well," said Charlotte Anne, and then the corners of her mouth got turned up—you know how it is when you smile.

"All right," said Grandmother Ray, "and you may carry a pair to Joe-Boy, too." So away they went to find the rabbits, and Charlotte Anne was smiling and smiling and smiling. She picked out a white one with pink eyes for Joe-Boy, and a white one with blue eyes for herself, and a spotted one with blue eyes for Joe-Boy, and a spotted one with pink eyes for herself, so they couldn't get mixed up when they went visiting.

"Now," said Grandmother Ray, "I'll tell you about these rabbits, so when you take them to town to live you will know how to take good care of them. Of course, they must have a little house to live in and plenty of fresh water all the time, and a clean straw bed to sleep on. They like to eat almost anything green—cabbage leaves and lettuce leaves and celery tops and parsley, and sometimes cracked wheat and fruit."

After they had played with the rabbits a long time, Grandmother Ray said, "Well, it is about dinner time now, and I expect the hired

man has gotten back, too, so we will go and see." And, sure enough, when they got to the house there was the hired man waiting for them.

"Yes," he said, "that little pig went right straight home, and he was down in the meadow, when I went by—lying in the middle of a mud-puddle, too."

"Oh-o," said Charlotte Anne, "what is to become of Pig-a-wee?" But she was very glad to hear that he had gotten safely home, anyway.

"You see," said Grandmother Ray, "Pig-a-wee has got some sense after all!"

"Yes," said Charlotte Anne, "he just doesn't like to keep clean like us, and then maybe Pig-a-wee likes his own home better than any other. I know Joe-Boy was surprised to see him, too, but I never shall bring Pig-a-wee visiting with me any more."

Well, when the end of the week came Charlotte Anne went home and she carried the pretty rabbits with her, tucked away in a basket, and Joe-Boy was so proud of his, he just jumped up and down like a churn dasher. He and Father Gipsy worked nearly all of the next morning on a rabbit house for them, and after dinner they went over to Charlotte Anne's and made a house for her rabbits. There were straw beds in both, and little windows and doors, so the rabbits could come out and go in whenever they pleased—because rabbits do not like to be penned up, you know, any more than you or I. Charlotte Anne named her rabbits Pink-eyes and Blue-eyes, and Joe-Boy named his rabbits Blue-eyes and Pink-eyes. Sometimes Charlotte Anne would bring her rabbits across the street to see Joe-Boy's rabbits and then Joe-Boy would take his two rabbits across the street to see Charlotte Anne's. And when they went visiting they always wore their blue ribbons, and were just as clean as clean could be! Now, which would you rather be—a fat little slippery pig, or a fat, little, soft, white rabbit—as clean as clean can be?

Mrs. Spider-Brown

Wednesday

IF I told you Joe-Boy had a pet as big around as a bird's egg, and with eight legs and eight eyes, what would you guess it was? No, it wasn't a fly, because they haven't as many as eight legs, you know, and a great many more than eight eyes. But this pet of Joe-Boy's was very fond of flies—I can tell you that. It was a great big brown spider, and Joe-Boy named her Mrs. Spider-Brown the morning he found

her in his room. Now, Mrs. Spider-Brown had always lived in the flower garden before this—her family did not like to live in houses very much—but for some queer notion she thought she would spin her a web in somebody's house. Maybe she thought there would be more flies to catch. Anyway, late one night, while everybody was sleeping, Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled into Mrs. Gipsy's house, and when she had looked all around she said to herself:

"I like this house very much indeed! It looks dainty and clean and has so many transomes over windows and doors that I could crawl out to the open air any time I chose. I just believe I will go right to work and build me a silken web, away up high, out of everybody's way, and then surely the people who live here will not care. But first I will look around and see which room I like best."

So Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled into the parlor, but she quickly shook her head as she looked at the pretty walls, all sprinkled with violets, and said, "I guess I had best not build in here! Everything looks so fine, I don't believe a fly ever looked inside of this room—I'll try another room."

So Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled into the dining room. But she slowly shook her head again and said, "No, this room looks rather fine, too; there are too many mirrors and bright things around. Why, that large sideboard glass over there would get me all mixed up. I would be sure to think there were two of myself, instead of one, and I might forget which was who! People are queer things, anyway." And then she crawled on into the kitchen.

"No," she said, "this will not do either; this is where the family do their cooking and, of course, when the baby spiders come I should not like to raise them altogether among pots and pans. I shall hunt longer."

So then Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled all the way up the hall and went into Mrs. Gipsy's room. "Ah," she said, as she looked around, "I like this room better than any. It is bright and cozy—I always did like red—but before I decide to room in here I guess I had better just take a peep at those people over there in the bed—possibly they are fond of brooms and dusters."

So up the wall by the side of the bed crawled Mrs. Spider-Brown and peeped with her eight eyes at Mother and Father Gipsy, lying fast asleep. She looked a long time and then she shook her head three times and said:

"Mr. Gipsy has a fine face! I do not believe he would ever think of sweeping or dusting up high. But Mrs. Gipsy? No, indeed! I could not think of rooming in the same room with her! She has a face that is sweet and beautiful enough, but her hand—I believe Mrs. Gipsy almost lives with a broom in her hand, to say nothing of a duster! She would sweep me off the face of the earth in less than three minutes!"

So Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled down the side wall very quickly and went straight into Joe-Boy's room.

"Dear me," said she, as she went to the top of the toy cabinet for a good look, "isn't this a dainty room! All in white, with daisies scattered around! Just the place for the baby spiders, and I know they would enjoy these birds along the walls—I could tell them stories of every one. But there is a little white bed over there, too; who sleeps in it, I wonder? Why, a little boy, I do believe,—how charming! I always loved children; they never dust high with brooms and dusters—bless their dear hearts! Yes, yes, yes, this is the place for me, and I shall room with the little boy. I believe he will treat me kindly and we will be great friends."

Then Mrs. Spider-Brown crawled over in the corner and went to the top of the ceiling, where she began to spin a most beautiful silver web, which was to be her sitting room, you know, and the place where she always caught the flies she ate. The wonderful silken thread came from the tiny spinning holes near her hind legs, and Mrs. Spider-Brown could work those legs of hers as fast as you can work your fingers, and it did not take her very long to build her pretty web, from the thread of dark, rich blue. First she fastened a few long threads to stand on while she worked, and then she spun some cross threads, gluing them tightly to the wall. Then came the pretty part of her work, for she spun the threads round and round like a wheel, and by and by Mrs. Spider-Brown had finished one of the daintiest, prettiest silken rooms that ever you saw, with a small round window right in the center. And then she felt so tired she crawled in and went to sleep. The next morning when Joe-Boy waked up the very first thing he saw was Mrs. Spider-Brown peeping at him from her round window, and he thought her silken house was very beautiful.

"I'm glad she came to room with me," said he, "and I shall have her for my own pet spider; she shall live with me as long as she chooses."

"That's good," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "I knew that was a polite child!"

But right after breakfast in walked Mrs. Gipsy and then something inside Mrs. Spider-Brown went "thump, thump, thump," because, sure enough, in Mrs. Gipsy's hand there was a broom and a great long duster.

"Just as I expected," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "and now my day has come!"

But when Mrs. Gipsy saw it she smiled one of her most beautiful smiles and said, "Oh, isn't that a lovely web? Why, it must have been spun last night. I never saw it before. And I did not know that kind of web was ever found in houses at all. I thought the spiders always spun them in the gardens on bushes or in fence corners or barn windows and doors, and they look so much like silken fairy wheels that it is a pity to dust them down! I wonder if Joe-Boy saw it. Here he comes now."

"Mother, mother," said Joe-Boy, "I just remembered and ran in to tell you that Mrs. Spider-Brown in the corner belongs to me—I am going to have her for my pet, so be sure and do not clean her up, too!"

Then Mrs. Gipsy laughed merrily and long—the very idea of Joe-Boy's saying, "don't clean a spider up!" Why, she cleaned up rooms and not spiders, of course! So she said:

"Well, I never heard of anybody having a pet spider in all my life, but this is *your* room and not *my* room, and I suppose if you want to keep a spider in it, why, you can,—just so that it isn't poisonous and won't bite."

"The idea," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "why do people always think we garden spiders are poisonous and bite? Why, we wouldn't bite them for anything, and would be their friends if they would only let us! I am very glad the little boy there is to be my friend, and I believe I shall learn to love his mother, too,—see the smile around her mouth! She believes in letting even children have their rights, and that shows she has a kind heart. Now, if she would only let brooms and dusters alone!"

Mrs. Spider-Brown's Children

Thursday

MRS. SPIDER-BROWN spent a very happy time in Joe-Boy's room and they were the best of friends. He had drawn her picture two or three times, and her silken house, too, and had even carried it to kindergarten and shown it to the children there. So when Mrs. Spider-Brown saw she need not feel afraid she decided to weave her nest and get ready for the baby spiders she had spoken about. "I believe I will make my nest here, under the window ledge," she said one day, "and lay my eggs in it."

You need not think Mrs. Spider-Brown was going to lay her egg in that pretty silken house with the round window in the center. No, indeed, that was for her sitting room and to catch any stray flies that happened near. She lived on flies, and woe be unto any of them that buzzed around Joe-Boy's room! It was Mrs. Spider-Brown's special pleasure to see that none of them ever speckled the walls of Joe-Boy's room or those of her own. But, as I started out to tell you, Mrs. Spider-Brown built her nest under the window ledge by the transom—such a tiny, tiny nest, about the size of a thimble, and made out of that same silken thread which came from her body. When she had lined it soft and warm, then she laid her egg—only one egg, a wee, wee, wee egg, not even as big as a pea! But Mrs. Spider-Brown was very proud of it—she would even fight for that egg, because she knew the baby spiders were growing inside and would soon wake up. Why, she often carried it around on her back, and that is how Joe-Boy came to see it. He called Mrs. Gipsy to see it, too, and Mother Gipsy said:

"Well, I think Mrs. Spider-Brown is very glad that she isn't like the speckled hen that has twelve eggs to take care of instead of one! And I also guess the speckled hen is very glad she doesn't have one hundred babies to come out of just one egg, as Mrs. Spider-Brown will have when her egg hatches!"

But Mrs. Spider-Brown did not worry over that fact a single minute—she only wished her egg would hurry up and hatch, so she could have her baby spiders for company. She didn't tell Joe-Boy so, but she said to herself that as soon as her baby spiders did hatch, and were large enough, she was going to turn them all into the garden to live, where they belonged. It was too dangerous to raise a hundred babies

in the house with Mother Gipsy—she believed too much in brooms and dusters!

Well, by and by the egg hatched out, and my! I wish you could have seen those hundred babies roll out! Just exactly like their mother—legs and eyes and all! And Mrs. Spider-Brown made them mind, too, from the very beginning! She would not have one bit of foolishness, and those babies knew it, too! She told them they would all have to make their own living, but, of course, she meant to teach them how before she turned them out into the garden. So, every morning Mrs. Spider-Brown had school with them up over the transom window, and they were all learning very fast. She would first make them get in a long row, and then she would say, "Attention!" That meant for all the little spiders to look at her. And they looked, too, with all of their eight eyes.

"Now," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "tell me where you came from?"

"We came out of one egg," piped all the baby spiders together.

"Don't say 'We came out of one egg,' my dears," said their mother, "why, that is too long; just say 'egg,' and be done with it. I like short answers!"

"Egg, and be done with it," said the baby spiders, trying their very best. Mrs. Spider-Brown sighed, because that is not exactly what she wanted them to say, but she went on to the next question, anyway.

"Now tell me," she said, "what do little spiders eat?"

"Flies," said the baby spiders, "flies!"

"Good," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "that's a short answer! Now, how do you catch the flies?"

"Run after them," chimed the baby spiders.

"Tut, tut," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "the idea! Whoever heard of a spider running after a fly! Why, they have wings! We could never catch one that way! Listen, every one. Spiders spin webs to catch flies in and they spin the web from a wonderful silken thread that comes from their bodies. Each one of you spiders have a silken thread in you, too, and you will find the little spinning holes by your hind legs—look for them now." Then Mrs. Spider-Brown gave them a spinning lesson and they all learned how to spin a short thread.

"Good," said Mrs. Spider-Brown; "now, where is the best place for spiders to make their webs?"

And all the spiders said, "Down on the barn, in the fence corners, by the side porch, and on the rose bush!"

"Very fine," said Mrs. Spider-Brown, "most especially by the barn, because there will always be plenty of flies near. And don't forget the pattern—round like a wheel. I will show you how pretty mine is by and by. Now, two more questions and school is out for today. Why should not spiders build their webs in houses?"

"Brooms and dusters!" said the little spiders—they knew that answer well.

"Yes, to be sure," said Mrs. Spider-Brown. "Never build your webs in houses, unless you are very sure the people inside will be your friends. Now for the last question: Why shouldn't spiders build their webs close to the ground?"

"Frogs! frogs! frogs! frogs!" said all the baby spiders. "Frogs!"

"Why, to be sure," said Mrs. Spider-Brown; "I know you are the very smartest little spiders that ever drew the breath of life! Come, I shall give you all a ride on my back to see my pretty web—pile on!"

Then all the baby spiders that could find room got up on Mrs. Spider-Brown's back and she carried them over to her web, coming back for those which had been left behind.

"Hold tight," she said, "whatever you do, don't fall onto Mrs. Gipsy's floor—brooms and dusters! Remember the silken thread you've learned to spin—if you *should* fall, just spin one quickly, fasten it to my body, and crawl up."

After Mrs. Spider-Brown had taken them all to her web and let them watch her catch a fly, then she took them back to the nest for a rest, and the very next day she turned them out in the garden to make their living! And do you know, not a single one of those baby spiders forgot what they had learned at school?

Dimple and Dot

Friday

OUT on the lawn at Joe-Boy's house there was the loveliest fountain that ever you saw, and that is where Joe-Boy kept his pet fish. They were very happy in the fountain, too, because the water was always fresh and pure, running in through one pipe and out through another. The pipe that Joe-Boy liked to watch, though, was the pretty one that ran right up from the center of the fountain and carried a sparkling stream of water high in the air, which curved

over and fell into the stone basin below like ever so many dimpling stars. The water was so clear you could see the white sand and pebbles and tinted shells that lay on the bottom, while ferns and water-cress peeped over the sides to play with the sunbeams that sometimes danced there. A few snails lived in the fountain, too, and helped to keep the water pure; and then there were the four gold fish, three minnows, four speckled perch, and Mother Silver-Sides and her two children, Dimple and Dot. It was a pretty sight to watch them gliding and darting about in the water—up and down, up and down, to and fro they swam, often coming up to the brink of the water for the cracker crumbs which Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy sometimes brought to feed them with.

Dimple and Dot, the two silver fish, used to live in the brook at the buttercup meadow before Joe-Boy found them. But one day their mother went into the big pond for a swim in the deep water, and she told Dimple and Dot to stay close at home under the big rock, until she came back again. But the two little fish forgot to mind, you see, and you know how it is—something nearly always happens when children forget to mind their mothers.

Dot said, "Come, let's play jumping."

And Dimple said, "All right! let's see which one can jump the higher!" So they jumped and jumped and jumped, until by and by—why, they jumped so high they just jumped out of the water! And when they fell on the hard ground and got sand in their gills and on their pretty sides and in their pretty eyes, my! how it did hurt! They had no eyelashes like yours and mine to keep trash out of their eyes, you know, and then little fish can not live very long out of the water. So they were very unhappy.

"Oh, oh, oh," said Dimple, "I wish I were back in the water!"

"Oh, oh, oh," said Dot, "I wish I did have my mother! I feel so very stiff, and the sand is stinging me so!" And then they wriggled and wriggled and jumped around on the ground, but the more they wriggled the worse it felt. It was just at that moment that Captain came by, and when he saw them wriggling in the sand he stopped right still and wagged his tail and barked and barked. Wherever Captain went, Joe-Boy was sure to be close behind, so he ran up, too, and when he saw Dimple and Dot, I reckon you can guess what he did! Joe-Boy thought of the fountain right away, so he picked Dimple up in one hand

and Dot in the other hand, and away he ran to the front lawn with them and dropped them into the fountain water with a gentle splash. You should have seen those two little fish give a curve to their tails and a dart of their bodies and go gliding to the very bottom! I can tell you they were glad to get into the water one more time! And it did not take them long to wash the sand from their eyes and fins and gills either.

"Oh," said the little gold fish, when they saw them, "here are two little silver fish come to live with us in the fountain. Where did you come from?"

Dimple and Dot told them all about playing "jumping," but they did not say anything about not minding their mother—they were ashamed for anybody to know that.

"Well, this is a most beautiful place to live in," said the gold fish, "and we are glad to have you with us in the fountain. Come and see how many pretty shells and pebbles we have to play with, below. I'm sure you will like living here."

So Dimple and Dot swam round and round the fountain, looking at everything, and had a very merry time. Joe-Boy and Captain ran to the house to tell Mother Gipsy about the new pets, and she came back with them to see the little silver fish in their new home. But the best part of it all was that Dimple and Dot's mother came to live with them in the fountain. Joe-Boy and Mother Gipsy caught her in the dipper the very next day. I guess she was at the top of the meadow brook looking for her baby fish, and when Joe-Boy dropped her into the fountain, and she found Dimple and Dot down under a shell, she was so glad she didn't know what to do! And they lived happily ever afterward—as happy as happy could be!

Program for Tenth Week—Pets

Pig-a-Wee

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Did you ever see a baby pig? What can a pig do? How does he talk? Do you think if you carried him away he could find his way home?

(Song and finger play—"Pig-a-wee.") Relate the story.

Game: "Find who the missing one (pig) is."

Gift: Second. Gift beads,—large size and sticks. Slip beads on sticks and make pen.

Occupation: Modeling,—“Pig-a-wee.”

The Rabbits that wore a Blue Ribbon

Tuesday

Circle, talk, songs and games: Did you ever have a pet rabbit? What can a rabbit do? What kind of eyes has a rabbit? How high can a rabbit leap? (Show). What do rabbits eat?

Song—“See the Pretty Bunny.”

Game: Mother Rabbit teaching babies what to do in case of danger. (Note—Have real rabbit for the children to observe.)

Gift: Fourth—House for rabbits.

Occupation: Water color or crayon—Picture of rabbits.

Mrs. Spider-Brown

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games. Show spider in a glass box. Let the children tell all they can about it. Lead them to observe number of legs. Tell them number of eyes.

Play Period: Hunt spider's web in garden or yard.

Gift Period: Sewing. Octagonal web—Card, large holes; use single zephyr.

Occupation: Picture of spider's web. (Simplified.)

Mrs. Spider-Brown's Children

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Protection of baby spiders from wasp.

Do you suppose Mrs. Spider-Brown loved her babies? Why?

Game: Dramatize incident given in circle talk.

Gift: Sixth—Door-transom. Where spiders went to school.

Occupation: Modelling—Spider. Or, drawing—Spider in web.

Dimple and Dot

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Can you name all of Joe-Boy's pets you have heard about? He had pet fishes, too; have you any gold

fishes at home? Do you know how they swim? Can you show me? How do the fins help? Did you ever notice something just back of the head, moving faster than the fins? These are the gills, to breathe with (show real fish). What do we breathe? Do you think the fish would like to stay up in the air as we do? What would happen if we tried to make them?

Music: Lack's "Brook." See if the children can close their eyes and hear the "Running Water."

Song: "See the Fishes in the Brook." (Imaginary, if it can not be real.)

Play: Run to meadow brook; gather pebbles for fountain; find fish, and put in.

Gift: Second gift, beads, large. Use cylinders for fountain, cubes for basin, half rings for spray of water.

Occupation: Free cutting—Fish.

A LAST YEAR'S PROGRAM.

LUELLA A. PALMER.

The subject of each month's program is embodied in the "Teachers' Thought." It does not relate to the sequence with which the topics follow each other; it presents the different aspects in which each topic is to be viewed, as a basis for sense impressions, as a medium for self-expression and thus as a means to a deeper insight into the spiritual values of material phenomena. If the teacher keeps her purpose constantly in mind, a slight allusion or suggestion will give to a seemingly trivial subject a character-forming power.

DECEMBER PROGRAM.

Teacher's Thought. 1. Observation of preparations for giving. 2. Making of gifts. 3. Realization of a gift as an outward manifestation of an inner feeling.

FIRST WEEK.

TOPIC—Winter.

Picture—(Blackboard).

Song—Merry Little Snowflakes (Song Stories). Jack Frost, two verses, (Song Stories).

Story—God's Blanket.

Rhyme—Jack Horner.

Game—Snowman, sliding, snowballing, sleighride.

Rhythm—Skating.

Monday—

Circle—Experiences during holidays.

Gift—1 and 2. Third and fourth.—Suggestion, retell Thanksgiving story. 3. Fourth—Suggestion.

Occupation—1 and 2. Painting—Sky. 3. Pasting chains.

Occupation—Folding kite.

Tuesday—

Circle—Snow. Winter games. (Picture drawn on blackboard.)

Gift—Snow. Children make snowman in sand tray.

Occupation—Drawing. Snowman.

Occupation—Cutting and pasting snowman.

Wednesday—

Circle—Jack Frost at work and play. Pictures on window and sidewalk. Ice in gutter, etc.

Gift—1. Sixth—Free play. 2 and 3. Fourth—Free play.

When a new gift is given to the oldest group, the other groups like to watch the experimentation. In this way the younger children gain an idea of the use of the material so that when they are manually ready for it they handle it with a definite purpose. For this reason and also because it would require needless and too great inhibition to keep the attention of the little children in a dictation, free play of all groups is given when new material is introduced.

Occupation—1 and 2. Painting, grass. 3. Cutting, free.

Occupation—Folding sled.

Thursday—

Circle—Snow in country. Country boys' play. (Change the large blackboard picture of farm to winter scene. Rub out animals. Close barn doors. Cover brook with ice, and ground and buildings with snow and icicles.)

Gift—Fourth—In sand trays. (Sand used for snow.)

Occupation—Drawing, children playing with snow.

Occupation—Clay, snowman.

Friday—

Circle—Difference between summer and winter plays.

Gift—1. Sixth—Free play. 2 and 3. Fourth—Dictation.
Occupation—1 and 2. Painting, ribbons. 3. Folding "stairs."
Occupation—Cutting frost pictures (paste on dark paper).

SECOND WEEK.

TOPIC—Toyman.

Picture—Helping Grandma.

Song—Christmas carol (adapted) (Songs for Little Children).

Story—Nancy Etticote's Ring (Stories from Mother Goose Village).

Rhyme—Old Woman in the Shoe.

Game—Toyman.

Rhythm—Jumping (with cold).

Monday—

Circle—Saturday's visit to stores. Toys. What we would like for Christmas.

Gift—1. Sixth—Suggestion, toy store. 2. Third and Fourth—Suggestion. 3. Fourth—Suggestion.

Occupation—Drawing toy we wish.

Occupation—1 and 2. Weaving. 3. Cutting, folded paper for design.

The first two mats that the children weave are taken home after being mounted; the later mats are used as covers for books, backs of blotters, bottoms of pin trays, or for some simple object that each child can make as soon as he has finished his weaving.

Tuesday—

Circle—Toys that brothers, sisters and baby would like. Presents Santa Claus brings father and mother.

Gift—Sticks, rings or any flat material to make pictures of toys.

Occupation—1 and 2. Painting, gray sky. 3. Drawing, free.

Occupation—Rolling strips.

Wednesday—

Circle—Why Santa Claus gives to us. How could we play Santa Claus? To whom give?

Gift—1. Sixth—Free. 2. Third and fourth—Free. 3. Fourth—Free.

Occupation—Sewing picture frames (for mothers).

Thursday—

Circle—Visit to Toyman. Show toys bought.

Gift—1 and 2. Third and fourth—Imitation and dictation, elevated

train, store, counter, cars. 3. Fourth—Suggestion.

Occupation—Finish picture frames.

Occupation—1 and 2. Painting (background for father's calendar).

3. Crayon covered board (for calendar).

Friday—

Circle—Use of pennies if saved. What two or three cents will buy for others.

Gift—1. Sixth—Imitation and dictation. 2. Third and fourth—Free.

3. Third—Free.

Occupation—Finish calendars.

Occupation—Cutting, lanterns.

THIRD WEEK.

Topic—Christmas tree.

Picture—Christmas bells. Blashfield.

Song—Santa Claus (Song Echoes).

Story—Contented Fir Tree.

Game—Mystery Man. Squirrels, birds in tree.

Rhythm—Ringing bells.

Monday—

Circle—Saturday's visit to stores.

Gift—1. Sixth. 2. Sixth (one-third). 3. Fourth—Dictation and imitation.

Occupation—Pasting, buzzers (for brothers).

Occupation—Folding, "stairs."

Tuesday—

Circle—Our tree, its future use and decoration.

Gift—First—Fruit for tree.

Occupation—Folding gilt stars (for tree).

Occupation—Pasting mat for cornucopia (for aunt or cousin).

Wednesday—

Circle—Animals who like trees. Different kinds of trees. Why we like them. (Hang nests in trees, etc.)

Gift—Nuts.

Occupation—Pasting chains.

Occupation—Sewing cornucopias.

Thursday—

Circle—Bennie's play with trees in country.

Gift—1. Sixth—Suggestion, farm house and trees. 2. Sixth (one-third)—Suggestion. 3. Third and Fourth—Suggestion.

Occupation—Cutting tissue paper (for sachets for sister).

Occupation—Rolling strips, for candles.

Friday—

Circle—Home of the tree, its journey.

Gift—1. Sixth—Suggestion, journey of tree (sticks used for trees).

2. Sixth (one-third)—Suggestion. 3. Fourth—Suggestion.

Occupation—Finishing presents.

Occupation—Pasting chains.

FOURTH WEEK.

Topic—Christmas.

Picture—Sistine Madonna.

Story—Night Before Christmas.

Game—Santa Claus.

Monday—

Circle—Santa Claus and his visit.

Gift—Third and Fourth—Imitation and dictation, house, chimney, fireplace, bed.

Occupation—Drawing, Santa Claus filling stockings.

Occupation—Tying cord (for baby's reins).

Tuesday—

Circle—First Christmas gift from God, baby who grew to be great good man. Our best gift, love, kindness, obedience.

Gift—1. Sixth—Dictation and imitation, church, 2 and 3. Third and Fourth—Suggestion.

Occupation—Pasting chains (for home decoration).

Occupation—Finishing reins.

Wednesday—

Circle—Decoration of tree. Hanging presents.

Gift—1 and 2. Sixth—Free. 3. Third and Fourth—Free.

Occupation—Drawing, holly.

Occupation—Finishing all presents.

Thursday—

Occupation—Drawing tree and presents.

Mothers' party to see Christmas tree.

Friday—

Circle—(Choice of stories).

Gift—(Choice of building and flat gifts).

Occupation—Folding, mantel and chimney.

Occupation—Cutting stockings. Drawing fire, tree and toys.

The oldest children made six presents, the youngest ones two. Mother had a picture frame of fancy wall paper, sewed over edge with raffia. Father had a calendar pasted in one corner of a blue painted cardboard which was decorated with a silver moon and stars. Buzzers were made for the brothers; around the edge of a circular piece of cardboard were pasted alternating blue and yellow parquetry circles, cord was passed through two punched holes in center. Sachets shaped like mottoes, made of tissue paper and weaving mats were given to the sisters. For baby was made a pair of reins—with bells—by tying long cords of two different colors. Cousin or aunt received a cornucopia made of a mounted weaving mat.

PROGRAM FOR 1905-06.

CAROLINE W. BARBOUR.

GENERAL SUBJECT FOR DECEMBER—*Christmas and all that it may mean to little children: happy anticipation of what they will get and joyful preparation of all that they are going to give to those they love. Permeating all the work will be the spirit of "secrets" and mystery so dear to childish hearts.*

"The personation of the spirit of *giving* has grown out of the deep need of child-life, and has an important part to play. Santa Claus is the embodiment of loving sympathy for, and with, all the world. * * * Love, truth, service, beauty are inconceivable to a child as *abstractions*, but put into concrete form as bits of daily food for heart and mind, are life itself. Let children believe in Santa Claus as a real, *though intangible*, presence in their lives, and they will never weary of *helping him to be the world-wide benefactor at the glad Christmas time.*"

So the MOTIVE will be: To let the children realize in anticipation all the happiness which comes through receiving gifts at Christmas, while at the same time helping them to feel the pleasure that lies in *giving* gifts. The natural, wholesome interests in "What Santa Claus will bring *me*" can be utilized in "being Santa Claus" to some one else. Thus, *concretely*, little children may get an idea of the meaning of "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Stories: For this special month the stories will be selected so as to develop the thought of service and loving kindness. The sequence will lead from the simple gift-giving, nearest the child's conception,

to the hero-story of service; and from that to the Christmas story of loving, human service to all mankind.

1. "'Twas the Night Before Xmas." (Children learn poem.)
2. The Shoemaker and the Elves.
3. Pegasus and Bellerophon (or any hero-story embodying service to mankind).
4. Christ Child Tales, and stories adapted from the Bible.

Games: Dramatizing: "'Twas the Night Before Christmas." "Shoemaker and the Elves." Pop-corn game. (Song in Gaynor, No. 1, 106.)

Rhythmic: Continue with skips previously developed. Add galloping of Santa Claus' fairy reindeer. (Characteristic Rhythms, No. 1.)

Listening to music: Gnomes, fairy music, etc. (Music for Child's World, Hofer). Music and motions for corn-popping.

Rhymes: From Mother Goose: "Little Jack Horner." Lollipops' Christmas.

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Songs: "O, Clap, Clap Our Hands." Poulsson "Finger Plays." Santa Claus: "Here Comes the One to Bring Us Fun," (adapted). "The Snow is Falling Fast," to time "Jingle Bells" in College Songs. "Christmas Secrets" and "Christmas Carol," Gaynor, No. 2. "Jerusha," a doll song by Mrs. Gaynor, can be sung to the children, or learned by them as a special little song to sing at the Christmas party.

"The Christmas Tree," *i. e.:*

"O, a wonderful tree is the Christmas tree!
The happy children rejoice to see.
Spreading its branches far and wide,
Blooming each year at Christmas-tide!
O, that wonderful tree
With its branches wide
Is always, is always
Blooming at Christmas-tide."

FIRST PHASE—SPECIAL SUBJECT FOR DECEMBER 4 TO 8.

The children's *immediate interests* in Santa Claus and Christmas toys. Santa Claus' workshop and the toy stores will be the basis of the week's work. With pictures of Santa Claus, the reindeer and toyshop, picture books and the poem dramatized and worked out at the table periods, the children will have abundant opportunity to express their anticipation and delight in the joyous Christmas time, so soon coming.

Suggestions for Table-Work: There will be no construction work this week, as such a subject as this is better expressed through the more imaginative mediums.

Writing Letters to Santa Claus: Folding, pasting envelopes; have a sheet of paper on which the children can "write" toys they wish to get, or free cut and paste them, so Santa Claus will know what to bring.

Picture-Work: For the oldest groups, a series of pictures made for a Christmas picture-book. Have a certain color, a blue or soft green drawing paper for the several sheets in the books; (1) mount on first page free cutting of toys. (2) Folding, cutting and crayoning fireplace and stockings "waiting for Santa Claus." (3) Colored crayoning Santa Claus coming over the house tops. (4) Poster of night time, stars and moon; Santa Claus climbing down the big, red chimney, etc. Tie all together and print "Christmas" on the outside.

Block-Building with gifts and large blocks on the floor; toyshops, fireplaces and chimneys, Santa Claus, reindeer and sleigh.

Blackboard: Group-drawing of the "Night Before Christmas."

SECOND PHASE—SPECIAL SUBJECT FOR DECEMBER 11 TO 15.

This week we will develop the children's interest in doing and giving; we may all be little "Santa Clauses," working as hard as we can to do our share of the glad Christmas giving. If the children are led to enjoy this preparation, through emphasis of the *mystery* and *secret* which so inspires them, and through working along from day to day with no nervousness or Christmas (un-Christmas) "rush," then they will have *lived* the principle of joyful giving. Thus they may gain a little of the feeling of what loving service means.

The story of "The Shoemaker and the Elves" develops the idea that work for others, loving service, is even better than giving presents.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Oldest Groups—For Father: Stamp-cases. Take 3x4 inch oblong of heavy cardboard, cover under surface with leatherette paper, letting edges lap over upper surface an inch. (This allows children to fold and fit on a large enough surface.) Cover upper surface neatly with oblong of gold paper smaller than 3x4 inches, so leatherette edge will show. This makes a substantial standard. Prepare, from leatherette, a ground-form for a stamp box with a single partition. Fold, paste and mount on standard. Paste neatly, on the cover, two old stamps, and we have a serviceable stamp case for father's desk.

For Mother: Dresser-cases for handkerchiefs or ribbons. Prepare colored cardboards one inch larger than paper napkins which they are to match in color. Fold cardboard and napkin in halves, making an oblong folded case. Insert between the two a smaller square of sheet wadding in which sachet powder has been put. Paste edges of paper napkin down to cardboard to hold wadding securely in place. Fasten all together further by tying four corners with ribbon or double zephyr; also tie the back edge with long enough ribbons to come forward and tie in a bow in front. Since such pretty designs in paper napkins can be obtained, these cases make a very dainty and useful present.

Middle Groups—For Father: Desk-pads or blotters. This can be carried out with boards, real leather, brass nails and paint, or it can be worked with heavy cardboard, leatherette paper and paste. Size of pad is about 12x15 inches. Ground form for corners is cut, and they are folded and pasted so as to leave space to slip blotter corners under. Two blotter sheets make a thick enough pad. If wood is used for bottom of pad, it can be stained with a furniture stain, ink or paint (water color). If heavy cardboard, it is more effective looking if covered with leatherette of another color than the corners.

For Mother: A recipe set of envelopes. Prepare two cardboards for covers a little larger than the envelopes to be used. Cover with dark green denim—this can be pasted on just as paper can. Paste neatly over the inside edges, an oblong of "cover-paper," such as can be obtained at a paper house. String backs of envelopes and covers together, tying with any suitable material such as colored cord, or ribbon to match outside cover. Sew or paste ties on front edges.

Youngest Groups—For Father: Calendars. There are so many simple ways for this work that no suggestions seem necessary. However, one simple way of decorating is to cover the background of calendar with Dennison's paster gold stars. This is not too fine, since the stars have gummed backs and stick with just a touch of water.

For Mother: Sachet bags. Get crepe paper circular mats (they can be obtained in holly designs), two for each child. Fluff a ball of cotton mixed with sachet powder for the center. Then thread a coarse packer's needle with red baby ribbon, and after pasting the cotton between two mats, sew ribbon around circular edges; with a little help dainty bows can be tied, and a simple, easily made sachet bag is the result.

NOTE: We do not hurry the children through with their presents. They work a certain amount each day, interspersed with free play; or simple preparation for the Christmas party. So often the finishing work laps over into the last week. That week has no table work planned except such as will give them plenty of time to finish up each little gift in a comfortable and pleasurable way.

THIRD PHASE—DECEMBER 18 TO 22.

The working basis for these last days will be any simple preparation for the Christmas party which the children may have time to do; and finishing the presents. The story of "Pegasus and Bellerophon" will work out a broader idea of service for other's happiness. The final ideal will work itself out through the beautiful songs and stories of the Christ Child's mission on earth.

If there should be any extra time this week the different groups can make little bonbon boxes for each other, filled with sugar candy which the older children can make at the table.

HOW SANTA CLAUS COMES AND GOES.

B. J.

Trit, trit, trot,
What's the sound we hear?
Prancing o'er the housetops
Are Santa Claus' reindeer.

Hark, hark, hark!
Such a funny sound:
Through the chimney Santa
Slips down with a bound.

Tinkle, tinkle, tonk!
Away now in his sleigh,
Thank you, good-bye, Santa.
Hurrah for Christmas Day!

1. While some children play sleep, others are Santa and reindeer in distant part of room. Children arouse and point out direction in which they think they hear the sound.

2. Two teachers hold hands to form chimney. A chair stands inside, between them, for fireplace. Another one on the outside. There are several such chimneys. Sleepers do not know which one Santa will come down. He climbs over and down one. When they hear the sound, children run to that chimney, Santa trying to get quietly away before they reach it.

FOR VALUE RECEIVED.

ALICE DAY PRATT.

There was a country of cloudless skies and of great mountains dark with forests and seamed with gold. Seamed with something more precious than gold in one case (more precious because more rare), for the course of a little brook of purest water was marked on its surface—a wavering line of vivid green from base to summit.

Now because this little brook was the only one for many miles around, all the animals of the forest came thither to drink; and because it ran in a very deep and rocky channel, much beset by tangled willows, it was most difficult of approach. In one place only, where a broad shelf of granite projected boldly from the mountain side, the little brook ran mildly for a few rods in the open sunlight, over a sandy bottom. Here then on the fine summer afternoons gathered a great concourse of the forest folk to quench their thirst. And, because even here the stream was slender and quickly exhausted, there was many a struggle for the scanty drops—resulting not infrequently in the trampling of the weaker and more delicate contestants.

Now, on a projecting peak directly above the granite shelf, a pine tree caught the last and first of the rays of day. And of this tree a robin was the undisputed lord.

In the shadowy depths below the shelf also, a little beaver lived and worked in strict seclusion, creeping upward to this vantage ground only when the forest crowds had departed and the first stars began to peep.

Now the little robin, because he lived in the upper air, had vision that came not to the struggling creatures who visited the stream, and the beaver, because through his unremitting and faithful toil, he kept his brain and conscience clear, had peculiar aptitude for interpreting the vision of his friend, the robin.

Now, on the evening of a fierce summer day, during which there had been great and deadly contention over the scanty water, the little robin sang long and earnestly from his pine tree, while the beaver lay on a drooping branch above the water resting from his labors in the twilight coolness. And as he listened to the song of his friend, he caught a new note continually returning with insistent iteration. In obedience to this insistent note, there grew gradually before his eyes a picture of what *might* be in the scene before him—a limpid lake nestling

in the hollows of the granite shelf, with water lilies on its bosom and green rushes on its border and welcome for all the beasts of the forest in its cool abundance.

Now, because to the little beaver action came instantly to the relief of motive, he set about securing the permanence of this pleasant picture, and before many days had felled a tree across the gap where the little stream dropped away into the chasm, and had piled brush against it. Then one night under cover of the darkness, he constructed a firm earthwork against the current, damming the water back into the hollows of the shelf.

Now—although the dam had risen to only half its intended height—quite a sizable pond had gathered above it by the early afternoon.

It happened that on this day, the blue jay, of all the various pilgrims, arrived first upon the scene, and being impressed by the abundant waters, and being, though an egotist, a bird of bright and inquiring mind, he was quick to reason from effect to cause. So that, by the time the other creatures made their appearance he was pluming himself and strutting up and down. "I have made a marvellous discovery, friends," he said. "See how this tree, which has fallen quite accidentally across the channel, has caused the waters to accumulate. How great a lake should we have, then, were we to build a proper and sizable obstruction!"

As the blue jay continued to iterate the marvel of his discovery and to expand his proposition, the multitude became enthused by his words, and each individual volunteered to bring, according to his ability, a stone to raise the dam. So the bear brought a huge boulder, and the woodchuck, the coon and each of the forest dwellers brought a stone proportioned to his size and strength.

And all the time the blue jay strutted and plumed himself and discoursed of his marvellous discovery. "What a sea shall we behold at this time tomorrow, my friends!" said he.

Now, as the creatures wended their way homeward, each one impressed with the magnitude of his own efforts, each gradually convinced himself that he and he alone was the inventor and creator of the dam, and each, in the admiring circle of his friends that night, received full measure of adulation as a benefactor of his kind.

But it happened that the stones, rolled so roughly against the dam, broke through the delicate earthwork, so that, when the little

beaver came up at twilight to test his work, the water had altogether leaked away and his labor seemed quite in vain.

"Sing, Robin," he said, "for I am heavy-hearted and I can not work without you." So the robin sang till the last faint gleam had faded from the sky, and the little beaver toiled till dawn, at which time not only had he repaired the damage done, but the dam was completed and strong from end to end.

So it came to pass that a limpid lake—the lake of the robin's dream—lay calm in the glory of that afternoon; and there was great parade of virtue at the concourse of the forest creatures, and many a man, great in his own eyes and in the eyes of his family. And great was the deference shown the Jay as he strutted in the consciousness of his great discovery.

Then, when this noisy troop was gone, the gentler creatures of the woods, the timid deer and the little hares, crept out to hold their festival.

Only the robin, the friend of the beaver, held aloof, and the beaver himself, who was sleeping the weariness of the night away. But in the gloaming he crept up shyly to his branch and beheld his finished work—in its glory—the glory of the robin's vision. His heart was great with the joy and triumph of achievement, but one thing was lacking—for his friend was silent. The robin did not sing.

"Why are you silent, oh seer of visions?" he said. "Why, on this day of days, have you no song?"

"Who could sing in so unjust a world?" said the robin. "He who bestows blessing has no blessing in return, and he who sings his own praises has his praises sung by all. The work was yours, Beaver," he said, "and no one had for you a word of praise. No one will give thanks to you for the blessing of the water in the days to come."

The beaver laughed. "This friend of mine is a foolish friend," he said. "The work was mine, indeed, and the vision was yours. Without you there could have been no lake. But the reward of work and of vision are not in the praise of the world, Robin, but in the work and the vision themselves, and in kinship with the *silent things*. Are we not friends of the stars tonight, Robin? Sing your song!"

So the robin sang in the gloaming to the beaver, his friend, and the beaver rested by the Lake of the Vision and was content.

GEORGIA ALLISON. IN MEMORIAM.

TEN years ago a committee appointed by the board of the Pittsburgh and Allegheny Free Kindergarten Association journeyed to Chicago for the purpose of studying the development of Kindergarten in that city, and of securing, if possible, a superintendent for the work which had been begun in Pittsburgh. The election of the committee fell upon a young girl of twenty, who was still a student at the Chicago Kindergarten College and who refused to consider any position which might be offered, until she had completed the preparation for her chosen work. Her personality so impressed the committee that they decided to wait for a superintendent until she should be ready to accept the responsible position. The years which have passed since this decision was made have richly confirmed its wisdom; for the young girl then chosen to organize and develop the work in Pittsburgh has accomplished one of the greatest marvels in the history of the kindergarten movement.

When in September, 1896, Georgia Allison entered upon her life work she was placed in control of sixteen kindergartens. When a week since, she was called to lay down her work and her life, the sixteen kindergartens had increased to *sixty-nine*; a Mothers' Club had been created, a State Kindergarten Association had been formed, a Kindergarten College had been securely established and Pittsburgh had become one of the strongest and sanest centers of kindergarten work in the length and breadth of the United States.

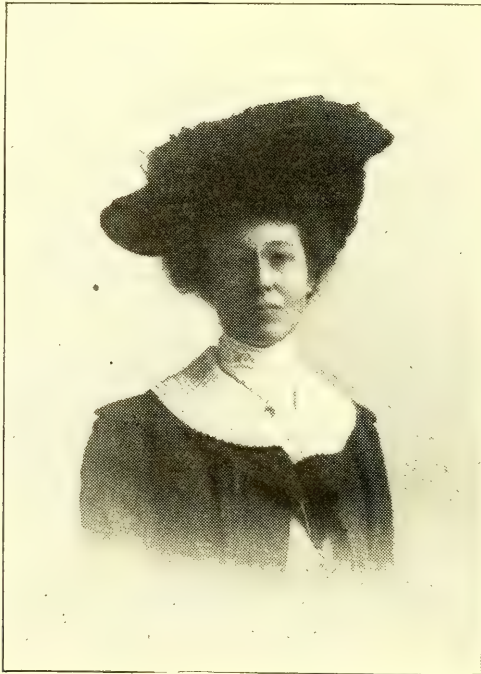
It is not, however, upon the magnitude of the work accomplished by Miss Allison that I wish to dwell, but upon its quality. The true miracle is spiritual and the really miraculous achievement of that young and ardent soul was the transfiguration of a philanthropic impulse into a conscious and compelling vision of the Froebellian ideal of nurture. In his own early youth Froebel wrote in the album of a philanthropic friend: "You live to give men bread. Be it the aim of my life to give men themselves." With a clarity rare at any age, but marvelous in a young and inexperienced girl, Miss Allison realized that the kindergarten must not be conceived as either a purely philanthropic or a purely educational institution, but that it represented a new ideal which combined the best elements of both. To the incarnation of this ideal she devoted herself with a sanity of judgment amounting to genius and

with a joyous consecration which made her totally unaware of her ceaseless self-sacrifice. Dowered with a nature as broad and fertile as the prairies of the great West from which she came, responsive to every generous emotion and ideal, gifted with the tact which springs from sympathy and kindliness, held to the truth by native integrity, pursuing her high purpose with superb courage, and radiant with the joy of a lofty enthusiasm, the young leader whom Pittsburg mourns uplifted the educational aims of a whole community, not only by all she said and did, but by the instant power and contagion of her personality.

A rare woman has vanished from earth, and the scene of her labors and triumphs knows her no more. A soul of flame has ascended to the sun, but the living spark kindled in other souls shall blaze with an ever brighter burning.

SUSAN E. BLOW.

New York, Nov. 13, 1905.



GEORGIA ALLISON

Supervisor Kindergartens, Pittsburgh and Allegheny.

Just a few weeks ago the kindergarten world was grieved by news of the passing away of Miss Mary Duncan Runyan, director of the kindergarten department of Columbia University. And now has come another painful shock in the death of Miss Georgia Allison, supervisor of the free kindergartens of Alleghany and Pittsburg. Those who remember her bright, wholesome, vigorous presence at the Pittsburg and Toronto meetings will find it hard to reconcile themselves to the passing of this charming executive young woman who was so well equipped to serve the children and the teachers of her own and other cities. Death came as a result of an operation for appendicitis. Miss Allison was to have been married on Thanksgiving day and her Pittsburg friends had planned a farewell reception to the couple a few weeks before that event and preceding the departure for Lenox, Mass., where the ceremony was to have taken place at the home of Mrs. W. W. Card.

Miss Allison was born at Decorah, Iowa. She was a graduate of the Chicago Kindergarten College.

At the last International Kindergarten Union convention in Toronto Miss Allison contributed a valuable paper on the problems of the supervisor. It can be read in the June number of *THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE*.

Milwaukee is to be hostess of the International Kindergarten Union in 1906 and has already begun arrangements for the big convention expected. The *Milwaukee Sentinel* for October 24 has given a statement of preliminary arrangements. It speaks well for that city that her local press is awake to the meaning of the kindergarten movement. We understand from its columns that:

President A. S. Lindemann of the school board has appointed the general committee to take charge of the arrangements. The committee which he has selected is comprised of twenty-nine men and women who represent conspicuously the city's business, social and educational interests. This general committee will meet in the near future to organize and appoint its subcommittees, the object being to get the preliminary arrangements for the large convention under way as soon as possible.

The membership of the general committee, as announced by President Lindemann yesterday is as follows:

Mmes. Sherburn M. Becker, M. A. Boardman, C. M. Farnum, James Sidney Peck, William Plankinton, Hannah R. Vedder, Fred

Vogel Jr., and the Misses Alice Chapman and Grace Young, prominent members of clubs and interested in philanthropic and educational movements; Mrs. Lizzie A. Truesdell, superintendent of the Milwaukee Mission kindergartens; Miss Ellen C. Sabin, president of Milwaukee-Downer College; Miss Nina C. Vandewalker, director of the kindergarten training department of the Milwaukee Normal School; Miss Mary E. Hannan, president of the Milwaukee Froebel Union; William George Bruce, editor and publisher of the *American School Board Journal*; Jeremiah Quin and A. G. Wright, former presidents of the school board; A. S. Lindemann, president of the board; Charles McKenny, president of the Milwaukee State Normal School; Principal C. E. McLenegan, of the West Division High School, president of the Wisconsin State Teachers' Association; Carroll G. Pearse, superintendent of city schools; the Rev. A. J. Burroughs, S. J., president of Marquette College; Max Griebsch, director of the German-American Academy; the Rev. Max J. F. Albrecht, president of Concordia College; H. O. R. Siefert, former superintendent of schools and principal of Eighteenth District School; H. H. Jacobs, warden of the University Settlement; Judson Titsworth, pastor of Plymouth church; A. N. Fairchild, president of the Seventh District School; R. B. Watrous, secretary of the Citizens' Business League.

The convention goes to Milwaukee at the invitation of the Froebel Union, the Milwaukee Teachers' Association and the Citizens' Business League.

The story of Joe-Boy as it appears in THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE will for awhile be most useful to our subscribers who are on the other side of the equator, for it will deal with birds and insects and flowers. But in a few months you will be able to turn back to these numbers and will find them rich in valuable material. Each part occupies so much space that it would be impossible to include it within the year without such an early beginning. The flower and bird stories, however, are truly beautiful and will delight the grown person as they do the children. Preserve your back numbers carefully for later reference.

In his lecture in Chicago Dr. Gulick made a semi-humorous reference to a mothers' club which was actually all made up of *mothers*. It is true that many of the women who attend the Mothers' Congress and who speak upon the platform are mothers only in spirit, but if this is so it is not the fault of the clubs but of the mothers who do not take advantage

of them to compare experiences and study common problems. If the mothers do not attend then those who are not mothers but have the mother instinct must help bear the common burden, for we are all touched by the problems of other people's children even if we have none of our own just as the taxpayer is interested in paying a school tax even though he be childless.

One of the most interesting classes in the city of Chicago has been Jenkin Lloyd Jones fathers' class in religion. Like many mothers' classes it has not always been recruited from the group for which it was primarily formed and there have been as many women as men in attendance, but again the loss is theirs who do not go. Those fathers who have kept up the course have been well repaid and this year the class is most promising in numbers.

Apropos of mothers' clubs we would suggest that the kindergartners have here an opportunity to enlighten many ignorant but well meaning parents upon two dangers which meet them under cover of apparent good. If possible, through a well-planned tactful talk, by yourself or some speaker who knows her facts you can warn them to avoid the glittering promises of the buying-on-installment firms and the patent medicine advertisement. Both of those topics were touched upon at the recent Federation of Women's Clubs of Illinois and they merit attention. Few mothers realize that the well advertised soothing syrups soothe the restless infant because they contain a large percentage of morphine or similar drug which soothe only to eventually seriously injure. Many other patent medicines contain alcohol in such quantity that in endeavoring to cure a present trouble the seeds of a worse one (of alcoholism) may be sown never to be destroyed. Conscientious physicians are particular never to recommend such medicines. It is easy to understand that children dosed with morphine-laden drugs or given coffee and tea to drink while still in arms (and such is the case with more children than we imagine) will be likely to crave still stronger stimulants when very little older. Kindergartners have here an opportunity open to few outside the home to advise and warn in their formal or informal meetings.

We recall the case of one kindergartner whose subject happened to be preparation of food by fire. She illustrated the cooking process by cooking some oatmeal, enough for each child to have a few small spoonfuls with milk and sugar. Most of her children had never seen oatmeal before, many coming to kindergarten after a breakfast of coffee and doughnuts (as a consequence being sleepy and slow all through the morning). But after that experience one of the children did not cease to talk oatmeal till, as the mother afterward told, she gave them it regularly for breakfast.

The kindergartner can also point out to the ambitious homemaker the risks attendant upon buying upon the installment plan. It is a great temptation for the inexperienced to get carpets, furniture, piano, etc., a number of pieces, paying for them a little each month. But when illness or some unforeseen emergency arises, so that the monthly payment can not be made, then comes the shopkeeper with his claims and all the pieces go, with no return for the assessment already paid. Better buy outright one piece at a time than partly pay for many and lose all to the money-making sharks.

Such subjects so closely related to the well-being of the home come well within the province of the kindergartner at her mothers' meetings and in thus talking over ways and means she can learn much herself and the exchange of thought and hopes and ambitions can not but make for intelligence and good-feeling in the little community.

At a recent meeting in Chicago a leading settlement worker stated that the greatest good of the settlements comes from intermingling, from knowing each other, from finding each other out. Our clubs and classes are only excuses for bringing the people together.

Another speaker said that the work of the settlements should be an earnest effort to make people feel their social obligations. It is not neighborhood work but social work. There is as much snobbishness back of the stockyards as in the university.

How naturally and easily Froebel's assumption that in each and every little child is the divine spark to be nurtured into creative and creating life, how naturally does this democracy of the kindergarten lead out into the democracy of the mothers' club where each learns to know and like and respect her neighbor for what she truly is.

We realized the need of such socializing process last year as never before when the leader of an Italian settlement in Brooklyn, N. Y., told us of Italians from one district in Italy that could not even understand the dialect of those who came from a neighboring province and were as suspicious and jealous of them as though they came from some country entirely foreign and remote. It is a great and good work which the kindergartner has before her in being the blessed harmonizer of discordant elements; in being, in Froebel's words, the connection of opposites, the reconciler of contrasts—a happy thought for the Christmas tide.

The adult finds a great joy in taking nephew or niece or borrowed neighbor's child (if children of her own are lacking) to the toyshop of the Christmas tide. It is a double pleasure, for we both see for ourselves the wonders that are displayed, and in the child's curiosity and delight we re-live our own childhood.

In number and variety the toys to be seen today in any large city present a strong contrast to the small booth depicted in the Mother-Play picture of the Toyshop, but the child in our picture is surely fortunate in being accompanied by a thoughtful, loving parent who ponders many things in his heart as he attends to the observations of his little son. Such an one can help the child through suggestion and interpretation to carry away from a very small mart a happy thought that may bear fruit long after. It is even likely that the poor-rich child of modern times who is dragged through the over-topping, jostling Christmas crowd by a hastening and perhaps hasty mother will manage to stow away some new ideas for future expression and reproduction, though any good thus obtained is often offset by the strain on nerves and spirits.

If the mother and teacher can (and where there's a will there's a way) it is surely worth while to divorce the shopping trip from one taken for sight-seeing alone, if the two can not go happily together.

There is little gain to body, mind or soul in visiting the shops if it can not be done in the Christmassy spirit.

Read in this connection the Mother-Plays and also Miss Harrison's "Some Silent Teachers," chapter on Shop Windows.

We visited a kindergarten in which the morning director is following in the main the serial Little Folks' Land for her regular morning program, and she finds the children most interested.

It is a kindergarten in which the children are of foreign parentage and understand but little English. She is fortunate, therefore, in having her co-worker one who is ready with the chalk and can draw most fascinating illustrations to the stories told.

She began illustrating the story of Joe-Boy by drawing in rich color the trees with tent and kettle and gypsy fire. Later a path was shown leading over a little bridge and blue stream to the smaller trees which Father Gipsy was hewing with his ax, Mother Gipsy standing near the fire.

Continuing on the path we follow up the road to the fenced-in fields and farm and the village where lived the architect and others named in the story.

The clay gipsy pots were very well made by the little people and when four-inch sticks were inserted in the peg boards and fastened together at the top and a little clay pot suspended the effect was most realistic.

In this same kindergarten the much beloved chickadee song was made clear to the foreign-born children when the afternoon director, Miss Herring drew on the board groups of five, four, three, etc., chickadees. Then while some children were dramatizing the little song on the circle another happy boy or girl would stand at the board and point out each chickadee as it flew away.

The Ohio Kindergarten Association will hold its annual meeting December 27-29 at Columbus in connection with the "Allied Educational Association of Ohio." The headquarters will be at the Great Southern Hotel. Special rates of one fare for round trip have been secured on all railroads in Ohio.

There will be two general meetings of the Allied Association, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, December 27 and 28, at the Board of Trade Auditorium.

The kindergarten association will hold its sessions during the day, Thursday and Friday, December 28 and 29.

Thursday morning, business session, followed by address, "The Kindergarten and the School," and reports from delegates from the various cities where kindergartens have been established.

Thursday afternoon, story hour; several stories told and a conference on stories enjoyed.

Friday morning, conference on "Essentials of a Program," many kindergartners of the State participating. Opportunity given for discussion of some of the practical phases of kindergarten work.

For further information write to the president, Miss Anna H. Littell, The Forest, Dayton, Ohio, or the secretary, Mrs. H. A. Alford, Warren, Ohio.

There will be an exhibit of children's work. Kindergartners are asked to contribute any articles they have found helpful in the child's development. Please mark each piece of work with age of child and number of children working in the group.

Such a hearty response is being given from kindergartners throughout the State that a most profitable and enjoyable gathering is anticipated. All are earnestly working to make the meeting and the exhibits of very practical help and an inspiration to all for better, stronger work.

Is your kindergarten club a member of the State Federation? If not and if your State Federation is doing the good work of that of Illinois you should join. As stated at Joliet recently the small clubs can help the larger ones and vice versa, and should desire to join not so much because of what they can get but for what they can give.

The Illinois Federation has a reciprocity department from which can be borrowed valuable papers on important topics relating, many of them, to educational subjects and which are a boon to clubs far from library centers. These papers are to be read entire and due credit given to the writer. Such an one just given by Mrs. Kingsley, of Evanston, on "Public School Art," is well worth consideration by clubs of parents and teachers.

Another phase of the Federation's work is the sending of traveling libraries and traveling specimens of American pottery to such clubs as ask for them and pay the expressage one way.

In the fine library public building at Joliet there was a notable exhibit of pictures suitable for schools and also of specimens of manual training work done in the public schools and other public institutions of the State.

Every address was upon some topic vital to the home and State and it was good to feel that one belonged to an organization that is deeply sensible of social obligations and is striving to awaken the civic conscience in women of the State.

The October meeting of the St. Louis Froebel Society was held in the assembly room of the Teachers' College Saturday morning, October 28. Prof. Wm. Trelease, director of the Missouri Botanical Garden, delivered an address. Subject, "The Story Nature is Telling."

The beautiful story, told as only Dr. Trelease, with his broad knowledge and deep love of nature, could tell it, was replete with illustrations from "Nature's Own Story Book." Three large tables were filled with specimens gathered from forest and field. There were beautiful autumn leaves telling the story of the completed task; brilliant berries, nuts and fruits, telling of Nature's bounty; wonderful cocoons, with their tale of mystery; branches, with their leaf buds so wisely protected; curious seed-pods, showing how each little plant is best adapted to care for its own. Laura Obert.

The October meeting of the Brooklyn Kindergarten Union was held on Tuesday evening, the 10th, at the Pratt Institute Kindergarten House. Reminiscences of summer experiences were given by Miss Glidden, Miss Harvey, Miss Bliven, Miss Roethgen and Miss O'Grady. These included an account of travels abroad and reports of the National Educational Association, Miss Fisher's summer school at Heath, Mass., and the summer schools at Martha's Vineyard and the University of Tennessee.

Miss Ruth E. Tappan, formerly at the Kindergarten College, Pittsburg, now in charge of the Kindergarten Training Department at the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers, gave a brief address.

The meeting was followed by an informal reception to Miss Tappan.

On this occasion resolutions were adopted upon the death of Mary D. Runyan.

Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover publish this year a letter to Santa Claus. Handsome lettering on handsome decorated paper and space for child to add his own postscript. Envelope addressed to Santa Claus, beautifully decorated. The same firm publishes many art sheets of appropriate sentiments to be decorated by the children. Something new this year are the handsome deckel edge post cards with fitting verse. Chicago.

READINGS FROM DECEMBER MAGAZINES.

Unity, edited by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago, should be read from cover to cover by those who wish their faith in things most high renewed from week to week. Try it for ten weeks by sending ten two-cent stamps. Unity Publishing Company, Abraham Lincoln Center, Chicago.

Good Housekeeping. To Hear with the Eyes, by Edward B. Nifchie. An article which will bring much hope and encouragement to those who find themselves gradually losing their hearing. It tells how to learn to read the lips so well that it is perfectly possible to understand what is being said and so "regain the joy of fellowship with family and friends."—Christmas Letters from the Old World, Illus.

The Delineator contains many suggestions for Christmas gifts and ideas for Christmas parties for old, young and aged. Lina Beard tells how to make a Christmas doll-house. Dr. Grace P. Murray writes upon the "Rights of the Child, at Play."

The Outlook for November has an article and an editorial upon the football question, both of which should be read to see two sides of the question.

The American Magazine has a valuable series of articles upon the history of American painting. Illustrated.

The Housekeeper is running a fair-minded, thoughtful serial upon Mormonism as it touches with the life of the Mormon woman.

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR ALL.

HULDAH OF THE WAGON TIRE HOUSE, by Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke. The purpose of this book is stated in the preface, but like all genuine work, whether in literature or in philanthropy, the value can not be restricted to limits within the mind of the worker. Reading the book without the purpose of the authors in mind, one would pronounce it an admirable character study of a woman whose endowments are unique, all the other persons in the dramatic situations being drawn about her as bits of steel are drawn to the magnet.

Nothing has been sacrificed to sense in the dialect of the story, the characters simply speaking the language of the unlettered, the authors not having strained after effects by singularity of spelling where nothing could be gained in picturesqueness of language by such tricks. None of the dissolute or irreligious characters is offensive, because we become acquainted with them through the medium of Aunt Huldah's influence, which is drawing them irresistibly toward better living. Aunt Huldah's charitable estimate of people is well illustrated by her answer to Troy Gilbert's assertion: "I reckon when they want somebody to apologize for the Old Boy himself, they'll have to come to you," and she unblushingly responds:

"I shouldn't hesitate to mention that Satan was mighty industrious, if I was asked."

To Kid Barringer, explaining the Darwinian theory, Aunt Huldah good naturedly replies:

"Come down from monkeys, did we? Well, some of us hain't come so very far, neither."

A book written about life in Texas would hardly be expected to touch any of our Neighborhood Settlement problems, but human lives and the burning questions which souls will ask are much the same whether environed by desert plains or wall of brick; and as senseless animosity yields to the sunshine of Aunt Huldah's good humor, one is led to wish for more of her sort in every walk of life, and to feel that every district visitor needs some of her invincible faith in the goodness of human hearts.

Most of us can say of life what she said of what threatened to be a dinnerless Thanksgiving Day: "Things has turned out a little different from what we planned it; but we're a havin' a mighty good time, all the same." Bobs-Merrill Co.

SARA E. WILTSE.

THE TALE OF BUNNY COTTON-TAIL, by Laura Roundtree Smith. A story for young readers, relates the adventures of a bunny, with human characteristics and surroundings, a sort of "Buster Brown in Bunny

Land." He and a sympathetic young friend, Susan Cotton-Tail, pursue a thorny path through the succeeding seasons of the year. The holidays are celebrated in Bunny Land very much in the manner of human commemorations, we are informed in this story, and altogether Bunny Cotton-Tail and his friend, Susan, would lead us to think that rabbits are very much up to date in their ideas of life. FANNY CHAPIN.

A Flanagan Company, Chicago.

ANDREA, *The Tribulations of a Child*, translated from the Danish of Karin Michaelis, by John Nilsen Laurik. A peculiar and a painful story, but one which shows with much power the daily tragedy in the life of a sensitive child, who is conscious that her father and her mother have ceased to love each other. It surely has a message for those who, under the burden of an unhappy marriage, may be tempted to forget their responsibility toward their children. It loses much in the translation.

McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

A good picture for kindergarten and for grade rooms also is Sir John Millais' "Knight Crossing the Ford." The knight in armor has taken up on his charger two little fagot gatherers, a little girl who, seated in front, gazes with awe upon the face of the war-worn warrior as he recounts dreamily some past conquest. The little boy behind holds on sturdily to the knight's broad back. The picture seems particularly suited to those grades in which boys are apt to forget that courage and thoughtfulness for the weak go hand in hand. Price, \$5.00. Write to Art Education Company, Chicago.

Another picture charming for the kindergarten is published by the Berlin Photographic Company, American headquarters in New York. It is by Burton Barber and is called "Songs Without Words." A bright-eyed little girl is seated at the piano, her dollie reposing on the keys at one end. Seated on a chair a fox terrier is howling in anguish of spirit at the sounds brought forth by the childish fingers, while seated demurely upon the top of the upright a cat gazes at the dog as if to say in calm superiority, "I don't think much of your singing." Like everything that comes from this art firm each detail of the photogravure is as artistically perfect an interpretation of the artist's original as the art of modern reproduction can make it.

WILDERNESS BABIES, by Julia Augusta Schwartz. Prettily told stories of the babyhood of sixteen typical mammals, including "the Big-

gest One," the Whale; "the Smallest One," the Shrew; "the Best Builder," the Beaver; "the One with a Pocket," the Opossum; "the One with Wings," the Bat, etc. The comparative helplessness at first of the little one so much resembling himself in this particular makes a bond at once between child and baby animal, and the gradual growth of the latter in power, freedom and independence makes another appeal to the growing human. The different adventures in the life of each little creature are told vividly, but without undue strain upon one's credulity. While the dark side of wild animal life is shown, it is the joy side that is most emphasized and the child will feel a pleasure in realizing that even "the fiercest" the wolf is tender with its babes. We give a paragraph about the baby bat. "His knees were hinged behind and bent forward at the same time with his elbows. His tail could be used like a rudder. When he gave it a whisk toward one side it sent him darting away toward the other. He learned how to climb up, up, up, so lightly and then sink downward with wings held motionless. It was such fun that the baby could not keep silent. Opening his wide mouth, he uttered tiny squeaks and screams of joy as he fluttered hither and thither." The introduction and the conclusion give brief summaries of the animal life preceding the appearance of mammals upon the scene of action and of the eight orders found in the United States. Teachers will find it good matter for reading to their classes. Illustrated by drawings from John Huybers and from photographs. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, \$1.50.

TOLD IN THE GARDENS OF ARABY, by Isora Chandler and Mary W. Montgomery. A charming introduction places us at once in a lovely garden of the Orient, where time counts as nothing and haste and worry are unknown. In the heat of the day, with the fragrance of blossoms in the air and the music of fountains lulling our senses, we listen to these tales of wonder, which recall the glamor and magic of the Arabian Nights. The popular tales of a country always give valuable glimpses into modes of life and thought, and these stories, which convey in the translation much of the mystery of the originals, will make a few hours pass very pleasantly. Eaton & Mains, New York and Cincinnati, 75 cents.

HEROES OF ICELAND. By Allen French. A spirited adaptation of Dasent's translation of the story of Burnt Njal, the great Icelandic saga. The crisp, graphic language, the swift movement, without unnecessary description, are fraught with great power and truth. It is an unfamiliar world of fighting.

killing and revenge, yet the fierce and savage instincts were companioned by great, heroic virtues, and no boy but will be the better for a close acquaintance with these straightforward men of old. The clear picture of a savage state growing slowly toward law and order, and the introduction of Christianity at points of the sword will interest the sociologist. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

IL LIBRO D'ORO, or Those Whose Names are Written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Translated from the Italian by Mrs. Francis Alexander. A priceless collection of some 120 or more miracle stories and sacred legends written by the fathers of the church and published in Italy in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was a strange experience to turn from the saga of Iceland, with its objective motor virtues (if we may use the phrase) of fighting courage, belligerent truth and aggressive loyalty, to the ideals of virtue as found in the writings of the mediaeval fathers, the one so introspective, so severely self-examining the other so spontaneous, so self-unconscious in its heroism. The book is fascinating in the picture it gives through these stories culled from the writings of the saints of ideals so different from our own, a difference largely due, we imagine, to our modern wholesome life-giving conceptions of evolution and the self-active soul with the hope they extend of an endless progression. The neighbor-loving soul today finds little time to spend in tears for past misdoing; there is too much to be done; nor does the truly humble soul vie with others for precedence in humility. It is a strange world of marvels, equal to any fairytale that opens up before us in these 500 pages; there are beautiful examples of truth, loyalty, self-renunciation, faith in God and love toward mankind, and if at times spirituality seems strangely mingled with a kind of materialism, it makes the reading none the less interesting. And the truly spiritually minded can see the meaning through the symbol. The translation is smooth and flowing and we are grateful to the author for giving to us in such beautiful form these valuable examples of the mediaeval fathers. The book is a most beautiful one. Bound in blue, with a relief in gold of the Agnus Dei; the paper and print most attractive. We can imagine no more acceptable gift for Catholic or Protestant than this handsome volume. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00 net.

THE RED BOOK OF ROMANCE, edited by Andrew Lang, is a delightful successor to the rainbow-hued set of fairy tales to which he has treated us. This contains condensations of many of the old romances which were, as Mrs. Lang says, the novels of the middle ages. This representative collection includes selections from the stirring saga of Iceland, the romance of William of Palermo, the Tale of the Cid, Orlando Furioso, Gesta Romanorum, Apuleius, Don Quixote, the Fairy Queen and others. Knights and ladies, magicians and fairies, giants and dwarfs hinder or help at just the right moment the adventurers in these marvellous tales which delight the fancy and whiled away the hours and incited to brave enterprise the heroes of the past and present. So many are the references to these semi-historic tales that no child's education is complete without some knowledge of them and

their doughty deeds. Mrs. Lang's versions convey the feeling of the mediaeval story and the boy or girl who reads these pages will want to study the complete stories. The volume is a sumptuous one, the cover in red and gold shows the knight keeping at bay the gigantic dragon, symbolic of evil. There are eight beautiful colored illustrations and numerous others. Price, \$1.60 net; \$1.75 by mail. Longmans, Green & Co.

CHRISTMAS-TIME SONGS AND CAROLS. Words by Edith Hope Kinney; music by Mrs. Crosby Adams. This charming collection includes ten songs for the eve of Christmas—The Opening Prayer, The Bells, Christmas Love, Reindeer Song, The Christmas Tree, Circling the Tree, etc. A group of three is for the night watches, two for Christmas morning and four for Christmas day. It is a charming and varied collection, suitable for home, school, Sunday school and kindergarten. The dance around the tree is very light and fairylike in suggestion. The Reindeer Song gives a delightfully mysterious idea of—

"the rhythmic twinkle
Of feet beneath the moon;
The tuneful tattoo on the roofs
Of many restless reindeer hoofs,"

and "The Christ Child," "Shine On, O Star," the "Worship Song," and others express the more solemn feeling inspired by the day, both in words and music. The mailing price is 43 cents. Mrs. Adams publishes as a companion to this musical group of songs a booklet of quotations reflecting the poetic and artistic spirit of the Christmas time. Both can be obtained of Mrs. Adams, 40 Randolph street, Chicago.

MRS. ADAMS' LITTLE TALK ABOUT CHRISTMAS VERSES AND CAROLS makes a charming and appropriate gift. Most of the poets have expressed the spirit of the season in exquisite verse, and among those here given are many that are quaint and unfamiliar, the selections ranging in time from those of Herrick to our own Phillips Brooks. One of Herrick's is sung every Christmas to equally quaint music by the Sunday School children of All Soul's Church, Chicago.

AN ONLY CHILD. By Eliza Orne Jewett White. A delightful child's story which will strike an answering chord in the hearts of those so unfortunate as to be without brothers and sisters, and will make those who are one of several realize their blessings. Fortunately little Lois finds comrades among the children of the newly arrived minister's family, and their good times together are naturally and happily described. The part played by Lois' kittens will be an added attraction to children who are fond of cats. Illustrated. Price, \$1.00.

THE OAK TREE FAIRY BOOK. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Fifty or more fairy tales, with the more cruel and pathetic parts somewhat softened by slight changes and eliminations. There are many in the selection which, though old, will be new to many of this generation. There are a dozen relating to the Wise Men of Gotham, which supply the very desirable element of humor; sixteen were picked up in this country, though they may

not have originated here. Kindergartners will be glad to have some of these in one volume. Among them are Johnny Cake, the Twist Mouth Family, the Tale of a Black Cat, which we used to draw on the blackboard, showing the evolution of Tommy's house by straight lines and angles into a black cat. It is a desirable collection. Published by Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.75. Illustrated.

KRISTY'S SURPRISE PARTY. By Olive Thorne Miller. A fine book for girls, recounting unusual adventures of girls, involving many heroic virtues, in some cases, while others tell of laughable incidents in the home life. "Lost in the Fire" gives a graphic idea to the present generation of what the Chicago fire meant to those who were its victims. Price, \$1.25.

THE STAR JEWELS. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Charming modern fairy tales. Children will surely love the tiny fairy in shape of an Indian warrior. Price, \$1.00.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE. Six Scandinavian fairy tales, told in simple language, suitable for small children, but interesting as well to older ones. Some are variants of tales found in other languages. Translated by Eva March Tappan. Price, \$1.00.

The three above named published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston.

"Adventures of Pinocchio," by C. Collodi; translated from the Italian by Walter S. Cramp. This is a story well loved by the little Italian children. It tells the adventures of a marionette, a quaint, whimsical creature, who after various naughtinesses which led him into all kinds of trouble, finally grows into a real boy. The moral is often rather too obvious than is altogether artistic but children will surely follow with interest the doings of this strange being. The illustrations by C. Copeland are truly delightful and add a great deal to the value of the little book. We can hardly conceive of the story without these particular pictures. Ginn & Co.

IN THE DAYS OF MILTON. By Tudor Jenks. Any boy or girl studying English history will enjoy this vivid presentation of the England of Milton, with its contrasting lives of Puritan and Cavalier, and the strenuous days when life and liberty were at stake. But liberty lovers have much to learn of them. Valuable appendix of dates. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.00.

THE ONLY TRUE MOTHER GOOSE. A reproduction of the text and illustrations of the original edition of 1833, published in Boston. The older generation will enjoy the reminiscences suggested by this little book. Most of the quaint, crude wood cuts are unfamiliar to us, but the boy and horse going to Banbury Cross have a familiar air, while Jack Sprat licking the platter is unpleasantly realistic. There is an introduction by E. E. Hale, in addition to the history of the Goose Family, taken from the *Boston Transcript*. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

CHILD'S CHRIST TALES. Usual price, \$1.00. Special holiday price, 75c. Send for this collection of beautiful legends of the Christ Child. A. Flanagan & Co., Chicago.

KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY SERIES.

THE KINDERGARTEN AND SOUL CULTURE.*

SUPT. RANDALL J. CONDON, HELENA, MONTANA.

We hear a great deal in these days about agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, physical culture and even intellectual culture. I want to talk to you a little while this afternoon about soul-culture, and about the kindergarten as an institution for producing this cultivation. In this child-garden—the kindergarten—are to be cultivated the fairest flowers of child life; to be *cultivated*, not simply allowed to grow wild; but, pre-empting the virgin soil before it has become filled with poisonous weeds and bitter briers, the seeds of love and gentleness and beauty are to be sown, and the soul nurtured till it shall bring forth the fruits of a spirit in harmony with God and man.

I want to speak briefly of character building, or soul-culture, under two heads: Man's relation to God—his religious life; and his service to his fellow men—his ethical life. These subdivisions may be slightly arbitrary, but they afford a convenient analysis—the pegs upon which we may hang our thoughts.

And "Jesus said, Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them." "Despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." "Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. But whosoever shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." "Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." "Come

*An address delivered by Supt. Condon to a large gathering of citizens and teachers at Helena, Montana, at a Froebel Festival held on the great kindergartner's birthday, April 21, 1905.

ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord." "Train up a child in the way he shall go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." "Feed my lambs."

AGE FOR MORAL INSTRUCTION.

From divine scripture, and largely from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake, fell these words of wisdom. Nineteen hundred years ago, on Judea's plains and by Galilee's waters, the Great Teacher stamped forever the age of childhood as the time when religious and moral instruction must be given, if there is to be any hope of the kingdom of heaven finding a place in the hearts of men. But more than eighteen of these centuries rolled away before men began to read aright the words, "Feed my lambs." And then a new revelation illumined the heart of Frederick Froebel and he saw that little children—the lambs of the Good Shepherd—must be fed as such, and from his deep insight into *child nature* he evolved his ideals of CHILD NURTURE, and made clear that two of the flowers to be cultivated in the heart of a little child are love of God and service to man.

Let us reword our topic, that it may read something like this: "What is the meaning of the kindergarten with reference to the moral and religious training of children?" or, "In what way does the kindergarten contribute to such development?" with the further question, "In what way has the kindergarten influenced thought with reference to such teaching?"

From the time of Jesus to the time of the kindergarten, men had been trying to teach children from man's standpoint. They had been trying to teach children to love God through fear of God; they had been trying to lead to a knowledge of the Father through a stern theology of the Almighty Ruler; they had been trying to teach children to love their neighbors as themselves through the stern "Thou shalt, and thou shalt not" of the old dispensation.

They had forgotten the words of the Master, or had never comprehended His meaning when He said, "as a little child." The coming of the kindergarten changed all this. It put love in the place of fear; it put self-activity and self-expression in the place of repression and arbitrary control.

It has taken a little child and set him in the midst and placed loving hands on him and blessed him; and in return has made him a greater blessing to man and to God. It has made the civilized world

understand as no other agency could, that moral and religious instruction and development must begin at an early age. But it has done more than this—it has made plain that this instruction must be of a kind that little children can comprehend. It is not to consist of meaningless words or ideas comprehended by grown minds, but unintelligible to the little people. This then is the way the kindergarten has influenced the larger thought of the world with reference to the ethical and religious training of children. But the real subject for our consideration this afternoon is: In what way does the kindergarten specially contribute to and in a special and important way shape the religious and moral thought of the children who are its members? In other words, to make the discussion pointed: How much better off morally and religiously is a child who has had the right kind of kindergarten instruction than one who has not been under such influence?

That is a false conception of education which thinks and speaks of intellectual, of physical, of moral and of religious education as distinct and separate parts of child training. Education is the making of a man or woman—God-fearing and man-loving, who has come to a realization of his powers—to understand his environment and to make the most of it to lift him above his present level. Education is a unitary process, and that education which leaves out the religious element is defective and is “therefore good for nothing but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men.” “What God has joined together, let no man put asunder.” In every human heart and soul He has implanted the religious instinct, the reaching out after something above and beyond himself, and that soul which in its education finds no food for its religious growth is doomed to disappointment.

The great founder of the kindergarten realized this most fully; in his songs, games, and occupations he has made adequate provision for the development and strengthening of the religious instincts.

MORAL PURPOSE CONTROLS.

Man is born with the capacity to become divine; and this is the process of education—“to teach him to put off the merely animal nature, to produce a genuine change of heart, whereby selfishness gives place to unselfishness and moral purpose instead of impulse controls.”

The kindergarten better than any other earthly institution is calculated to produce this result.

First—Because it takes the children at an early age, when tendencies and habits of thought and action can be most easily moulded.

Second—Because in its manner of organization it deals with children with the greatest amount of reality and the least amount of formality.

Third—Because it affords the largest opportunity for well-directed activity, with the emphasis upon the *well-directed*—for self-activity, pure and simple, marks the savage and ignorant—not the civilized and educated man. But self-activity under wise direction, is the secret of educational progress. From within, out. In action the child creates; in creating, he understands; through understanding himself and his own creations, he is coming to an understanding of his Creator, and his creations—and so finds himself as created in the image of the Father.

Again Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." If service to God by men and women finds its fulfillment in largest measure, in kindness to his other children, it is still more true that the little child is most easily led to God, through a cultivation of his ethical relation to God's other children. And this brings us to a consideration of the "ethical (moral) meaning of the kindergarten." "Ethics is the science of human conduct in personal relation—the common conduct of men toward each other in the relation of character." Ethical training consists in giving "correct standards of conduct and right views of life," and this training the kindergarten gives, not by rule or precepts, but by actions, by affording through its various activities opportunity for the exercise of those traits of character, which make a morally educated man.

What are some of the qualities of character which it is desirable to cultivate and how does the kindergarten cultivate these qualities? Self-control, obedience, truthfulness, honesty, justice, faithfulness, orderliness, punctuality, temperance, prudence, courage, virtue, industry, economy, honor, courtesy, reverence, generosity, kindness, helpfulness, cheerfulness, patience, perseverance and patriotism, to which should be added kindness to animals—for we can not teach a child to be kind to animals without teaching him to be kind, thoughtful and generous to human beings.

These are some of the qualities of character which affect man in his relation to other men, and these are the things about which educa-

tion should busy itself, from the kindergarten to the university. These are the things worth while; whether there be other things as the products of education, they shall be of little avail if these be lacking. I care not how keen an intellect or strong a will may be produced in a man by education if he has not learned to deal out justice tempered with mercy to his fellow men, his keenness of intellect and strength of will are of little real value to himself or to any one else, while they may be a source of positive harm.

If we train the intellect ever so thoroughly; if we make skilled mechanics and yet neglect opportunities for enforcing lessons that deepen the feelings, that bring man closer into touch with man, that lead to a cheerful yielding to authority, and a willingness to assume responsibility; if we fail in these last, we are not doing a great deal to fit men for the part they must take as citizens in a government like our own.

While the production of character marked by these qualities is the real purpose of all education, the kindergarten better than any other department of the schools is in a position to produce these results.

SYMMETRICAL CHARACTER.

First—The development of a symmetrical character—in love and harmony with God, man and nature—was the burden of the preaching of the new gospel of education, of which Froebel was the voice crying in the wilderness. A new dispensation was at hand and he cried to teachers everywhere: Repent of your formalism and barrenness in school teaching, and be baptized in the spirit of love for a little child. And it is hardly too much to say that the regeneration which has taken place in the work of all grades of school has come about through the transforming power of this new spirit of contemplation of a little child placed in the midst. And the disciples of Froebel have caught the spirit of their leader and have held steadily before them the thought that good character-building as the end and aim of education, and that into their hand has been committed the task of shaping character at its most impressionable stage.

Second—Because the program, or order of exercises, is so arranged as to systematically and progressively cultivate these very elements of moral qualities. Not information, but *in-formation*—the inner forming of correct views of conduct, toward God and man, is the work of the kindergarten.

Third—As stated under religious instruction the kindergarten has within its instruction less formality, more reality—more dealing with things at first hand, and consequently more vitality, more action to produce living principles. God expresses himself in creation, man expresses himself in creation; and without creation, order can not come out of chaos any more in the moral than in the material world. And by self-active creation is dispelled the darkness that broods over the new born mind as it did that which enveloped the earth in the beginning.

One of the values of the kindergarten comes in teaching the children at an early age to act together—all for each, and each for the common good; of teaching them to "Look out, not in; up, not down; forward, not backward; and to lend a hand."

These are the fundamental moral lessons of man in his relation to other men; they are the basis of ethical-conduct.

Two of the greatest words in the English language are "duty" and "ought;" of similar meaning, "to owe," and that which is "due" and the meanings of these words expressed in conduct which is to become habitual can not be learned too early in a child's life. Children with all kinds of dispositions and with notions already forming of their own great importance are brought together in the kindergarten, and through play and work, learn through their relation to each other that they are equal and free so long as they do not abuse freedom; that the welfare of all depends upon a ready and cheerful obedience; that disobedience brings disorder; that good society—which is human life together—can not exist where there is lawlessness and self-will; but continues under moral law.

We find our welfare in obeying it; we suffer if we disobey it. They learn that liberty and justice can not be separated—they exist together; that justice consists in giving to another, to every person, his exact due; "that our rights are in exact proportion to our duties; no more, no less. I owe to others in society exactly what they owe me." The little kindergarten child learns that he has no right to a larger share of the material, or of the teacher's time; to suggest the games or leadership in their execution than any other child. All are equal, and to each in accordance with exact justice. He is learning "to do his part, no less; and to take his share, no more." Liberty is his so long as he does not use it in a way to deprive others of their rights.

He may not understand the reasons for obedience now, but he

learns that he must obey whether he wants to or not, even if he does not feel like it. Disobedience brings inevitable retribution. It is hard at first, until habit makes it "as easy now for the heart to be true as for the grass to be green and the skies to be blue. 'Tis the natural way of living."

"I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
I woke and found that life was duty."

DUTY CHANGED TO DELIGHT.

But "duty is changed to delight when love is seen to be the fulfilling of the law." He comes to love to obey because this brings the greatest happiness to all, and because he discovers that love is the controlling motive in the teacher who is trying to lead him to see that she wants him to want to obey.

I haven't time in this short paper to take up the various gifts and occupations and show how well adapted they are to the cultivation of these qualities of moral action. There have been many excellent expositions and careful analyses of their content, of their symbolic meaning, and of their general educational office. May I emphasize, however, that the great value of Froebel's games consists in "their reaction on thought. They are rooted, every one of them, in the relationship of feeling, action, thought; they obey, without exception, that deep law which connects instinct, expression and insight."

Before closing may I also suggest that there is no good thing in this world that may not become a curse if perverted in its use. There is no practice in education that may not become a hindrance instead of a help, and even so valuable an institution as the kindergarten may be perverted into educating—drawing out and allowing to develop—tendencies which shall produce qualities of character exactly the opposite of those which I have indicated as its mission to foster. As Dr. Harris so clearly showed in his report advocating the adoption of the kindergarten as a part of the St. Louis school system:

The greater freedom of action which is allowed the kindergarten may easily result in the interference of pupils with each other, with a resulting distraction of attention. The selfish, head-strong children may easily assert their natural leadership in the games to the exclusion of others. Through self-activity, imagination and invention may be overstimulated, and may become so connected with pertness and conceit that faith and reverence may be weakened and "Only by a reverent spirit

shall the child come into possession of this great storehouse of wisdom which the race has preserved for him." Self-activity may result in self-assertiveness and by an arrogant spirit, harden the child against receiving instruction from others.

The kindergarten may easily become a place of meaningless play, where caprice instead of purpose holds sway, and where the children acquire a distaste for school work.

These are a few of the dangers against which we should resolutely set our faces. They are dangers not imbedded in the philosophy underlying the work, but in a misapplication, a perversion of its principles.

The kindergarten when rightly administered stands for all that is noblest and best in life. It stands for life. Its teachings make for better living—for soul-culture—leading the soul up to God, and out to man.

There has not yet been devised, nor ever can be by human mind any table of compound numbers that may be used to compute the value of such lessons. The product is life, and can be measured only in terms of life. The table of its value is in the keeping of Him who created, and of Him who inspires, and of Him who came to give the more abundant life. It is a sacred trust which is committed to our keeping. May its administration be wrought out with devotion and with a wisdom that cometh but from above.

Mothers and teachers:

"Remember that a little child is your second chance. As you watch his development you see yourself still yearning forward. Your hand guiding the child, leads you one step farther. Your blessing on the child is a prayer for your own soul."

"Feed my lambs."

The Brooklyn Kindergarten Union and the Kindergarten Union of New York (City) have sent memorial resolutions upon the death of Miss Runyan, which lack of space forbids us to print in full. See notice in September number.

Resolutions of gratitude and appreciation for her life influence were also passed by the Round Table Club of Kindergartners of New York.

SOME OUTSIDE OCCUPATIONS.

MAKING A SLED—A BEAN BAG GAME.

TERESA F. HATCH.

"It is a really truly sled," as one of the little boys expressed it. And our chief delight is that it goes as well as any sled and is strong enough for all kinds of play. It was one morning last winter we first thought of making it. So we talked about it in the morning circle and planned its construction.

The various sleds from the halls were brought in and examined. Then we took a trip to the basement and our interested and indulgent janitor let us inspect his lumber pile.

Such boards as seemed appropriate we carried to our kindergarten room. Of course they must be strong and smooth and long enough.

Then the measuring began and the tiny hands marked the places where any sawing would be needed. While each took his turn using the saw, we sat about on chairs or floor, waiting our turn and watching the progress.

Sometimes the saw slipped, the marks are still there, but it only shows the child's work which makes it the more valuable.

The interest was intense and many suggestions as to the "best way" were given.

When the top was curved and the runners shaped the hammer and box of nails were brought. Many could help, sorting out the right kind of nails and holding them for the child who would need one.

But such times as we had getting the nails into the hard wood and making them go in straight! It really surprises one the many little lessons such an occupation suggests.

Next came the choice of color. We decided on red. Painting seemed easier and before long our sled needed only to dry. Then there was a second coat of paint and holes were bored in the front ends of the runners and the rope drawn through. It was complete but for iron runners. So we visited a neighboring blacksmith and he, one of those fine, kind-hearted men, helped us out. He seemed interested as the little procession of children came in and it was an amusing throng.

Our two dolls, Hiawatha and our little girl doll could not be left behind, so they were taken in a two-wheeled cart we had made for them. Then, of course, the sled had to be drawn over. As we watched

the blacksmith, he cut the iron, heated it red-hot and with sparks flying, shaped it on the ringing anvil; then fitted and fastened the runners onto the sled for us.

Our sled was finished and never were children more proud and happy. Each day some child took it home to play with until the next morning. It was hard sometimes to wait one's turn, but that was part of the lesson.

We began with the first snow this winter to use it. And its fame had gone abroad so that it is taken each day by some one and gives many happy hours to the little folks.

BEAN BAG GAME.

One of our most interesting games is a bean bag game. You have all played tossing the bags into a hole in a board made for that purpose.

We made our frame of two-inch strips of board, about eighteen inches long, nailing two of them across the ends of two others, letting the ends of each extend beyond several inches. Repeating this we built it six or eight inches high. Then we made our bean bags, sewing and filling them. We have six in all. As one child throws them the others count, one in, two in, one out, etc., until all have been used. Then some one tells how many are in and how many are outside.

To vary the game a little we sometimes stand the frame up and toss the bags through it.

In the fall we had brought into kindergarten a bundle of wheat. This we used first for decoration, then later we took out all the kernels of wheat, which we kept for the birds.

Each morning through the winter we took a few minutes on the morning circle to throw out a handful to the birds. The children were delighted when they learned to come and not be afraid.*

The straws we sorted, measured and cut for stringing. These served for several occupations in the making of straw chains.

MY SIMPLE DUTY.

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go round;
But only to discover and to do
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.

—Jean Ingelow.

Little Folks' Land*

The Story of a Little Boy in a Big World.

BY MADGE A. BIGHAM, *Free Kindergartens, Atlanta, Ga. Author of "Stories of Mother Goose Village," etc.*

NOTE.—This Kindergarten Program will run through the succeeding numbers of THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE and later be published in book form under the title, "Little Folks' Land," by Messrs. Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, Chicago and Boston. Cloth, 6x9; about 400 pages. Advance orders will be accepted by them at \$1.50, postpaid. After publication the list price will be \$2.00 net.

V.

Eleventh Week—Animal Relationships; Pets

Hippity-Hop

Monday

HIPPITY-HOP was a little toad—a funny, funny little toad, and she was three years old. She had a pair of green eyes on the top of her head, four legs and a very big mouth indeed, for such a little toad. And the queerest tongue—why, it wasn't fastened to the back of her throat like yours and mine, but it was hitched right up in the very front of her mouth, so she could poke it out a long, long ways. And the doctor wouldn't have a bit of trouble looking at Hippity-Hop's tongue, if he only looked *quick* enough, because Hippity-Hop's tongue always went in and out like a flash. That was the way she caught her dinner, you know. And then her tongue was covered with something as sticky, as sticky—as sticky as molasses candy, only it wasn't so sweet, of course. And the reason why Hippity-Hop had such a sticky tongue was because she had to catch whatever she ate with it, and as she didn't have any teeth, she just swallowed things whole! She was fond of ants and flies and bugs and worms, and if any of them ever passed too near Hippity-Hop, all she did was to poke out that great long tongue of hers, and they most certainly would be on the end of it when she took it in again. One morning Hippity-Hop said:

"I believe I will go up in Mrs. Gipsy's flower garden and see if I can help her some. She says she is always glad to see me, because I keep the worms and bugs away from the plants, and help the flowers and leaves to grow faster."

* Copyright, 1905, by Madge A. Bigham.

So Hippity-Hop went across the meadow, and by the barn, and into Mrs. Gipsy's garden,—hop, hop, hop,—and then a little stop; hop, hop, hop, and then a little stop.

"Dear me," said Hippity-Hop, "it is so warm and I am so tired, I believe I will hop under the old tent and rest a bit in the sand pile—Joe-Boy won't care."

But just at that very minute Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne were under the tent making sand pies, and when Hippity-Hop peeped in,—why, she hopped away in a big hurry, "Because," said Hippity-Hop, "*maybe* those children might punch me with a stick!"

"Oh," said Charlotte Anne, "I saw a toad. Let's stop making pies for the party, and make a beautiful frog house!"

"All right, let's do!" said Joe-Boy; and then they danced all around the old tent, and pulled off their slippers and stockings,—because how could you make a frog house *without* pulling off your shoes and stockings, I'd just like to know! And then they piled the damp sand over their bare feet and pressed it hard and firm, until they could pull their feet out, and there would be a fine, large door, for the toads to hop in. So they made another and another and another, until Charlotte Anne said there was a parlor and a bedroom and a kitchen and a dining-room—enough for any toad to set up housekeeping! And do you know, all that time Hippity-Hop was hiding in the grass peeping at those children, and just as soon as they went in to get ready for dinner, why, Hippity-Hop hopped right under the tent and took a seat in that frog house! She liked the parlor so well, she hopped into the dining-room, and she liked the dining-room so well she hopped into the kitchen, and she liked the kitchen so well she hopped into the bedroom, and she liked the bedroom so well—why, she stayed there all night. And the next morning, Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy ran to the tent to see if any toads had been to the frog house, and sure enough they found Hippity-Hop's tracks in the damp sand, and then Charlotte Anne put her finger on her lips and said, "Sche-e-e! there's a little toad peeping at us from the door! Isn't she too cute?"

"Oh, oh, oh," whispered Joe-Boy, "let's run and tell mother we have found a pet toad."

So away they ran across the yard, and Hippity-Hop said, "Well, those are very kind children after all. I'm sure now they would not poke me with a stick! I believe I will go down to the buttercup meadow

and tell the other toads about this nice sand house. Maybe they would like to come here and live."

So away went Hippy-Hop across the garden and by the barn and down to the buttercup meadow—hop, hop, hop, hippity-hop; hop, hop, hop, hippity-hop.

The Wonderful Eggs

Tuesday

WHEN Hippy-Hop told the other toads in the meadow about the nice sand house under the tent of course they wanted to see it, and almost every day Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne would see them hopping about in the sand. They could always tell Hippy-Hop from the others because her breast was so white and she had such a pretty spotted back; and then Hippy-Hop did not seem to be afraid, either, and would let both Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne pat her gently on the head. And once she let them see her catch a fly on that long, sticky tongue of hers, so you see they were growing to be real good friends.

One night Hippy-Hop and the other toads were talking. "You see," said Hippy-Hop, "I told you what a fine place this sand house was. But then toads can't lay their eggs in a sand pile, you know, so I am going away tomorrow to hunt for a good, safe place, somewhere, and lay my eggs. Because if we toads don't lay eggs how will there ever be any baby toads, I'd like to know."

"That's true," said the other toads, "that's very true; there must be eggs before there can be baby toads, so, if you find a good, safe place, tell us about it when you come back, so we will know where to go when we lay our eggs."

Well, sure enough when Joe-Boy visited the sand pile the next morning Hippy-Hop was not there. And she was not there at dinner time, nor late in the afternoon, so Joe-Boy told Charlotte Anne he was very much afraid she had run away. But Hippy-Hop did not have any idea of running away. She was thinking about her eggs, you know, and right at that *very* minute she was hop, hop, hopping along through the meadow grass; and where do you suppose Hippy-Hop laid those eggs? Why, she hopped right into the meadow brook and laid her eggs in a long string of grayish jelly, and then wrapped the string around a stick to keep them from floating away! Now, don't you think that

was a queer place to lay eggs? I told you Hippity-Hop was a funny little toad. And you needn't think she sat on those eggs to hatch them, either, and she didn't carry them around on her back as Mrs. Spider-brown sometimes did. No, indeed, when Hippity-Hop laid those eggs in a jelly string and wrapped them safely around the stick, why, she hopped away and left them to hatch out by themselves. But the best part about it was, that Joe-Boy found those very same eggs the next day while he was paddling in the meadow brook. But he didn't know they were Hippity-Hop's eggs, though; Joe-Boy thought that string of jelly was a *snake*, until Mother Gipsy laughed at him, and said:

"Why, Joe-Boy, snakes crawl! Those are eggs of some kind; let us take them home and put them in the fountain, then we can watch them every day and see what comes out of them."

So Mother Gipsy broke off part of the stick with the string of jelly wrapped around it, and she and Joe-Boy placed it near the rim of the fountain, and then I *think* Joe-Boy looked at it about twenty times a day, so that he would be sure to see the wonderful eggs hatch out. It was just three days afterward, though, that Joe-Boy went flying to the house from the fountain and said, "Oh, mother, run, run, run, the jelly eggs are popping open and every so many black, wiggling fish are coming out! Run, mother, run!"

So Mother Gipsy dropped her sewing in a hurry, and off she ran down the garden walk, right behind Joe-Boy, to see the wonderful sight, and sure enough there were ever so many little black wigglers, diving to the bottom of the fountain, as merry as you please.

"Dear me," said Mother Gipsy, with wonder, "such funny, funny things to come out of those eggs. They do not look like fish, exactly; I believe we will just call them wiggle tails—they wiggle so much—until we find out what they really are, and I guess we'll have to watch them closer and closer, or they might get away."

Well, for the next few days those little wiggle tails grew and grew and grew, and they found so much to eat in the fountain water that they got very fat, and only think, one morning every one of them had a pair of hind legs! Now what do you think of that?

"They can't be fish," said Mother Gipsy, "for whoever heard of a fish having hind legs or any other kind of legs! Then, see how often they swim to the top of the water for a swallow of fresh air—fish do not do that way. We must watch them very closely." And I know

you will be surprised when I tell you, but one day when Joe-Boy went to see them, why, those queer wiggle tails had a pair of *front* legs, too, besides their tails and hind legs.

"Well, well," said Mother Gipsy, "if it were not for those tails, I most surely would think they were kin to Hippity-Hop. We will watch them a few days longer—maybe they will lose their tails like Bo-Peep's sheep."

And sure enough, that's just what happened, though they did not leave their tails behind them, because Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne both looked and could not find them. No, indeed, those wiggle tails did not mean to waste their tails in any such way—they just began and grew shorter and shorter and shorter every day until at last there wasn't any tail left at all. And they had gone into the wiggle tails' bodies, and helped to make them strong and fat. And then what do you think! Every single one of those queer wiggle tails jumped right out of that fountain, and went hop, hop, hop, and then a little stop; hop, hop, hop, and then a little stop—just for the world like their mother, Hippity-Hop!

"Ho! ho! ho!" said all the little toads, "Joe-Boy thought we were going to be little fishes! *We* aren't fishes, we are little toads—funny, funny little toads!"

And then they hopped away.

And Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne were so surprised they didn't know what to do!

Birds

Joe-Boy's Feathered Friends

Object—To develop love and sympathy for bird life.

Points developed—Bird homes, the material used, kind of eggs, varieties of birds and their help to man.

- (1) *Poultry*—Hen, duck, turkey and pigeon.
- (2) *Familiar birds*—Bluebird, wren, swallow, whippoorwill, catbird, thrush, mockingbird, jaybird, oriole, woodpecker, canary, sparrow, robin, redbird, bobwhite.

Mother Play Study—"The nest."

Mrs. Speckle

Wednesday

MRS. SPECKLE had a secret that even Joe-Boy did not know, and that was very wonderful, because Mrs. Speckle belonged to Joe-Boy and he watched her very closely. She had been very kind to lay him many fresh eggs for his breakfast, for a long, long time.

"But now," said Mrs. Speckle, as she ruffled up her breast feathers, "I have something else to do with my eggs. I should like to have a family of baby chickens, myself, and how will I ever get them if Joe-Boy eats all of my eggs? I will just hunt me another place for my nest, where even Mr. Rooster can not find it. And I shall tell no one my secret until all the baby chickens are hatched out—and won't everybody be surprised!"

Then she clucked with delight, and, shaking out her tail feathers, slipped under the barn and made a new nest away up in one corner, and I'm sure no one knew where it was except a little gray mouse, and he promised never to tell—not for anything! So, when the nest was full of eggs, Mrs. Speckle began to set. She told the gray mouse that she would stay on the nest three weeks to keep the eggs warm.

"And then," said Mrs. Speckle, gaily, "you will see a wonderful sight indeed, Mr. Gray-Mouse! A whole family of dear little baby chickens, crying 'peep, peep, peep; we love you, mother, peep, peep, peep.'"

"Goodness," said Mr. Gray-Mouse, pulling his whiskers, "do you mean to tell me that you will sit right there on those eggs three whole weeks without leaving?"

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Speckle, "except a little while each day, when I shall run off a little while to take my dust bath, get something to eat and a drink of fresh water. Then I shall hurry back to keep the eggs warm, that they may change into downy chickens."

"Well, I do wonder!" said Mr. Gray-Mouse, "I had no idea baby chickens were such a bother. I shall be very glad to see them, Mrs. Speckle, when they come from the egg-shells—if they ever do!"

"If?" said Mrs. Speckle, "why, of course they will! Just you wait and see, Mr. Gray-Mouse!"

Then Mrs. Speckle settled down over her eggs, and Mr. Gray-Mouse skipped into his hole to tell Mrs. Gray-Mouse about it. Well,

it happened just as Mrs. Speckle said it would, and one day when Mr. Gray-Mouse came to pay his morning call Mrs. Speckle ruffled up every one of her feathers and said softly, "Cluck, cluck, cluck, come and see, Mr. Gray-Mouse! Cluck, cluck, cluck!"

Then something else *under* Mrs. Speckle said softly, "Peep, peep, peep, we are here, mother dear! Peep, peep, peep,—don't you hear?"

Mr. Gray-Mouse could hardly believe his ears! But then, there were the empty egg shells, too, scattered around the nest, and what was more, there were ever so many downy balls of yellow, peeping from Mrs. Speckle's wings, climbing on her back and nestling by her side. Mr. Gray-Mouse thought it a very wonderful sight, and he watched them closely as he held his head on one side and said:

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Speckle, on your l-o-v-e-l-y family! They all favor you, except *one*,—his bill is too wide and his feet look a *little* queer! I wonder why?"

"Oh, that is little Buffy," said Mrs. Speckle, "he is my youngest child, and favors his *father*, I suppose."

"Do excuse me," said Mr. Gray-Mouse, "I hadn't thought of that." Then he ran back into his hole to tell Mrs. Gray-Mouse about it,—he always told her everything.

Well, Mrs. Speckle stayed on the nest all day with the baby chickens, but the next morning she said she believed she would take them for a walk in the barnyard, because she was so proud of her family, she wanted the other hens to see them. So, clucking to her babes to walk close beside her, she stepped gaily from the nest and started out. Just as she got from beneath the barn, she heard Joe-Boy calling, "Chickie, chickie, chickie; come to your dinner, come one and come all; chickie, chickie, chickie!"

Mrs. Speckle hurried on with her brood—so proud she could hardly step, and then she heard Joe-Boy say, "Mother, mother, run here quickly and see Mrs. Speckle! Oh, oh, oh! If she hasn't got a whole heap of little baby chickens, and all this time I thought she was lost!"

"And all this time Mrs. Speckle was fooling you," said Mother Gipsy. "But I do wonder where she hid her nest."

Gray-Mouse knew, but he wouldn't tell! Oh, no, not for anything!

Buffy

Thursday

MRS. SPECKLE went back to her nest that night a very proud and happy mother. Every one seemed delighted with her new family, and Mr. Rooster had promised to take them all for a walk to the buttercup meadow just as soon as they were strong enough to go.

"But somehow," said Mrs. Speckle to herself, "I do not feel *quite* satisfied about Buffy. It is just as Mr. Gray-Mouse said, he looks very queer, and not one bit like the other chickens. His bill is *so* wide, I'm really ashamed of it, and his feet—why, I'm sure I never saw such feet on a chicken before, in all my life. His toes seem to have skin sewn between each one of them—it worries me dreadfully! Then, besides, Buffy is so hard headed; he doesn't want to mind me one bit! Why, today I had to pull him out of the water trough *three* times! I never saw a chicken love to play in mud and water so! Really, I feel quite worn out trying to keep Buffy out of mischief!"

She fell asleep at last, though, and forgot all about her trouble, while her twelve yellow darlings nestled close beneath her warm wings, as happy as happy could be. For the next few days Buffy behaved very nicely, and even Mrs. Speckle could not find any fault with him, "Except," as she told Mr. Gray-Mouse, "he still looked queer!"

"Now, Buffy," said Mrs. Speckle, a few nights later, "tomorrow Mr. Rooster is going to take us for a walk to the buttercup meadow. *Do* try to behave nicely. Stay close to me and be sure not to go near the water! I wouldn't have you to fall in that deep water—not for anything! I am almost afraid to let you go with us."

"Oh, yes, mother," said Buffy, "I want to go, too! I'll be just as good and walk close to your side all the way."

"Oh, do, mother, we *all* want to go," said all the other chickens, "we'll help you to take care of Buffy!"

So Mrs. Speckle promised to let them go. The next morning every chicken was awake at the crack of day, and right after breakfast they started out—Mr. Rooster, Mrs. Speckle and Buffy, and all the other baby chickens. Buffy walked close to his mother and behaved beautifully until he got to the meadow fence and squeezed through.

Then he caught a glimpse of the pond of sparkling water and began to run just as fast as he could go! Mrs. Speckle called him, Mr. Rooster called him and *all* the baby chickens called him, but still he wouldn't come back! Nobody could do a thing with him; he only spread out his pretty wings and ran faster and faster, and when he got to the edge of the pond, why, he jumped *right* over into the very deepest part, with a *great* big splash! My! how it frightened everybody.

"Mother, mother," cried the baby chickens, "do come quickly to Buffy! He's jumped right into the water; he will get very wet!"

Poor Mrs. Speckle did not know what to do. She ran up and down the side of the pond scolding and cackling and calling, "You, Buffy, come right here this very minute—you naughty, naughty Buffy! You shall never come walking again—come out of that water, sir!"

But Buffy only shook his yellow head, and splashed the water drops high with his wings, as he said, "Oh, mother, don't be afraid, I won't get hurt, see? It is so nice here in the water; I just wish I could live in the water all the time! Watch me duck my head, so—I'll be out in a minute."

Well, I don't know what Mrs. Speckle would have done, but just at that very moment Joe-Boy, away up in the barn-yard, called: "Chickie, chickie, chickie; come to your dinner, come one and come all; chickie, chickie, chickie!"

Buffy heard him, and he knew that meant dinner! Now, Buffy liked to eat—he most certainly did—and just as soon as he heard that call, he scrambled out of the water, shaking the drops from his wings and tail, and *away* he started on a run for the house, Mr. Rooster, Mrs. Speckle and all the other chickens close behind. They were glad enough to get Buffy back to the barnyard once more, and Mrs. Speckle said she'd never go to the buttercup meadow any more, until Buffy learned to behave himself. When Mr. Turkey-Gobbler heard about it, he gobbled a very big laugh, and he said to Mrs. Speckle, "*I* know why Buffy likes the water so. If you'll come over here, I'll whisper it in your ear."

And he did. Now, what do you suppose Mr. Turkey-Gobbler told Mrs. Speckle? Gray-Mouse knows, because Mrs. Speckle told him. But he wouldn't tell! Oh, no, not for anything!

Buffy's Stepmother

Friday

MRS. SPECKLE was not the only hen in the barn-yard with a family of chickens to look after. There was the black hen that had young chickens, and the white hen with young chickens, and the brown hen with young chickens, so you see there was quite a crowd of them, when they all got together, and Mr. Rooster was kept busy from morning till night helping the hens care for the babies. That was his business, you know, and when he scratched up anything very nice to eat he never thought of taking it for *himself*—that wouldn't have been one bit polite. You would hear him say short and quick, "Kut, kut; kut, kut, kut!"

Then all the mother hens came running up with their chickens, and such a busy time as they would have scratching and eating. Besides helping the hens scratch, Mr. Rooster had other business, too. He always crowed just at sundown to tell the hens it was time to put their babies to bed, and again he crowed in the middle of the night to tell everybody it was twelve o'clock, and then at the very peep of day he would crow again, and that meant it was time for chickens and people to get up. But the time he did the most cackling was when any of the hens laid an egg. He was always very proud of that, and you would hear him say, "Kut, kut, kut, kut, kut, laid an egg! Kut, kut, kut, kut, kut, laid an egg."

And Betty told Joe-Boy that she heard him say time and time again, "Lock the d-a-i-r-y d-o-o-r!"

So you see he was quite a busy fellow. Mr. Turkey-Gobbler was quite a good friend of his, too, and though he couldn't crow, why, he could gobble most beautifully, and took as much care of the little speckled turkeys as Mr. Rooster did of the hens and chickens. One day they got to talking about Buffy, and Mr. Rooster said, "I am afraid Mrs. Speckle is going to have a hard time with Buffy. Because, just as fish love water, so Buffy loves water, and, like all ducks, he will want to go swimming *every* day. I don't see what Mrs. Speckle is going to do about it."

"Well, I know a very fine plan," said Mr. Turkey-Gobbler, "if Mrs. Speckle is willing to do a very kind thing."

"What's that?" said Mr. Rooster; "I'm sure everybody likes to do kind things, and Mrs. Speckle does, too."

"It is this," said Mr. Turkey-Gobbler. "You know Mrs. Silver-Duck, who has been away from the barnyard such a long time? Well, she made her nest in the tall grass by the pond some time ago, and had it almost full of eggs—she showed them to me just before she went to sitting. I counted them myself, and there were *ten*, and, do you know, yesterday, when I went to see her, someone had stolen one of those duck eggs, and then put a *china* egg in that nest for poor Mrs. Silver-Duck to sit on! And you know, Mr. Rooster, neither hens, guineas, turkeys, ducks, nor any other kind of bird can hatch anything from a c-h-i-n-a egg! I told Mrs. Silver-Duck so, but, poor thing! she only shook her head and said 'Quack, quack,' in such a sorrowful way that I left her there—sitting on that china egg. And there, she says, she expects to sit until that egg changes into a duckling!"

"Cock-a-doodle-dō! Cock-a-doodle-do!"

What shall we do! What shall we do!"

said Mr. Rooster.

"Do?" said Mr. Turkey-Gobbler, "why, can't you guess the plan? If we can only get Mrs. Speckle to give Buffy to her, won't that be fine?"

"Why, to be sure," said Mr. Rooster, "the very thing to do. Cock-a-doodle-do!"

And he flapped his strong wings up and down many times, and then he and Mr. Turkey-Gobbler went off to find Mrs. Speckle and tell *her* about it. And what do you think Mrs. Speckle said? First, she listened very closely, with her bright black eyes fixed on Mr. Rooster and then on Mr. Turkey Gobbler, and she thought and thought and thought. And then, she said, "It is a mighty hard thing you have asked me to do—give away one of my children. I love Buffy very much and should not like to part with him, but then I have twelve children and Mrs. Silver-Duck has none. And I am sure Buffy would be *happier* with her than with me—he loves the water so, and I am *so* afraid of it! I am always afraid Buffy will get wet and catch cold, though they tell me ducks never do. Anyway, I will let Buffy do as *he* chooses, and if he says he would rather be Mrs. Silver-Duck's child than to live with me, why, I think the *kindest* thing I can do is to let him go."

Well, she told Buffy about it that very night, and then she said, "Now, which would you rather do?"

And dear little Buffy nestled his yellow head against his mother's and said, "You know I love you, mother dear, but I should *much* rather live down by the pond than up here in the barnyard—it is such fun to go in swimming!"

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Speckle, "go to sleep now and rest; tomorrow I will take you down to Mrs. Silver-Duck—I am sure she will love you and treat you kindly."

So Buffy cuddled up beneath Mother Speckle's wings for the last night and was soon fast asleep, dreaming and dreaming about water. The next morning Mrs. Speckle waited until Mrs. Silver-Duck had left her nest to find something to eat, and then what do you think she did? She slipped down to the nest in the grass and scratched that china egg out into the water, and then she put Buffy in the nest and told him to stay there until his new mother came back, and she went away—up to the barnyard to take care of her baby chickens. By and by Mrs. Silver-Duck came back to her nest and saw the china egg was gone, and she saw dear little yellow fluffy Buffy cuddled in the nest, waiting for her! And, don't you know, she was glad! Why, she was so happy she couldn't say one thing but "Quack, quack, quack." And she and Buffy went in swimming that very afternoon, and they went in swimming the next day and the next day and the next day, too—they went in swimming *every* day, even when it rained, and they lived happily ever afterward.

Hippity-Hop

Program for Eleventh Week—Animal Relationships.

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Have you seen toads? Where were they? Do you know why they go into the garden? What do they eat? (Impress the fact that toads eat bugs destructive to plants.) Would you like one to live in your garden?

Gift: Excursion to nearest pond to get eggs of toad and of frog. Carry home plenty of pond water with some mud and weeds to place with eggs in open basin or jar that children may watch development.

The Wonderful Eggs

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Compare eggs of toad and frog.*Song:* "Pollywog and Taddypole."*Game:* "Toady, how art thou?" "Frog in Middle Pond?"*Gift Period:* Sand modeling.—Toad house in garden.*Occupation:* Clay modeling.—Eggs.

Mrs. Speckle

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Joe-Boy had another pet. Instead of having four feet, she had two. Instead of having large eyes, she had small. Instead of having a large mouth, she had a small mouth. Instead of loving the water as a place to lay her eggs, she was afraid of it.*Play:* Poultry in farm yard.*Gift:* Modeling.—Nest, eggs, chickens.*Occupation:* Sewing.—Outline chicken coming out of shell.

Buffy

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Did you ever see a baby duck? How was it different from a chicken? Do you know why the feet are different? Do you know why the bill is different?*Play:* Dramatize the story.*Song:* "See them there in the pond below,
Good mother duck, and her ducklings four."*Gift Period:* Sand table. Meadowbrook pond.*Occupation:*—Folding.—Ducks.

Buffy's Stepmother

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Show china egg. "This came out of a hen's nest." Would it hatch? Why not? Do you know why a china egg is kept in the hen's nest?*Play:* Dramatize story.*Gift Period:* Modeling.—Duck's Egg.

Occupation: Drawing, or excursion to some pond or park where ducks can be seen. Feed ducks, watch their manner of walking.

Twelfth Week, Birds

White Wings

Monday

THERE was something else that came to the barnyard to get something to eat when Joe-Boy fed the hens and chickens. They would flutter, flutter around his head and about his feet, saying softly, "Coo, coo, coo, coo, give us some, too; coo, coo, coo." Of course, you know now they were Joe-Boy's pigeons. Some were white, some were blue, and some were gray, and some were green, and some were brown, and some were many colors. They lived in the pretty pigeon house Father Gipsy had helped Joe-Boy build. There were pretty little windows and pretty little doors and cosy little porches that went all around so the pigeons could sit there in the sunshine and tell about the many things they saw when they went out flying—they could fly so high and so far away, you know. Joe-Boy had often wished that he had strong wings like theirs, and could fly away with them. White-Wings was the prettiest pigeon of all. She was pure white, with the brightest eyes and the pinkest feet! And she was so gentle and tame that she would light on Joe-Boy's shoulder and eat from his hand, while he stroked her softly. Rosy-Feet was White-Wings mate—he was white, too, and they lived together in one of the little rooms in the pigeon house. One day while they were out flying together they passed over the pond in the buttercup meadow, and White-Wings peeped down and saw little Buffy swimming on the pond with his stepmother, Mrs. Silver-Duck.

"See, Rosy-Feet," she said, "I did not know Mrs. Silver-Duck had a little duckling. He looks like a fluffy yellow lily, floating on the water. Don't they look happy?"

"Yes," said Rosy-Feet, "and you just ought to see Mrs. Speckle's family, too. She has more than I can count—the dearest little downy darlings—and when Mrs. Speckle sits down to rest they peep from beneath her wings and scramble over her back as cute as can be. Come, let us fly to the barnyard and see them; it is almost dinner time anyway, and Joe-Boy is sure to have something nice for us to eat."

So away flew White-Wings and Rosy-Feet to the barnyard, and just as soon as White-Wings saw Mrs. Speckle's babies, why, she said she wanted some, too, and that very day she and Rosy-Feet began to gather twigs and straw to make a nest for the baby pigeons, flying in and out of the little round doors, and working so hard until the nest was finished. Then, only guess, White-Wings laid four white eggs in the nest, and then she sat on them for days and days, just as Mrs. Speckle had done—you know why. Sometimes she would get tired and long to fly away over the green hills and tree tops; but she would shake her pretty head and say:

"No, no, no, if I go the eggs will get cold. I must stay and keep them warm, so that the baby pigeons will wake up."

So when Rosy-Feet peeped in many times a day, to see how White-Wings was getting on and to tell her the news, he always found her on the nest, as happy as happy could be. By and by, early one morning, White-Wings felt the eggs under her breast moving—something *inside*, trying to get out. White-Wings knew it was the baby pigeons waking in the eggs, and she rolled one of the eggs out from her soft feathers and pecked and pecked very gently until the egg shell came open, and there was one baby pigeon. And then she rolled another egg out and pecked and pecked very gently until it came open, and there was another baby pigeon. And then she rolled another egg out and pecked and pecked very gently until it came open, and there was another baby pigeon. And then she rolled the last egg out and pecked it open very gently, too, and there was another baby pigeon—four baby pigeons for Rosy-Feet and dear little White-Wings. Aren't you glad? White-Wings tucked them all under her wings and said, "Coo, coo, coo," so softly, and do you know it wasn't any time before those baby pigeons were trying to say, "Coo, coo, coo," too? When White-Wings showed them to Rosy-Feet he felt very proud and glad, and he said:

"*Now* I am papa pigeon, and you are mother pigeon, and we shall both work hard for our babies. They do not look like Mrs. Speckle's children, do they?"

You see, they didn't have any clothes on yet, but White-Wings said she was sure when their feathers grew they would be white like theirs, and they already had pink bills and rosy feet, and she thought they were the most beautiful babies in all the world! And then Rosy-Feet looked at them again and he said, "I believe they are."

The Little Pigeons Four

Tuesday

WHEN the baby pigeons got their white dresses on and were large enough to walk a little, White-Wings let them each come to the little round door and peep out. They liked to peep into the barnyard below and see the hens and chickens walking about. They saw Mrs. Speckle and her babies, and they saw Mr. Rooster, and they saw Mr. Turkey-Gobbler, and they saw Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy, too. Then they looked up high at the blue, blue sky, and the sunbeams dancing on the trees, and they longed to fly away.

"Wait a little longer," said Rosy-feet and White-Wings, "until your wings are stronger. Then we will teach you how to fly, and you may go with us to the buttercup meadow and see little Buffy swimming on the pond."

And those baby pigeons wanted to go so very much, they could hardly wait long enough for their wings to grow strong. But by and by White-Wings and Rosy-Feet said they believed they were all strong enough to fly, and the little pigeons four, hopped out on the little porch, ready to take their first flying lesson. And *then* when the time came to start, why, they were afraid to go!

"Well, did you ever!" said White-Wings,—*"such baby pigeons! Why, it is easy to fly. Just work your wings so: up and down, up and down, up and down—now give a little jump from the porch, and off you go!"*

But though the little pigeons four worked their wings up and down all right, they were afraid to jump, you see.

"Oh, I'll fall!" said baby pigeon one.

"Oh, oh, I'll fall!" said baby pigeon two.

"Oh, oh, oh, I'll fall," said baby pigeon three.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, I'll fall!" said baby pigeon four.

And then Rosy-Feet would laugh and say, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, you silly little things! If you won't *try* you'll never learn—I can not carry you on my back, and how will you ever see Buffy and the pond and the buttercup meadow. Now, t-r-y!"

"I'll try," said baby pigeon one.

"I'll try, I'll try," said baby pigeon two.

"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try," said baby pigeon three.

"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try, I'll try," said baby pigeon four.

"You little darlings!" said White-Wings, "follow me."

And then she jumped from the pigeon house porch, and baby pigeon one jumped, and baby pigeon two jumped, and baby pigeon three jumped, and baby pigeon four said, "oh, oh, oh, oh, I am afraid to jump!"

And then Rosy-Feet just gave him a quick little *push*, and off went little pigeon four, and he could fly as well as anybody! So off they all flew in a row, cooing and cooing.

"Oh, I can fly!" said baby pigeon one.

"Oh, oh, I can fly!" said baby pigeon two.

"Oh, oh, oh, I can fly!" said baby pigeon three.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, I can fly!" said baby pigeon four.

And they were so very happy.

They flew straight to the buttercup meadow, and stopped by the pond for a rest, and they saw some pretty grass and some white rocks and some flowers and—yes, they saw Buffy swimming on the water. And they saw Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne making a daisy chain, and Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne saw *them*, too. And then they flew back home, and cuddled up in their nest and talked about all the wonderful things they had seen that day. And when they went to sleep they dreamed about them, too, singing softly, coo, coo, coo, coo.

The Carrier Pigeon

Wednesday

THE next day it rained, and rain so hard the baby pigeons could not go out to fly, so they stayed in the nest and only peeped out of the little round door. It was raining at Charlotte Anne's house, too, and *she* couldn't go out to play, and it was raining at Joe-Boy's house, too, and *he* couldn't go out to play, so he stood at the play-room window and peeped at White-Wings and Rosy-Feet and the little pigeons four, who peeped back at him from their little round door, saying:

"Coo, coo, coo, it is raining at *our* house today; coo, coo.

Is it raining at *your* house, too?"

Then White-Wings called them in, because they *might* catch a cold, you know, if they peeped out in the rain too much. It was just then that Mother Gipsy came to the window and heard White-Wings

cooing to her babies. So she said, "I believe White-Wings is telling the baby pigeons a story now; shall I tell you one?"

Of course you already know what Joe-Boy said, and then Mother Gipsy sat in the broad window seat and began:

"Once upon a time there was a little girl named Cleo, and she had a beautiful pet pigeon called a carrier pigeon, because it could fly such a long, long ways, miles and miles, even across the great ocean, and he would carry a letter with him if you fastened it beneath his wings. Cleo called him Fairy, and she loved him very much. Fairy would light on her shoulder and eat from her hand, just as White-Wings eats from your hand. Cleo's father was the captain of a great ship, and very often he would have to go away and leave her, and then of course she missed him very much.

"One day as her father was starting away to cross the big waters, Cleo went to the ship to see him off. And she said, 'I'll tell you what, father dear, take Fairy with you this time, and when you get far away on the ocean waters, write me a long letter, and tie it under Fairy's wing, and send him back to me with your love.'

"Then the sea captain laughed merrily and he said, 'All right, my dear, I will do just as you say, and when I am far out on the waters, I will write you the letter, and send Fairy back to you with my love.'

"Then he sailed away on the great ship, taking the pretty pigeon with him. But when he had sailed far out on the waters, a great storm came up and the wind blew so hard that it washed the waves high over the sides of the ship, until at last the ship was broken and could not sail any more.

" 'What shall we do?' asked the people on the ship. 'We can not swim back to land, and if we went in the boats we would get lost, because we do not know the way. And then the captain thought about the carrier pigeon, and he said, 'Don't be afraid, there is a carrier pigeon on the ship that belongs to my little daughter. We will write a letter, telling about our trouble, and tie it under the pigeon's wing, and turn him loose—he will fly straight home to Cleo, and she will read the letter and send somebody quickly to help us.'

"So, that is what they did, and when the captain had written the letter he went up on the deck of the ship with Fairy perched on his finger, and when he held him high, guess what he did? Yes, he stretched wide his strong wings, and flew quickly across the waters to find Cleo—the one he loved best.

"The next morning, early, Cleo heard something pecking at her window blinds, and when she raised the window, Fairy flew in and lit on her shoulder and pecked her gently on her lips—that is the way he always kissed her, you know. Then Cleo found the letter, which he had brought safely across the water, and she loved Fairy more than ever then, because he had saved the lives of the people on the ship, and her dear father's, too, by bringing her the letter. Quickly she told the people in the village about the broken ship, and many of them hurried away in a strong, new ship to help them, and bring them back to land. And you may guess how much those people loved Fairy, ever after that—stroking and petting him over and over again. And that is the end of my story."

"Tell it again, mother," said Joe-Boy.

The Return of the Bluebirds

Thursday

SPRING time was coming in the buttercup meadow; you could smell it in the air. The breezes whispered softly, "It's coming"; the sunbeams sang, "It's coming"; the water in the meadow brook rippled, "It's coming"; and everything seemed glad!

"If the spring time is coming," said dear old Mother Nature, "I must get ready for the birds. They will soon be here to spend the summer, and everything must be fresh and clean. I must sweep and dust and scour and waken the sleeping flowers, or the birds will miss them when they come. I must waken the trees in the orchard, and tell them to shake out their blossoms—the plum and cherry and peach and apple—and the tall trees in the woods beyond, for the pine and the maple and the oak and the hickory and the chestnut and the poplar, all will be needed to make the birds happy. Who'll help me do my spring cleaning?" said happy Mother Nature.

"I'll help," said the wind, "I'll be your broom, and sweep the whole earth clean! I'd like to see the birds back again."

"I'll help," said the cloud, "I'll send my raindrops down and scour the old earth clean, and I'll water the sleeping seed babies and start them on their way—they'll make the birds glad, I'm sure."

"I'll help," said the great, warm sun, "I'll send the fairy sunbeams down to dry and warm the earth, and care for the waking seed babies."

Then Mother Nature smiled as she said, "I need you everyone—the wind to sweep, the rain to scour, and the sun to dry and warm, for the old earth must be warm and beautiful when the birds come back again."

And then she began her spring cleaning. How she did sweep! The wind made a very fine broom, indeed, and for days and days he blew, until leaves and paper and trash went whirling away through the air, and at last the earth was swept as clean as the wind could sweep it.

"That will do," said Mother Nature, "and I thank you very much. Now, I must do my scouring and wash the winter's dust and dirt away. Hurry, clouds, and send the raindrops down."

So the clouds did, and for days and days it rained, washing the trees and fences and houses, and soaking down, down, down, to freshen and waken the little seed babies. Then Mother Nature thanked the busy raindrops and sent them back to the clouds, while troops of sunbeam fairies tripped to the dripping earth and warmed and dried everything—slipping down to the drowsy grasses and flowers that the raindrops had started on their way, and warmed their beds and whispered, "Hurry, the birds are coming back again!"

Then the seeds of flowers and grasses rubbed their sleepy eyes and stretched their tiny hands up, up, up, to greet the birds they loved so well. A velvety carpet of richest green soon covered all the earth, and pansies and violets and snowdrops and buttercups lifted their dainty heads, while the trees in orchards and woods rustled new leaves in gladness—they knew the birds would need *them* to hide away the snug bird homes, where their pretty eggs lay and the wee birdlings grew strong—yes, yes, the trees longed for the birds to come back again, to flit and sing among their branches, or waltz on the carpet of grass below.

And so at last all things were ready, and Mother Nature's great heart throbbed with joy. "Which one of my birds will be the first to come, I wonder. Will it be the bluebird?—brave little fellow. Will it be the robin, with his orange-red breast, or the thrush, dressed in brown? Will it be the woodpecker with his gay red cap, the oriole with his yellow throat, the happy, happy sparrows, the bluejay, the bobwhite, the mocking-bird, the swallows, or little Jenny Wren—I love them all!"

And then she stopped to listen, for at that very moment the loveliest, gayest little song floated down from a tree, right in the buttercup

meadow! You couldn't guess who it was, so I'll tell you. Two bluebirds had just gotten back from the far away South. They fluttered and flitted from tree to tree, chattering as they went.

"See, how beautiful everything is," they said, "let us sing our 'thank you' song." And holding their pretty heads up to the sky they caroled: "I love you, I love you—sun, trees, leaves, flowers, grasses, waterfall, all! I love you, I love you!"

Mother Nature heard, and she throbbed with joy.

"Come," said the bluebirds, "let us fly to Joe-Boy's house, and see how *he* is getting on. We haven't seen him for a long, long time—and won't he be glad to see us once more!"

So they raced to the house, and peeped in at the dining-room window and saw Joe-Boy eating his dinner, and Joe-Boy heard them sing:

"Howdy do! howdy do!

Glad to see you!

Howdy do!"

And then, even before he could scatter the crumbs on the window sill, they were gone—flitting across the street to see Charlotte Anne. She loved them, too, and they found her feeding her rabbits, and gayly sang:

"We see you! we see you!

Howdy do, howdy do!"

Then they hopped over and took dinner with the rabbits, and Charlotte Anne was so glad. She ran in the house to tell her mother that the bluebirds were back again, and then she skipped across the street to tell Joe-Boy. And there was Joe-Boy just skipping across the street to tell her! And they said at the very *same* time:

"The bluebirds are back again! I've seen them!"

The Birds' Store

Friday

AFTER the bluebirds came, it was not many weeks before all the birds were back again, and almost every day Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy would see a new one flitting through the orchard or buttercup meadow. They were hard at work building their nests, and one day Charlotte Anne said, "I guess it is time for us to open our store for the birds."

"Did you know that those two children kept a store *just* for the birds? Well, they did, every year, and it was a dry goods store and a grocery store mixed up together, and they kept it right on the top of the meadow fence. First, they sprinkled a few seeds on the fence—that was for the birds to eat—and then they put ever so many things near by that birds like to build nests with: short strings, rags, paper, straw, grass, roots, twigs, hay, wool, mud, bark, and even some of Prince Charming's tail hairs that he did not need, and some of Mrs. Speckle's feathers, and a piece of Charlotte Anne's red hair ribbon. After the store was all ready, Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy would run away and hide in the deep grass, where they could watch the birds who came to the store, and see what they each bought. They would always take a taste of the seeds first, and then such another twitter, twitter, twitter, as they held their heads first on one side and then on the other—to see what they wished to buy, to build with. It *sounded* as if they said:

"Pay you later, pay you later,

With a pretty long song!

Wait! wait! wait!

It won't be very long!"

When the *robins* came to the store, they always chose a mud cake, and some of the tiny twigs. They used the mud to stick the twigs together with, when the nest was made. The little brown sparrows chose hay and some of the horse-hair to weave into the bottom of their nest, so that it would be very soft for the baby birds. The orioles liked bright colored things, and took Charlotte Anne's hair-ribbon. The barn swallow took mud, and straw, and some of Mrs. Speckle's feathers. The chimney-swallows chose twigs, which they pasted together with glue from their own mouths, and nearly anything suited little Jenny Wren—she wasn't hard to please. So all of the birds carried away something from the store, and each one worked very hard to make the best nest that it could, so the baby birds would have a cozy place in which to stay, when they came. They liked to build in the old orchard at Charlotte Anne's house, or in the buttercup meadow at Joe-Boy's house. Billy Sanders had a meadow at *his* house, too. But the birds were afraid to build there, because Billy Sanders had a sling-shot and a shot-gun, and Billy Sanders thought birds were just made to shoot at. It would frighten them so—just to see Billy Sanders cross the road, and they would whisper one to the other:

"Hush! hush! Oh, keep still;
 Billy Sanders is coming over the hill.
 Spread out your wings, hide the eggs, so,—
 Don't let even a speck of them show!
 Hush! hush! keep very still,
 Billy Sanders is coming over the hill."

And then when Billy was passed, and was quite out of sight—such a glad, glad song, every bird would sing:

"He has gone—
 Billy Sanders has gone away!
 Cheer up! cheer up!
 Be happy and gay!"

Don't you believe Billy Sanders would have felt *most* dreadful—
 if he knew how *glad* those birds were to see him go away?

White Wings

Program for Twelfth Week, Birds

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games—Have you pigeons at home? Where do they live? What have you seen them do? Do you know if they build nests in the house? Did you ever hear them talk together? How do they sound?

Play—Pigeon-house.

Gift—Fifth. Pigeon-house.

Occupation—Folding or constructive work of wood or cardboard.
 Pigeon-house.

The Little Pigeons Four

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games—Did you ever see a baby bird learning to fly? Do you think they are afraid at first?

Play—Pigeon-house. Babies learning to fly.

Gift—Second Gift Beads (cylinder and balls) counting 1, 2, 3, 4.

Occupation—Free cutting. Eggs or baby pigeons.

The Carrier Pigeon

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games—If a pigeon were taken away from home do you think he could find his way home? Could *you* do it if you were taken a long, long way from home?

Play—"Little birds, you are welcome."

Gift—Fifth. Ship, or constructive work. Build ship.

Occupation—Fold envelope. Write letter.

The Return of the Bluebirds

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games—Where have the bluebirds and robins been all winter? Have you seen one yet, this spring? (Show picture of bluebird.) Relate story.

Play—"All the birds are coming back." "Bird Tag."

Music—"Spring Song"—Mendelssohn.

Gift—Fourth. Boxes for bluebirds. (If possible, let this be followed by the construction of a real box to be fastened on post or tree in kindergarten yard.)

Occupation—Water colors. Spring picture, broad effect of earth and sky. Continue this work for a short period each day, adding little by little the details needed in a simple spring picture.

The Bird's Store

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games—What do the birds build nests of? Do they all build alike, and with the same kind of material? How do they make their nests hold together? How do they fasten them in place?

Game—"Birds in the Greenwood." "I'm a Robin." (Birds impersonated.)

Gift—Sixth gift. Fence where the bird store was.

Occupation—Weaving. (Illustrating principle used in nest weaving.)

A LAST YEAR'S PROGRAM.

LUELLA A. PALMER.

NOMINALLY the New Year began in January, but for half of the children the really new beginning was to come in February, when they were to be promoted to the primary grades. That they might be prepared for the change, special emphasis was laid upon those phases of kindergarten work that are carried over into the grades. Each of this older group retold at least one story, sang a song alone without accompaniment, counted to thirty, by twos to ten, added and subtracted concretely as far as six.

In the gift work, problems were presented to the children to be worked out; for instance, a certain unit was given as two cubes standing between two lying bricks and they tried to make many different houses without altering the unit. The gifts were also used to represent houses and temples seen in pictures. In giving the reasons for selecting the gift chosen, the form of each part was brought out in relation to its use.

Our Christmas tree or some part of it suggested an occupation nearly every day. After it was chopped from its standard, its branches were sawed off by strenuous efforts. A few of these decorated the walls; one very straight branch was used as a flag pole; the logs were drawn down to an imaginary river, dumped in and floated to the sawmill; some twigs represented trees or made log huts in the sandbox; others were used as legs for tables and chairs; small bits were laid in the toy stove ready for lighting; needles made scented dolls' pillows. Finally the trunk and remaining twigs were put away, one to serve later as a Maypole, the others as pin-wheel sticks.

January Program

Teacher's Thought.—Broadening of children's lives by:

1. Consideration of tradesmen and finished work.
2. Making of communal toys and playing of games where each child takes a definite part.
3. Realization of co-operation as the principle underlying social relations.

FIRST WEEK.

TOPIC—Woodchopper.

Picture—Forest in winter.

Story—Honest Woodman. (Boston Collection.)

Rhyme—Jack Be Nimble.

Game—See trees all in row. (Mother Play.)

Rhythm—Rocking Horse. (Music for Child World, Vol. I.)

Monday.

New Year's Day.

Tuesday.

Circle—New Year's greetings. Holiday experiences. Christmas gifts.

Gift—1. Sixth suggestion, any holiday experience.

2. One-third of sixth, suggestion.

3. Fourth, suggestion.

Occupation—Drawing—Any Christmas gift.

Occupation—Cut folded circle for surprise design.

Wednesday.

Circle—Journey of Christmas tree. Re-tell all its experiences.

Part of each circle during the week was devoted to play with the toys that were brought to kindergarten. On Thursday the boys brought drums, caps, etc., to play soldiers. On Friday the girls brought dolls, and housekeeping games were played.

Gift—1. Sixth, problem.

2. One-third of sixth, suggestion, illustrate journey.

3. Fourth, suggestion.

Occupation—Drawing, Christmas tree twig.

Occupation—1 and 2. Painting tree. 3. Stringing straws and squares.

Thursday.

Circle—Woodchopper, his life and work. Simple scene arranged in sand.*

Gift—Sand, twigs for trees.

Occupation—Drawing woodchopper.

Occupation—Cutting folded squares and pasting design.

*Children also chopped down the Christmas tree.

Friday.

Circle—What trees are used for. Articles made of wood. Children began sawing the branches from the tree.

Gift—1. Sixth, problems. 2. Third and fourth, problems. 3. Third, problems.

Occupation—Drawing, axe.

Occupation—Tissue paper folded and filled with balsam needles for dolly's pillow.

SECOND WEEK

TOPIC—Carpenter.

Song—Cradle Song. (Song Stories.)

Story—Who Built the Baby's House?

Game—Journey of logs. Carpenter. Went to visit carpenter. (Tune: Miss Jennie-o-Jones.)

Rhythm—Marching in twos.

Monday.

Circle—Journey of logs. Sawmill.

Gift—1. Fifth, free. 2. Two-thirds of 6, free. 3. Fourth, free.

Occupation—Cutting buzz-saw from circle.

Occupation—1 and 2. Painting, orange. 3. Folding strips.

Tuesday.

Circle—Tools needed to make furniture in room. Use of saw, hammer, screwdriver.

Gift—1. Fifth. Imitation of house made by child and also dictated by him.

2. Third and fourth. Imitation of house made by child.

3. Fourth. Imitation.

Occupation—Drawing, saw.

Occupation—Folding chair.

Wednesday.

Circle—All carpenter's tools. Their use and material of which made. Why?

Children began to make furniture for the doll house, using branches or twigs from the Christmas tree wherever possible.

The first work was done during the circle; later the older children spent the free play period before nine in making the articles.

Gift—Tablets, form emphasized by telling how carpenter made each one.

1. Triangles, designing.
2. Squares and circles, designing.
3. Circles, designing.

Occupation—Pasting design.

Occupation—Cutting carpenter's tools.

Thursday.

Circle—Farmer's house. How built.

Gift—1. Fifth, suggestion, farmer's house and barn.

2. One-third of fifth, suggestion.

3. Third (with four half cubes), suggestion.

Gift—Splints for simple number work. Picture of beauty forms made and drawn on blackboard.

Occupation—Folding house.

This house was folded from a large sheet of brown manila paper. In former years the children had brought boxes to fit up as houses, but some were so large as to be cumbersome, others so small that they would not hold all the furniture. The uniform size was satisfactory and the stiff paper very durable.

Friday.

Circle—Materials used in building city houses. Where it came from and workmen who used it.

Gift—1. Sixth, problem, build house certain height.

2. Third and fourth, problem.

3. Third, problem.

Occupation—Drawing, city street. (Emphasis on proportion of houses, men, etc.)

Occupation—Painting, the folded house.

THIRD WEEK

TOPIC—Home.

Picture—First Lesson. (Defregger.)

Song—A morning Thanksgiving. (Holiday Songs.)

Story—How the home was built. (Mother Stories.)

Game—Went to visit mother. (Represent activities in different rooms. Tune: Miss Jennie-o-Jones.)

Sense game—Calling child's name.

Rhythm—Marching, quickly or slowly, as piano plays.

Monday.

Circle—Details of ways of making furniture, etc. Workmen and tools.

Gift—1. Choice of fifth or sixth to represent house shown in picture.

2. Choice of one-third of fifth or sixth.

3. Choice of third or fourth.

Different pictures, involving gradually less difficult problems are given to the younger children.

Occupation—Folding sofa.

Occupation—1 and 2, Painting, flowerpot. 3. Rolling flowerpot.

Tuesday.

Circle—Making of furniture for doll's house. Use of different rooms.

Gift—1. Fifth, copy picture.

2 and 3. Third and fourth, dictation and imitation, furniture sequence.

Occupation—Drawing, furniture, four rooms of house.

Occupation—Folding stove.

Wednesday.

Circle—Other kinds of houses. Esquimaux and his life.

Gift—Damp sand.

Occupation—Folding table.

Occupation—Rolling flowerpots.

Thursday.

Circle—People who live in houses.

Gift—1. Sixth, copy picture.

2. Fifth, free.

3. Third and fourth, copy picture.

Occupation—Folding bed.

Occupation—1 and 2. Painting flower. 3. Drawing flower.

Friday.

Circle—People we like to have live with us. Not happy if alone.

" 'Tis the people we love who make home."

Gift—1. Fifth, dictation to copy picture.

2. Sixth, dictation to copy picture.

3. One-third of fifth, free.

Occupation—Folding piano.

Occupation—Rolling stool and lamp.

FOURTH WEEK

TOPIC—Workmen.

Song—The Kettle. (Small Songs for Small Singers.)

Story—Old Woman and Pig.

Game—Interchange of tradesmen's work.

Monday.

Circle—Materials and their sources. Coal and its use. Sense game, feeling and sound of materials.

Gift—Sticks and rings for beauty forms.

Occupation—Folding chair.

Occupation—1 and 2. Painting picture frame. 3. Drawing picture frame.

Tuesday.

Circle—Miner, his work and how coal comes to the city. (Illustrated on blackboard and in damp sand.)

Gift—1. Fifth, suggestion, mine (splint for ladder, bead on string for elevator).

2 and 3. Third and fourth, suggestion.

Occupation—Drawing, coal wagon.

Occupation—Folding wagon.

Wednesday.

Circle—Means of travel.

Gift—1 and 2. Sixth, suggestion, trains, bridges. 3. Third and fourth.

Thursday.

Circle—Workers who helped build house, get food, clothing, etc.

Gift—1. Fifth. 2. Sixth. 3. Third and fourth.

Each child chose his trade and built house for himself. He then visited other tradesmen to buy food, shoes, etc. At end of the period the houses were rebuilt in sandbox and left there as miniature city.

Occupation—Splints, for number.

Occupation—1 and 2. Painting book cover. 3. Folding, any form.

Friday.

Circle—Inter-relation of workers.

Gift—Choice.

Occupation—Painting, pot and flowers.

Occupation—Paper, scissors, paste. Free.

The paintings were tied together inside of the painted cover and made a very pretty book. On the blue wash were pasted a silver moon and stars; on the green, some animals; inside of the picture frames, babies' faces.

PROGRAM FOR JANUARY.

CAROLINE W. BARBOUR.

First Week: When the children return from the mid-winter vacation, they are anxious to tell about their good times, show their toys, and enjoy, as it were, the aftermath of Christmas. It seems truer to the psychology of dominant interests to afford them, then, an opportunity for this expression, rather than to launch immediately into a new topic. So the first week in January will be for this purpose: To relive the Christmas experiences, and to introduce the "Happy New Year." This affords the children opportunity to talk over their holiday good times; to bring their toys and share their pleasures in them; and to give expression in various ways to all the vivid impressions and ideas of the Christmas season.

The thought of the New Year will be introduced as a game, using the simple song, "O, I am the Happy New Year, ho! ho!" (Walker and Jenks.) In this way the children will get the idea of the New Year, the new month and the new calendar.

Sing and play all the Christmas songs and games.

A clever "Rocking Horse" motif can be found in "Music for the Child World." (Hofer.)

Suggestions for table-work: Here is the chance for definite drawing, cutting and painting of Christmas trees, candles, presents, etc. Free play with building blocks, large blocks, sand and clay, repeating plays about Santa Claus' sleigh, fireplaces, etc.

GENERAL SUBJECT: Winter; winter sports and winter work in the community, as a result of the season's conditions of ice and snow.

I. *Social Side:* For these three weeks—winter sports and games, from snow-balling to tobogganing.

II. *Nature Side:* Jack Frost, the Storm King and the North Wind; snow and snow-crystals; ice and ice-formations.

MOTIVE: To *introduce* the community idea through out-of-door sports which are common to boys and girls, little and big.

"The simplest circle (social) game, illustrates the whole duty of a good citizen to a republic. Anybody can spoil it, yet nobody can play it alone; anybody can hinder its success, *yet no one can get credit for making it succeed.*"

There will be no division of these topics into phases, just a development of the games, beginning with their simplest forms, and associating with them the corresponding nature phase, i. e., ice, with skating.

Games: Snowballing, with and without music; one child counting, all throwing together; emphasize *directions*. Sleighing game: (1) Ordering sleigh by telephone; (2) hearing it come from a distance (bells and piano begin softly and increase in tone); (3) putting on winter coats, and getting in; (4) starting away, singing in full tone, and gradually diminishing as we get far away; (5) return, increasing in tone again to represent getting back. (Good ear-training.)

The Snow Man.

Sliding game, to tune of "Five Little Chickadees."

"Five little children sliding out-of-doors—
One tumbled down, and then there were four.
Children, children, happy and gay,
Children, children, slide away," etc., etc.

Rhythm Games: Carry on all those previously learned. Waltz movements for swaying in the north wind, sliding and skating. A sharp contrast for sound and movement can be developed by skating smoothly along, until the music abruptly ceases, and then falling down. This makes a very jolly game of skating on the ice.

Songs: "Children, children, winter is here!" (Hill.) "Merry little snowflakes." (Hill.) "The Snowflakes." (Gaynor, No. 2.) "Jack Frost." (Gaynor, No. 1.) "Sleighing Song." (Gaynor, No. 1.) "Snowman," "Jack Frost." (Neidlinger.) "Small Songs for Small Singers."

Quiet Songs: "The Sandman." (Lucine Finch.) "The Land of Nod." (Gaynor, No. 1.)

Rhymes: Lollipops: "The Snowman." (O. M. Long.)

A PUZZLE.

"Oh, what beautiful things I found,
 Hanging almost down to the ground
 From the roof of the little shed!
 They all grew after I went to bed.
 Glittering and sparkling in the light,
 Just like diamonds, pure and bright.
 I pulled them down in a shining heap
 (I wanted them for my own, to keep).
 I carried them into the house to play,
 And hid them carefully all away
 In the bureau drawer, for of course I knew
 Mamma would want to see them, too!
 I thought I'd give her a nice surprise—
 And how she would smile and open her eyes!
 But when she went there after a while
 She opened her eyes, but she didn't smile!
 For all her ribbons and laces were wet—
 I really can't understand it yet—
 There wasn't a ruffle she could put on,
 And all my beautiful things were gone!"

In connection with sleepy songs: "My bed is like a little boat" in "A Child's Garden of Verse." (R. L. Stevenson.)

Stories: Repetition of stories used so far, allowing constant choice to test those best liked.

Beauty and the Beast.

Narrative Stories of Out-door Games.

Topics arranged in a suggestive order: Sliding, skating, ice-ponds, icicles, snow-balling, snow-balls, snow-man, snow-shoes and skio (for our North Countree people), snow crystals and stars; sleds, sleighs, coasting and tobogganning.

"Oh, wonderful world of white!

When trees are hung with lace.

And the rough winds chide.

And snow-flakes hide

Each bleak, unsheltered place;

When birds and brooks are dumb—what then?

O, round we go to the green again!" (G. Cooper.)

Suggestions for table work:

Pictures: Blackboard drawings of winter "stories;" chalk and charcoal drawings on butcher's paper, or other colored wrapping paper:

on same mounts, white silhouette cuttings of big snow-balls, and snow-men. (Opportunity for good cutting with younger groups.) "Surprise" cuttings of snow-stars folded and cut from white, mounted on soft blue or grey.

Constructions: Snow-men, of cotton balls, sewed or glued together, charcoal eyes, and sticks for arms; or, half-circles of paper, covered with wadding and glued at straight edges; head, arms and details added. Sleds of red cardboard, twist and spool boxes or wood ordered from a carpenter. Double sleds or "bobs," made of two small box sleds fastened together with an adjustable "board" of strawboard and fasteners. Spool boxes make a simple sleigh, while child's stocking box will make a sleigh which older groups can work out in detail, of dashboard, seats, covers, people. For toboggans, take strips of cardboard and roll one end into a curve; strengthen sides with crosspieces of soft slats, measured, cut and pasted by children; add paper dolls.

Building gifts: Houses and sheds where skaters get warm; sleds and sleighs with runners, seats, etc.; toboggan slides with fifth gift, or large blocks, using real little toboggans to play coasting.

Clay: Rolling snow-balls of various sizes; making snow-men; developing action or "story" work in modeling; children rolling balls along the ground, picking up, and throwing snow-balls.

We are in receipt of the *Berea Quarterly*, \$1.00 a year. Single copies, 35 cents. Send for a copy and learn of the splendid human resources which have too long lain dormant, American by birth and heritage, awaiting there the awakening which comes from acquaintance with a larger world. When the Fairy Prince comes with his magic wand in the guise of books and inspiring teachers there will be a great awakening. Indeed, the awakening has already come and now the cry is for the wherewithal to carry on the good work which will give to America more splendid resources than those in the distant Philippines. President Frost's article, "A Discovery in Men," should appeal to all Americans who realize what an important balance to many a vexing question this native American stock may become when once brought in line with modern thought and progress.

MY FROEBEL LIFE.*

JOSEPHINE JARVIS, COBDEN, ILL.

My father and mother were Bostonians, but moved to Ellsworth, Maine, where they married and where I was born. We went to Geneva, Illinois, in my childhood.

My first kindergarten experience was in connection with a Mothers' Kindergarten Play Union which was formed in Geneva. I joined it because of my love for children. The plan was to have all the children of the mothers belonging to the Union meet once a week in the afternoon at the houses of the members in turn, to build, sew, weave, etc., and especially to have kindergarten plays. I greatly enjoyed being with the children, many of whom afterward attended my Geneva kindergarten.

My first acquaintance with Froebel's writings was the *Mutter und Kose Lieder*† which a friend sent to me one summer. My father had died some years before and my mother and I were keeping a private school. My friend thought that translating and rhyming the unique original would be a pleasant change from teaching. At first I thought that the book was not sufficiently practical for Americans, but I soon changed my mind. Before I had finished the translation, I admired Froebel so much that I sent to Steiger (New York) for his other works and have studied them ever since. When the Mother Play, as it was afterward called, was completed, I sent part of it to my friend. Miss Elizabeth Peabody saw it, and, wishing to give others the privilege of reading it, arranged for its publication by Lee & Shepard, Boston. It appeared in 1879.

My first training school was in Chicago. I was in partnership with Mrs. Putnam and Miss Eddy.

My first large kindergarten and connecting class were in Chicago, South Side, at the same time.

My Froebel Club, at the same time and place, was organized because the Mother-Play was the only one of Froebel's works, the English version of which could be found in America. Some future

*Believing that the many grateful kindergartners who know what they do of Froebel's writings through translation, would be interested in hearing how the first American versions came into being, we have asked Miss Jarvis to tell of her share in introducing Froebel to America.

† Mother-Play.

kindergartners came to me one or two evenings in the week and I translated for them from Froebel's works such portions as treated of the subjects which they were studying at the training school each time. Kindergartners also came to me for the same purpose.

While keeping a summer kindergarten in Green Bay, I used the "Pedagogics of the Kindergarten" with such good results as to convince me that it was essential that every kindergartner in this country should be able to avail herself of it. I therefore translated and copyrighted it in 1876. The first volume of the translation ("Pedagogics of the Kindergarten," published by D. Appleton & Co., New York) appeared in 1895; the second, ("Education by Development," brought out by the same publishers,) in 1899, and the third and last (which I published) in 1905. Twenty-nine years of struggles to supply to the English-speaking race the whole of the "Pedagogics," which is an invaluable possession to all who love little children.

While in Chicago I went once a month or oftener to the Unity Church Industrial School for kindergarten plays with the children and to guide them in kindergarten work which they made up into presents for their parents. This work was a reward for good behavior. The older girls were my assistants and it was surprising how soon their rough harshness changed to gentle patience with the little ones.

My first connecting class training school was held at my home in Chicago and began about two years later than the Kindergarten Training School.

I prepared the materials for my Geneva kindergartens, as there was no supply company in the West at that time. Neither were there any kindergarten song books, so I sent to Germany for some, translated and rhymed the songs and have used them in all my kindergartens. One of the books contained nearly three hundred rhymes, including opening and closing songs, marches, movement plays and gift songs with directions for each. It has been translated almost as long as the Pedagogics. Another one gives over four hundred ball plays and movement plays proceeding from them.

Each of my stories and songs for children has been tested in my own kindergarten. Some of them are contained in Miss Poulsson's "In the Child World." Some have appeared in different papers and magazines—educational and otherwise, but more than enough remain for two books which I shall have published as soon as I can.

The "Education of Man" (published by A. Lovell & Co., New York) came out in 1886. It was translated in 1880.

An accident having obliged me to give up my work for a time, I came to Cobden. Here also I have done pioneer work, having had several kindergartens in different parts of the county, and a model kindergarten at the Teachers' Institute, given lectures at the teachers' meetings, made addresses to the W. C. T. U., written articles on kindergarten subjects for the papers and trained kindergarten and connecting class pupils.

I have had great advantages throughout most of my Froebel life. My mother, with whom I lived (having studied German for the purpose) looked out German words for me and helped me decide which of several English words best represented the meaning Froebel attached to each. She taught my connecting class, helped me rhyme the poems in Froebel's works and correct proof sheets, and, above all, she encouraged me to put loyalty to Froebel's principles above pecuniary gain.

LIFE'S "SCARECROWS."

Once on a time a farmer made
 A scarecrow, fierce and high;
 A sparrow, lighting near it, said,
 "It looks so cozy, I
 Believe it is the very best
 Of nooks wherein to build a nest."

 And so he went to work, and soon
 A pretty home had made,
 And by-and-by his charming mate
 Four cunning eggs had laid;
 And from that happy nest one day
 Six gleeful birds flew far away.

 But ere they went, the old bird said,
 "My children, all through life
 Remember what you think of this
 Or that brings peace or strife;
 And even scarecrows joy may bring
 If one knows how to view a thing."

—Nixon Waterman, in *Woman's Home Companion*.

OPPORTUNITY.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake to rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Tho' deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise again and be a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to fly from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven!

—*Walter Malone, Selected.*

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

We have received a communication from Dr. Charles J. Whalen, Commissioner of Health for Chicago, appealing to our good offices in helping check the spread of diphtheria, there being too many unnecessary deaths from that dread disease in Chicago.

We quote from the bulletins sent:

There are two essentials for the successful treatment of diphtheria: First, *prompt* recognition of the nature of the disease; second, *prompt* administration of the remedy. The department is prepared and anxious to furnish both these essentials. On these points the Bulletin has repeatedly stated that investigations of deaths from diphtheria show that many of them were due to a deceptive type of the disease. Parents and even some physicians have been deceived when the most malignant form of the disease was present and death has ensued because the administration of antitoxin was thereby delayed.

All persons having the care of children should keep in mind that the disease may be in the back part of the nose or in the wind pipe, as well as in the throat where the membrane can be seen. There may be little or no pain or fever and on the second day the child may seem better. The poison of the disease often causes dullness and stupor. Hoarseness and difficult breathing indicate diphtheria of the wind pipe.

The true nature of the disease can only be learned by taking a culture, and when there are so many of these cases present as now, this should never be omitted. Antitoxin should be administered at once in every suspicious throat case; it can do no possible harm in any event; it will certainly prevent death from diphtheria if used within the first forty-eight hours.

An isolation hospital of the most approved type is maintained for the treatment of the latter* disease and thousands of dollars are expended annually and hundreds of public vaccinators are continuously employed in the prevention of smallpox.

But Chicago has no similar hospital provision for the care of diphtheria patients, nor means and men for the prevention of the disease. It rests therefore with the medical profession to exploit the virtues of antitoxin to the fullest extent.

Every physician should teach his families that, if sent for early enough—on the first appearance of "sore throat" symptoms—he can guarantee as surely as any human guarantee can be made, that their children shall not die of diphtheria.

Section 1038 of the Revised Municipal Code of 1905, as amended July, 1905, reads as follows:

*Smallpox.

The Commissioner of Health shall at all times keep on hand, so far as is practicable, a sufficient quantity of antitoxin to permit of the treatment therewith of any dependent or deserving person who may apply to him for that purpose, and he shall, without charge, treat with antitoxin any and all such persons who may apply to him for such treatment and who in his opinion require such treatment.

As legally construed by proper authority this ordinance warrants the commissioner in furnishing to physicians diphtheria antitoxin gratis for the treatment of the disease to all persons unable to pay for the remedy upon proper presentation of the facts.

The commissioner repeats, with all the emphasis at his command: *No child will die of diphtheria to whom 3,000 units of a pure, tested diphtheria antitoxin is administered in the early stage of the disease.*

The department antitoxin is tested for purity and strength before it is distributed. The record of its successful use for ten years is unrivaled.

It may be had free of charge by any physician for the treatment of those unable to pay for it.

We do not wish to over-emphasize the physical side in the kindergarten; we realize that an undue anxiety about sickness and disease may create the very things which are feared; yet we must recognize that in this world we think and act and feel through the medium of a body which is subject (like God's world of Nature, outside Man) to certain immutable laws, obedience to which brings harmony and disobedience to which brings discord, pain and disease, both physical and spiritual.

In studying the laws of the mind and spirit, that we may grow in obedience to them, we must not forget the laws of Nature as found in the beautiful human body. Throughout his writings, both in the "Education of Man" and in the kindergarten papers, Froebel bases his conclusions upon the analogy of the growth of the spirit with that of the life of Nature, the perfect fruiting of tree or shrub or weed depending upon the right conditions for the plant from the time the seed was planted throughout the leafing and flowering periods. So with the child; the sweet spiritual influences must not be neglected in the kindergarten; nor must the physical side be neglected, if the perfect human being is to be evolved.

How many kindergartners are intelligent upon this subject? The ordinary laws of health should be known to all kindergartners. There are less well-known facts which if familiar might help save many a child from later pain and despair.

We are thinking just now of a kindergartner who said that one of her children had a most peculiar habit of drawing all of his pictures upside down. Many less thoughtful teachers might consider this a mere temporary whim upon the child's part, but any one familiar with the construction of the eye and aware of the laws of vision would, after consideration, know that something must be wrong with the mechanism that governed the inversion of the optical image. If so, there would be an undue strain somewhere and some authority should be consulted.

Soon after hearing of this case we heard of a boy of sixteen who had for years suffered nervously (the trouble being finally traced to his eyes) and was now slowly losing his sight; he from a small boy had always made drawings and writings upside down, but no special account was taken of this peculiarity; when an oculist was finally consulted it was discovered that if taken in time the difficulty could have been remedied and years of suffering and discouragement spared (for the boy had always been misjudged in school), and such cases are, unfortunately, not uncommon.

Be observant of the children under your care to see if there are any indications of such abnormal defects.

Another case brought to our attention was that of two little children who attended the same school and came home nervously tired, complaining of pain in the back and of the "going to sleep" of little legs, a condition continuing after the children were home from kindergarten. When the children were given chairs in kindergarten, such that their feet could touch the floor, the trouble disappeared.

We take great care of our punches, our scissors, our paints, our folding papers, that they may be clean and in good order to express the thoughts that throng the mind. Surely the eye and hand, mouth and tongue, heart and lungs are equally wonderful and precious instruments to be carefully protected and cared for that they may be ever ready as fit instruments for the expression of God's will through his happy, willing child.

The Milwaukee Normal School has published a valuable and interesting monograph, "The Place of the Kindergarten in the Wisconsin Public School System," which makes excellent propagation material. It contains a rare portrait of Mrs. Carl Schurz, who was a pupil of Froebel, and the first kindergartner in the United States, she having opened in 1855 a kindergarten in her home at Watertown, Wis.

This pamphlet gives cost of materials for a kindergarten of thirty children, where there is no assistant, besides other valuable data.

Another excellent pamphlet, written by one who understands and appreciates the importance of the kindergarten, is written by Edward T. Pierce, president of the State Normal School, Los Angeles, Cal., and entitled "Kindergarten Instruction and Kindergarten Departments in Normal Schools."

President Pierce says:

"While the kindergarten has helped all teachers who have given attention to it, to know, understand, and love children better than at any time before in the world's history, it has been of incalculable value to the mothers who understand and appreciate it. Froebel's idea was to have the young mother awaken and guide the sensibilities and imagination of the child, even in the nursery. To such a mother it gives self-control and purpose. She appreciates the importance of guiding the child aright during the first four years of his life. An interesting experience in the observation of this fact came to me not long since. It was my privilege to call at the home of a university professor whose wife had been a prominent kindergartner. She was the mother of three beautiful children, the oldest under five years of age. I found her out in the garden at work with the two elder ones. Later, at lunch, I could but observe the intelligence and perfect training of these children under this mother's care. She has her little kindergarten at home, and her intelligent influence on the young lives there will affect them for all eternity. From this observation and many others, I feel convinced not only that the kindergarten should be encouraged and supported, but that the curriculum pursued by every woman should include a course in kindergarten culture. I feel assured, that if this could be, a marked improvement would appear in the intelligence and health of the whole people a generation or two hence."

It goes without saying that an educational work which has such a philosophical foundation and which has met with such a steady growth is worthy of the consideration of all educators, economists and statesmen. The best results can not be accomplished in the kindergarten any more than in any other phases of education without teachers who are thoroughly grounded in the principles underlying their work, who have been thoroughly trained under expert supervisors and who have an added love for and interest in childhood.

* * *

One reason why so many, even to this day, do not appreciate the kindergarten is the fact that a large number of these schools have been managed by inexperienced girls, who have had neither education, train-

ing, nor devotion to their work. They have merely kept day nurseries. Instead of systematic growth on the part of the children as the result of their mornings in the kindergarten, they have become erratic, undisciplined, and not at all prepared for the systematic work of the primary school. A kindergartner must be even better educated than a primary or a grammar school teacher. She must sing and draw and dance. She must be an interesting story-teller. She must be an adept with her hands. She must understand literature and history and geometry and animal life. She must have good health, a sweet disposition, and an even temper. She must understand child psychology, because she handles children during the most impressionable period of their lives.

As with all other schools, both the kindergartens themselves and the training schools for their teachers were at first supported by private enterprise. The government, either local or state, now supports the school system from the primary to the university in most of our states. If the kindergarten is of great economic value, as most educators believe it to be, then it should be supported by the public at large. More than that, the state should be responsible for the training of its teachers. This training should be under the direction of the University and the Normal schools.

The December meeting of the Chicago Kindergarten Club discussed Children's Work and Play in the Home, the leader being Miss Jessie L. Green.

Mrs. Hefferan, well known for her work in the Mothers' Congress, gave the main address. She felt very strongly the need of co-operation between home and school, and while not underestimating the value and importance of the kindergarten, she thought it might be well if for a short time parents stopped trying to raise money for kindergartens, etc., but addressed school boards in an effort to make the minimum salary for teaching \$60 a month, which would eventually, of course, react for the good of the kindergarten.

She thought the mistake was sometimes made of exalting a splendid school building and equipment at expense of the fine, strong teacher. We must learn to exalt integrity as well as intelligence. It is not a difficult thing to find men able to manage a large business, a railroad concern, insurance business, etc., but it is difficult to find one who is honest and trustworthy, to administer business for the good of the community. As has been well said, if our country ever falls it will not be because we do not know enough, nor from enemies without, but because of lack of internal national integrity.

A righteous people means a responsible people. A responsible person is one who is capable and efficient wherever placed. Therefore, the right school is that which trains for responsibility. We too often make the mistake of trying to shelter the child at the expense of this important quality. Every child in the home should be given some responsibility. It need not be a heavy one, but should be an inexorable one.

What can and should the parent do in this connection? Give the child a fine, strong, splendid set of habits.

Obedience must be early taught. If the child is not taught to obey at home before entering school the teacher has a hard time of it. The child should be trained "to do everything to help, nothing to hinder."

Mrs. Hefferan told of an ideal teacher of her childhood (Col. Parker), who would say to the children in the morning: "Well, children, what is our great word? And the children would reply, "*Responsibility.*"

And then he would continue, asking who helped mother this morning, who carried a bucket of coal from the cellar, etc. Children can be trained in responsibility by being trained to wipe their feet when entering the house, by helping get out the paint cups and other school necessities, by being careful of the little child next to you. The first day in school or kindergarten is a tremendous thing, since all action tends to follow the line of least resistance and what is done the first day it is most easy and natural to do the next and the next.

Train the child's small muscles with big things. Even the carrying of a cup of water carefully across the room is good education; it involves the careful co-ordination of and control of mind and body that make for responsibility. The putting on of his overshoes is fine training for the child. Again large muscles are involved.

Call a mothers' meeting and tell the mothers what the children can do with blunt scissors, paste paper, etc., and tell them to put such things down low, where the children can get at them and so occupy themselves independently without continually troubling the mother for suggestions for things to do.

It is of little use to abound in good talk. The child does not do what you tell him is right, but what he sees is right as you do it. He learns by example.

Miss Green, the chairman of the meeting, had prepared slips of

paper, each bearing a question, and these were given to the members upon entering the room. One set asked for the names of kindergarten materials or methods that had been used in the homes of the children; another set asked for home occupations and materials that had been used successfully in kindergarten.

Another set asked if kindergarten materials were ever used in Mothers' meetings. These questions brought out a variety of interesting and helpful responses. One member who had used the kindergarten materials at Mothers' meetings said that until she had done so she had not realized how difficult it was. Such work certainly helps the mother to better understand just what the kindergarten is doing for the child.

The afternoon closed with the singing by a sympathetic soloist of Mrs. Crosby Adams' new series of Christmas carols, Mrs. Adams playing the accompaniment and prefacing the program by a few words about the author of the words, Miss Edith Hope Kinney, who is unable on account of ill health to be the practical kindergartner she longs to be, but is able to do for the little ones by writing these beautiful songs.

EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS, ON THE INFLUENCE OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS IN THE MORAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Sunday, December 10, Edward Howard Griggs gave a valuable address before the Ethical Culture Society of Chicago upon the "Influence of Parents and Teachers upon the Moral Education of Children." Here are some of the points made:

All conduct has its moral side; it is impossible to separate moral from other conduct. The moral law is not added from above, but is the inner law according to which we must live if we are to grow.

Even the physical laws have a moral bearing as soon as they become related to human life. Gravitation has its moral side when the architect builds, for he must build in accordance with its laws if the structure is to be true and human life safe.

An avoidable illness is immoral, although we are too often inclined to make much of our ailments, as if they were something to be proud of. We must realize that to lead a moral life it is not enough to merely lead a good life, to avoid evil. The moral life must be worth something to the universe. Hence, moral education means the cultivation of character—of character that can stand erect; that can stand for truth when

it is unpopular and that is not merely as good or as bad as its neighbors.

How can we mold such a character? It is of little value to give moral instruction as such to young children. We must learn how to nourish the moral instincts, the high ideals.

The average teacher and mother thinks she has secured results if school or home run *smoothly*, but it is not the home that runs most smoothly which accomplishes the best in character building. The child must be allowed to do for himself and learn by his mistakes, even if the household machinery may not go so well.

The child is very sensitive to his social environment, especially to that of children of his own age, but it is personality which has more power even than environment, for the child imitative sees nature and human society only in terms of personality. It would be easy, therefore, if we could only provide an ideal world of child playmates. As it is, one child precocious in evil can poison a whole child-society. In this respect the university group is not always better than the slums. Segregation either in the suburbs or in the city slum must be paid for at a great moral price. It is always dwarfing to the spirit.

We must train our children to feel that if they have a better atmosphere at home that that entails an equal obligation. What we receive (in way of culture, wealth, health) we owe. If we hear good language at home we are under obligation to speak good language wherever we go. If we are accustomed at home to good behavior we must carry good behavior where we go, though this does not mean being a prig.

Unfortunately for the child, the adult will is nearly always capricious. If the little child is attractive we make much of him at the time when he least needs it. When he reaches the assertive, awkward age and needs genuine sympathy and help and daily contact with older people we follow the reverse procedure, because it pleases us. We neglect him.

The teacher, in average culture and general training is usually a superior person. Unhappily parenthood necessarily means no such superiority. A man may become a parent no matter how ignorant or depraved or feeble-minded. The woman's club movement in the last twenty-five years has done much to awaken woman to a recognition of the liberal culture demanded of her who would be a wise mother. Fatherhood as yet has not received recognition as a profession. When he provides clothing, food and shelter suitable to his social station he

feels that he has done his part. It would be better for the child, however, to go with one meal less a day and with less of luxury to have one hour of his father's companionship. The child needs the two, the masculine and the feminine influences.

Parentage is the most powerful and regenerative influence in the life of man or woman. There is a larger parentage which must be recognized. All children who need us are our own.

In our national government we do not think of placing the executive, legislative and judicial functions in hands of separate bodies. But we dare to unite all three powers in teachers and in parents; they make the laws, they execute them, they judge the one who breaks them. What are the qualities in a leader like Lincoln that all teachers and parents may emulate—that are necessary to the builder of character?

1. The virtue of sincerity; no one is so susceptible as the young child to sincerity or so quickly responds to and is repelled by insincerity.

2. Uncompromising justice. The child does not compromise and does not understand compromise.

3. Love.

Sincerity is character. Anyone can teach if he is sincere. Children are responsive to moral reality.

If you make a mistake in punishing, is there any way out? Moral honesty with the child is most important. Froebel understood this. He said there was a law higher than the parent's to which both parent and child were subject. The parent is not so much the law-giver to the child as the interpreter of the law.

The child is an uncompromising rationalist. He is sensitive to justice while we adults live in a world of incessant compromise.

Justice was formerly represented as blind, being no respecter of persons. Today we know that we *must* respect persons to the extent of recognizing personality in our treatment of children and culprits. We do not treat all the children alike. We must use discrimination. Punishment is either moral surgery or moral medicine. Which means that sometimes we must amputate the child from his child society to do both the most good.

Love is necessary, but our love must have some iron in it. Love is not a virtue of conduct, but of spirit, since we act differently under different situations.

We can not be too scrupulous in our courtesy to little children. Courtesy is the garment of love.

Fortunately you can teach higher than your own conduct. It is what you *strive for* which is significant. The *reaching* is significant. Most wonderful of all forces is *contagion* of the *spirit*. The greatest teachers are those who *aspired* most, not those who knew most, even if in themselves they did not accomplish all they strove for. But they inspired others. The divine discontent is discontent not with what we *have*, but with what we are.

A report of this kind is most unsatisfactory, since it is impossible to give the exact language of so fluent and thoughtful a speaker as Professor Griggs. We hope these rough notes may prove suggestive to many teachers and parents who are unable to hear the speaker himself. We hope also that they may induce clubs and organizations to try to secure the services of Professor Griggs upon some of the subjects which he makes so inspiring and enlightening. Any of his talks to parents and teachers are most helpful and his lectures on Shakspeare and Dante throw new light upon these never old universal poets. It is a great privilege to hear this profound thinker voice his views in his ready, rich and fluent English.

The Helena Kindergarten Council (Helena, Mont.) took for its main topic this year "The Kindergarten in Many Lands," comprising the history, growth and present condition of the kindergarten movement in all parts of the world. The plan of study also included not only the kindergarten as such, but its influence upon education in general, and especially upon the ideals of social and industrial training.

The study was conducted thru direct correspondence with local and national school officials in all parts of the world and was based upon the latest reports, circulars and statistics issued by these officials.

The year's motto was: "The hope of the world is in the little child." The program was as follows: October, Germany and Austria; November, United States, Eastern Section; December, United States, St. Louis and the Middle West; January, United States, Canada and Mexico; February, Japan, Hawaii, the Philippines; March, England, France, Spain, Italy; April, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Netherlands, Russia, Turkey; May, Social Settlement Work; the Arts and Crafts.

BOOKS FOR ALL.

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT, by Beatrix Potter. This is a tiny book which bids fair to become a children's classic. We have read it through in less than half an hour and then find ourselves tempted to read it through again immediately, such is the charm of the simple, naive style. Here is one page: "Now, my dears, said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields and down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden; your father had an accident there; he was put into a pie by Mr. McGregor." Naughty Peter disobeys and goes into the garden where he has many terrible experiences. "He lost one shoe among the cabbages and the other shoe among the potatoes," we are told. Later he rushed into the tool-shed and jumped into a can. "It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it." Eventually Peter gets safely home, but has to go to bed and take camomile tea. Each incident has a tiny page and a tiny picture given to it. The pictures form an important part and each one is most beautifully drawn and colored, the human and the animal characteristics being combined with rare skill. Published by F. Warne & Co., London. Price, 40 cents. We regret to say that an American firm also publishes this wee book in cheaper form, with illustrations the same in general drawing, but so harsh in outline and crude in color that the two are not to be compared.

Another child's picture book which means even perhaps more to the adult is called "At Great Aunt Martha's," by Kathleen Ainslie. It is a fine example of pictures which contain the element of fun without a touch of anything in the least objectionable. The *dramatis personae* are all the wooden dolls familiar to our childhood, though they are now largely supplanted by the jointed china doll, which to our thinking is not so fascinating by half. One picture shows the dolls arriving at Great Aunt Martha's. Another one shows the dolls snowballing; in another they are "making up" for theatricals, and one disappointed doll says ruefully, gazing out of the window, "I think they might have asked me to be Prince. But I don't much care for acting." The pictures are the work of an artist. Every line of the wooden figures tells. While still retaining its woodenness it is full of vigor and action; the expressions upon the wooden faces are rarely carried out. All is consistent.

The coloring, too, is good and the accompanying text, a single sentence for each picture carries out the humor of the thought. A very clever book. Published by Castell Bros., London and New York.

A book on something similar lines to the above, but far inferior, is the "Golliwog Foxhunt," by Florence K. Upton. The wooden jointed dolls are here also the actors, but they are much larger and are drawn with much less definiteness, feeling and vigor. The artist has not succeeded so well in keeping before her mind that she is drawing wood instead of flesh and blood. The animals, too, are a mixture of wood and of real horseflesh, being neither one nor the other. There is a lack of consistency in this respect. In this second book, too, the Golliwog, though according to the verses he seems of a kindly nature, is, in the pictures, a coarse, unpleasing creature to bring before the children. The saving element in the story is the tiny midget, whom Bright Eyes will discover in every picture. English children used to hunting scenes and thought will understand many of the allusions which American children would not comprehend. Longmans, Green & Co.

STORIES FROM LANDS OF SUNSHINE, by Eleanor Riggs. A charming little volume suitable as a gift book or as supplementary reader for the third grade. The subject matter relates to ten different tropical plants, and with each plant is given a legend from Greek, Indian, Chinese or French sources explanatory of its origin. The stories are told with spirit and a truly sympathetic and poetic quality. In addition supplementary to each story is a little synopsis of botanical and historical significance presented simply and attractively. There are numerous illustrations, and the book as a whole is a pleasing and entertaining combination of literary and nature material. University Publishing Company, New York.

THE RIGHT LIFE, AND HOW TO LIVE IT, by Henry A. Stimson. Pithy, short chapters, which will give to young men and women standards of conduct, helpful in hours of weakness or temptation. It is fresh, interesting, modern in style and thought, and apt in illustration. Teachers will find it useful in helping answer some of the serious questions sure to arise among their thinking pupils. It is one of a series published by Barnes & Co., New York. The chapter titles are: I, The Facts of Life; II, The Law of Life; III, The Moral Equipment; IV, The Moral Obligation; V, The Rules of the Game.

KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY SERIES.

THE VILLAGE BOY AND WHAT ONE MAN DID FOR HIS BOY NEIGHBORS.

MILDRED E. SEITZ.

THE radical difference between the country boy and the city boy, whether the latter be of the Ghetto or one of the denizens of the West Side, is that in the case of the country boy all his surroundings tend to develop him physically but not mentally, while the mental development of the city youngster is out of all proportion to his physical.

It is quite true that all about the country boy is the means for the best and highest mental development, but he does not know how to use or apply it unless he be properly guided, and the country boy who is so fortunate as to have such guidance is rare—very rare indeed.

Only those who have themselves belonged to and been a part of a village community can realize how narrow are the lives and contracted the views of the majority of the village people. For the most part their interest in life consists in a deep and absorbing interest in their neighbors' affairs. Two little incidents that came under my notice last spring will illustrate what I mean.

While taking a walk one day in the little country town where I spend my summers a wagon with some furniture on it overtook me just as I was passing one of the houses and I heard my good neighbor call to her small daughter: "Emmy, run to the corner and see where that wagon stops. Some one is going to have a new sofa. You go see where he leaves it."

A good friend of mine, a Universalist, had had frequent talks on the subject of Universalism with one of her orthodox neighbors, who had asked repeatedly as to just what the Universalist belief was. Receiving one day her church paper in which was a very able article on the subject, she called upon her orthodox friend and said: "You have

often asked me what we Universalists really believe. I'd like to read this article to you." She read it and at its close looked up to see how it was received. The old lady was peering intently out of the window and as she stopped reading said: "I believe to my soul the Joneses have new curtains at their diningroom windows. Evaline (to her granddaughter), run right over and play with Maudie and see if them ain't new curtains. I declare, I don't see how the Joneses pay their bills." It was her sole comment on Universalism.

Good, kindly people, all of them. Ready always to lend a helping hand in sickness or in trouble, but for lack of something to do and see and think about their mental activity is confined chiefly to an overwhelming curiosity regarding the most trivial personal affairs.

Our cities furnish free art museums, natural history rooms, zoölogical gardens and libraries and that they are well patronized no one who has ever visited them will doubt.

All about the country boy are art treasures that he never sees, zoölogical specimens whose names he never even knows, history that he never heard of, books that he can not read—Nature's storehouse, but he can not enter for no one has given him the key. And this, too, at a time when our schools are giving so much time to their so-called "science." The man or woman who starts the bright-faced, round-eyed little country lad to looking into and searching out the wonders and truths lying on every side of him before that bright face grows clownish with ignorance and the clear eyes cunning with vice does a philanthropic act greater than bequeathing a library, for let me tell you that the country boy who hangs around the railroad station and loafs at the corner store is, in actual knowledge of evil and acquaintance with vice, far ahead of the little city tough who runs with "de gang."

Ernest Seton, at his country place, Windy Ghoul at Cos Cob, Conn., is doing something along these lines. He has organized the boys of the neighborhood into a club. He opens his wooded grounds to them and they are privileged to come and camp, and are supposed while there to live the life of an Indian. Athletic contests are encouraged and some of the boys make really quite remarkable records at running, swimming, etc. Mr. Seton tells them stories of Indian lore, and they learn something of woodcraft.

Down in a small Maine village a comparatively unknown man is doing a most remarkable educational and philanthropic work. In the town of Norway, about eight years ago, Mr. George R. Howe, himself

a native of the place, an enthusiastic naturalist and an equally enthusiastic lover of boys, gathered together nine of the village boys and began taking them with him on his tramps into the surrounding country in search of zoölogical and geological specimens. In the nearby town of Stoneham is to be found a great variety of the finest minerals in the State of Maine. Every summer the boys go there for a two weeks' camp. From Mt. Mica at Paris come the finest specimens of tourmalines to be found in the United States. Under Mr. Howe's direction these boys have collected and classified one of the best collections of native gems and minerals to be found in Maine. In the nearby streams are to be found freshwater pearls and the collection made by these young scientists is worth several thousand dollars and is probably the finest in New England. Mr. Howe himself found a Siberian amethyst which was sold to an agent for Tiffany for \$150. Mr. Howe is not a business man. It was in the famous Tiffany collection at the Paris exposition and is now owned by J. Pierpont Morgan and valued at \$5,000.

The only known specimens of a certain moth was found by these boys and is now in the museum at Yale College. It has been asserted by an authority that no example of a monstrosity bred in a *wild* state existed. The small boys of Norway are prepared to successfully dispute the assertion, for they found a two-headed myrtle warbler, and it was known to have migrated at least once.

Prof. Sydney Smith of Bowdoin College has become greatly interested in their work and presented them with a microscope valued at \$500.

The original nine boys have grown to 125. On their exploring expeditions the class is divided up, the younger boys put in charge of the older ones, each division being given a definite line of work, one division devoting itself to botanical research, another to geology, another to zoology, etc. Of the original nine boys each is a specialist in some particular branch. Photographs are taken and drawings made of new specimens. An examination of the collection and the drawings made show work so careful and painstaking it seems almost incredible it could have been done by boys—just the ordinary everyday little village boy, whose knowledge to start with consists of but little more than an ability to identify a robin and a bluebird. Now little chaps of twelve can name and classify more than 100 of our native birds.

Mr. Howe has not overlooked the girls, and they have a large and enthusiastic class in botany.

The original nine boys are now just going out into the world for themselves. How incalculable is the good and wide the knowledge they will disseminate in the years to come! How far-reaching will be the influence of one man who, absolutely without pecuniary recompense, has practically transformed a village into a university!

Do you know all there is to know about—

The Industrial Education in Schools for Rural Communities.

Taxation as Related to Public Education.

The Salaries, Tenure and Pensions of Public School Teachers
in the United States.

If not you will find much valuable information and enlightenment in three carefully compiled reports on these topics compiled by specially appointed committees of the N. E. A.

The report on "Industrial Education in Schools for Rural Communities" will be of value to all teachers in all schools. You can not spend ten cents better than in sending for it. It is of interest from beginning to end. Of propagative value are the pages giving the arguments for such education in rural schools.

What ground should be covered under the heads of agriculture, domestic science art, manual training, etc., are considered.

Of special help to many are the suggestions as to what can be done in one-room rural schools. This includes a scheme in school years 1-5, for earth and sky, animals and plants, school gardens with illustrative lessons on each.

Industrial Education is also considered with reference to the consolidated school, the high school, etc.

Those who wish to know what other communities are accomplishing in introducing industrial education into the rural communities and how they accomplish it will be grateful to the N. E. A. for issuing this report at such a nominal sum—ten cents. Orders of ten copies to one person at discount of 20 per cent.

The reports on "Taxation as Related to Public Education," (ten cents) and "Salaries and Pensions" (fifty cents) are very full and contain invaluable information compiled at great expense of time and labor. They will be more fully reviewed in a later number.

AESTHETIC POSSIBILITIES IN CITY LIFE.

Dr. Finley, president of the College of the City of New York, is fond of lecturing upon "The City Beautiful." He claims that we must study the possibilities of city life more fully than we have done and not give way to vain regrets, that we have not the opportunities of country life.

We can not deny that most of our little ones in New York City and in other cities are deprived of many privileges, and yet they live in "a city beautiful" in many ways and have privileges that country children long for.

This year my attention was directed by Professor Griggs to an article in the Pedagogical Seminary, Vol. 6, in which Dr. Hall gives reminiscences of the three farms on which he lived as a boy. The article I commend to all students of childhood. As I read I compared my own experiences, for I was a city child. I could not help marveling at the many similarities I found.

The city child has the sky above and every day the clouds go floating by—the shadows, too, chase and play with the city child; the sunbeams dance; the moon rises; the stars twinkle; the rain falls on the city child; the snow sparkles and the frost makes wonderful lace on the sidewalks, and whole forests on the window panes. Does not the microscope reveal beauties too small to be seen by the naked eye? It is not merely size that makes things beautiful, and so the city child loves eddies in the gutter and oft "sees in the gutters' tide a volute whirl."

Every city child may learn "to grasp the beauty set so thick around" if we help as we should in the kindergartens and in the homes. Take a walk with me even in the slums of our city. See those push-carts brilliant with every color of the season in fruit and flower and vegetable forms. An artist may paint a picture! See all the bright colors of Italian costumes and do not forget the brighter eyes, the curly hair and the

*This suggestive paper was the three minute address given by Miss Jennie B. Merrill at the last I. K. U. meeting. As you endeavor to instill into the child spirit the first gleams of patriotism you will surely find that opening his eyes to the beauty to be found in every environment will be one help toward creating a love for his city which can be developed into a desire to make that environment more beautiful. We feel that there has been no more fitting time for the introduction of these helpful ideas.

dancing feet of the children! Walk to the East or to the West and look out on our rivers and their banks beyond. If you walk west you may see the Palisades, if east, the curve of a wonderful bridge! You may see a ship go sailing by or a steamer putting out to sea. You may see "Liberty Enlightening the World," and all the world coming to be enlightened.

Come up with me to the roof garden upon one of our great school buildings. Look off and see the towering piles of architecture; count the beautiful spires pointing up to heaven, the twin spires of a cathedral, or if it be evening, see the lighted cross of which Richard Watson Gilder writes in his lovely poem of "Washington Square":

"Now soon, ah soon,
Shall the city square be turned to holy ground,
Thru the light of the moon and the stars and the glowing flower—
The Cross of Light—that looms from the sacred tower."

You have not yet seen our parks with their playing fountains, their crocus beds, their noble monuments of nobler men.

What more can I say in three minutes to make you realize that there is a city environment worth a place in our programs, in our hearts, in our lives?

"So shall the drudge in dusty frock
Spy behind the city clock
Retinues of airy kings,
Skirts of angels, starry wings."

Little Folks' Land*

The Story of a Little Boy in a Big World.

BY MADGE A. BIGHAM, *Free Kindergartens, Atlanta, Ga. Author of "Stories of Mother Goose Village," etc.*

NOTE.—This Kindergarten Program will run through the succeeding numbers of THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE and later be published in book form under the title, "Little Folks' Land," by Messrs. Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, Chicago and Boston. Cloth, 6x9; about 400 pages. Advance orders will be accepted by them at \$1.50, postpaid. After publication the list price will be \$2.00 net.

* Copyright, 1905, by Madge A. Bigham.

VI.

Thirteenth Week, Birds

Jenny-Wren

Monday

DEAR little Jenny Wren went hopping along over the grass in Joe-Boy's back yard. She held her dainty brown head first on one side and then on the other, while her bright black eyes kept a sharp watch out. She was looking for a good place in which to build her nest; she did not wish to build in the buttercup meadow, nor in the deep woods beyond, with its little twisting path, nor even in the barn, though she had built there, once upon a time.

"I shall find a new place in which to build my nest this year," said Jenny Wren, "and I shouldn't mind building in Joe-Boy's house—he throws me so many nice crumbs to eat. I believe I'll hop up on the back porch and look around."

So Jenny Wren hopped up the steps, not the least bit afraid—she knew Billy did not live there—and then she hopped up and down the porch. Hanging in the corner on a big nail, she saw Father Gipsy's rain coat, with its big sleeves and broad pockets.

"My!" said Jenny Wren, "is that a man hanging up there in the corner, I wonder? I don't believe I ever saw a man hanging on a nail before, and he hasn't any head on, either—let me see!"

Then she flew up in the corner to take a good look, and when she got there she found it wasn't a man at all, and she twittered and twittered, for that was the way Jenny Wren laughed, you know.

"Ho! ho!" she said, "this is Father Gipsy's big coat; I believe I'll just take a peep in the pockets and see what he's got there."

So she peeped in every one, and there wasn't anything there but a string. And then Jenny-When said, "I am going to borrow this string from Father Gipsy to build my nest with—he won't care—and I'm going to build my nest right here in Father Gipsy's coat pocket, and won't he be surprised!"

Then she flew off to find Mr. Wren and tell him about it, because of course she couldn't build a nest all by herself. Mr. Wren gave a long, low whistle when he heard about it—he thought the barn would be the best place to build. But then, he wanted to do the thing that Jenny-Wren liked best—because he loved her so, and he said, "All right, my dear, only we must be very careful in carrying straws, and not

let anybody see us building the nest. We will keep it a secret until the eggs are laid and the baby wrens hatched. Then won't they be surprised to find out we've been renting rooms and keeping house in Father Gipsy's coat pocket!"

And they laughed till their fat sides shook with joy, and flew quickly away to hunt twigs and scraps for their nest. Some they got from their birds' store, some they got in the barnyard, and some they found on the lawn, but they had the most fun building that nest! Why, sometimes they would hop into the sleeve, and think that was a pocket, and sometimes they would hop into the wrong pocket, and have to hop out again, dragging the straw behind them, and then sometimes Joe-Boy would skip out on the porch at the *very* time they were not looking for him, and they would have to hide as quickly!—just smuggle down under the big coat collar, and not speak a word, until Joe-Boy ran in the house again. You know they had heaps of fun, and they surely did fool Joe-Boy nicely, because he didn't know one thing about that nest!

At last when the nest was all finished, Jenny-Wren laid the eggs—four of them, all white, and then she said, "Now, Mr. Wren, you must play you are policeman, and watch while I sit on the eggs. We must never leave them alone for a minute, and when I go to take my bath and find something to eat you must watch them, better than at any other time. Just suppose Father Gipsy should put on that coat and walk off with it—what would we do!"

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Wren. "I'm not looking for any bad luck like that to happen, and even if it did Father Gipsy is such a kind man I'm sure he wouldn't hurt our eggs." Well, the days went quickly past, and of course you know that the baby wrens came from the pretty white eggs, just as Mrs. Speckle's babies did, and just as White-Wings' did, and Mr. Wren said it seemed to him they kept their mouths open morning, noon and night, and they did not know when they did have enough to eat! Why, it kept him and Jenny-Wren both hard at work finding nice things for them to eat. But at last they were large enough to learn to fly, and early one morning, before Joe-Boy got out of bed, Jenny-Wren showed them how to spread their wings and fly from the nest, and they tried so very hard that soon every one of the four baby wrens knew how to fly, and they were so happy and liked it so much that they wanted to fly all the time. At night they flew up in the leafy

trees and tucked themselves away and went to sleep, singing the soft little songs that birdies know.

It was not long after the baby wrens had left the nest that one day Father Gipsy lost his pocket knife, and couldn't tell where to find it.

"Maybe it is in the pocket of your big coat on the back porch," said Mother Gipsy, and Joe-Boy and Father Gipsy went to see. And Father Gipsy felt in all the pockets, and then he came to the pocket where Jenny-Wren's nest had been, and he felt and felt! And then he said, "What under the sun is this queer bundle in my coat pocket?—l-e-t me see! It doesn't feel like a knife nor a ball nor a handkerchief! What can it be?"

"Look, father, look!" said Joe-Boy, dancing around, "maybe it is a bundle of candy!"

Jenny-Wren was just outside the porch watching, and it tickled her so when Father Gipsy reached his hand down and pulled out a bundle of strings and rags and straw, that used to be her nest. And Father Gipsy laughed, too—he thought it was very funny; and Joe-Boy laughed, and Betty laughed, and Mother Gipsy laughed.

"Goodness me," said Father Gipsy, "I do wonder who put this pile of trash in my coat pocket—did *you* do it, Joe-Boy?"

"No, sir," said Joe-Boy, "maybe mother did."

"Not I," said Mother Gipsy, "I believe Jenny-Wren and Mr. Wren have been playing an April-fool on Father Gipsy, because that surely is a wren's nest. It is built out of all kinds of things, you see. There is a piece of Silver-Lock's wool, and some of Mrs. Speckle's feathers, and a piece of Prince Charming's hair, and a piece of my dress, and a piece of Joe-Boy's trousers—my! it took almost as many helpers to build Jenny-Wren's house as it took to build our house! Even Father Gipsy lent them his coat pocket—that was a great help."

And then they laughed again, and Father Gipsy said, "That surely was a funny place in which to build a nest."

NOTE.—A true incident.

The Gray Swallow's Fright

Tuesday

MR. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow had a most dreadful experience! Now, don't you think experience means something to eat, because it doesn't. And it does not mean anything to drink either—experience just means something that happened. And I am going to tell you what happened to Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow.

All the birds were talking about it. You see, Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow had built their nest in Charlotte Anne's chimney, but they didn't tell Charlotte Anne about it, so how was she to know? She had seen them gather the twigs and fly on top of the house with them, but she did not see them go down the chimney, so she thought the nest was under the eaves of the house, high up where she could not see, and all that time Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow had glued those twigs together with paste from their mouths and made a fine, snug nest, fastened tight to the side of the great, black chimney. They thought it was very fine, and at night they would cuddle together with their three baby swallows and have the nicest time! The stars peeped down and saw them, and they peeped up and saw the stars; and the pretty silver moon peeped down at them, and they peeped up at the pretty silver moon. That was a merry little family tucked away in Charlotte Anne's chimney, even if she didn't know anything about it. But I mustn't forget about the experience I started out to tell you about. One morning Charlotte Anne said, "I believe I will wash and iron Saraphena's clothes today—she hasn't any clean dresses to wear."

Saraphena was Charlotte Anne's doll, you know, and Joe-Boy said, "I'll help." So they rolled up their sleeves, away up h-i-g-h,—up above their elbows, so they couldn't get wet, and then they got the tub and filled it full of water, and then they got soap—a whole bar—and splashed and splashed it about in the water until the soap suds foamed up soft and white, and then they got all of Saraphena's clothes and put them in the water, and scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed, until they were just as clean. And then they squeezed them out and hung them on the line in a long, long row, to dry.

"There now," said Charlotte Anne, "while they are drying we will make a fire in the big fire-place and get the irons hot, and then we will iron Saraphena's clothes for her." So she and Joe-Boy went to work and kindled a fire right in that very chimney where Mrs. Gray-Swallow's nest was! Don't you know they wouldn't have done that thing for the world if they had known about Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow and their baby birds living there? But they didn't know, and the smoke rose higher and higher up the chimney, and got in the baby birds' eyes, and in their mouths and up their noses, and they sneezed and sneezed and didn't know what was the matter. Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow were

off hunting something to eat, but when they saw the smoke curling out of the chimney they came flying home in a big hurry. "Dear me," said Mrs. Gray-Swallow, "what shall we do? I did not know people made fires in their chimneys in the summer time! My poor baby birds will be killed with the smoke."

And then she forgot all about herself, and flew right into the chimney, to the nest, and spread her wings out over the baby birds, so that the smoke could not get to them. Mr. Swallow flew round and round the chimney, calling and calling for some one to come quickly and save the nest of pretty birds. It was just at that minute that Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy ran into the yard to bring the doll clothes in, and they heard the swallows crying, and looked up and saw Mr. Gray-Swallow flying round and round the chimney, and then Charlotte Anne said, "Mercy me! I think those swallows must have a nest in our chimney, and we are burning them up—run, run, run!"

And what do you think they did? You know, they could not climb up a high ladder to take the baby birds out of the nest—they couldn't get down the chimney, so Charlotte Anne said, "Water, water, water, we will pour water on the fire and put it all out—hurry!"

So Joe-Boy got a tin bucket full of water, and Charlotte Anne got a tin bucket full of water, and they dashed it all over the fire—and some of it spilled down on the floor—and by and by the fire was all out, and then of course there wasn't any smoke to go up the chimney, and Mr. Gray-Swallow was so glad and so very thankful! He flew right into the chimney to Mrs. Gray-Swallow, and fanned and fanned her until she opened her pretty eyes and looked at him; and the first thing she said was, "Are the baby birds safe?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Gray-Swallow, "you saved their lives when you covered them with your wings. Did the smoke hurt you very much?" "It hurt my eyes dreadfully," said Mrs. Gray-Swallow, "but that doesn't make any difference now, just so the baby birds are safe."

Well, Saraphena's clothes did not get ironed that day, but Charlotte Anne ironed them the next morning while the cook was getting dinner, and when she had finished she dressed Saraphena up in a right clean dress and took her out walking, and she passed Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow, sitting on the fence, and the baby swallows hopping on the ground, close by, and Jenny-Wren and the bluebirds were sitting on

the fence, too, and I think Mr. and Mrs. Gray-Swallow were telling them about their experience—that is what I *think* they were doing.

NOTE.—A true incident.

The Baby Mockingbirds

Wednesday

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Mockingbird made their nest they put it in the cedar tree close by the road, and if you climbed up on the fence you could peep into the nest and see the pretty pale green eggs with spots of brown—four of them, lying on the soft feathers and hair that Mr. and Mrs. Mockingbird had lined their nest with, making the outside strong with rags and roots and strips of bark. Mrs. Mockingbird sat on the nest and kept the eggs warm, and Mr. Mockingbird sat on the very top twig of the cedar tree and sang and sang until the woods rang with his merry song! Why, Mr. Mockingbird thought that cedar tree belonged to him, and he thought the fence belonged to him, too, and what was more, Mr. Mockingbird thought the big road belonged to him, and so he sang and sang and sang! And Mr. Mockingbird could sing more than one song, too—he could sing like a canary or a thrush or a catbird or an oriole or any other kind of bird you ever heard. And he could whistle like bobwhite or Joe-Boy, and he could even go like a train letting off steam—only not quite so loud—and Mrs. Mockingbird was very proud of him. When the baby mockingbirds came, though, Mr. Mockingbird did not have time to sing very much, because the baby birds had to be fed, and Mr. Mockingbird was kept so busy hunting worms he did not have time to do anything else. Every time he came near the nest all the baby birds held their mouths wide open, ready for something to be dropped in, and they were very much disappointed if they did not get something nice to eat. When the baby birds were seven days old they knew how to chirp, and Mrs. Mockingbird said she just knew they were all going to make fine singers, because they had a few white feathers coming on their wings—and that was a good sign. When they were eight days old Mr. and Mrs. Mockingbird both flew away to Charlotte Anne's orchard to hunt for worms, and while they were away the baby birds cried so loud—all at the same time—that Billy Sanders, who was coming down the road, heard them. And Billy stopped right still by the rail fence

and listened and listened and listened, and then he climbed up on the fence, right close to that cedar tree, and found Mr. and Mrs. Mockingbirds' nest, and he peeped over in the nest and saw the four baby birds with their mouths wide open, and then Billy reached into the nest and took those baby mockingbirds out, and put them into his cap and jumped down from the fence and away Billy Sanders ran along the big road home. And when he got there, why, he put the baby mockingbirds in a wire cage, and said he was going to keep them for his very own,—to sing for him. And the baby birds cried and cried and cried, because they wanted their mother. Well, by and by, Mr. and Mrs. Mockingbird flew back to their nest in the cedar tree with some worms for their babies, and when they peeped into the nest and there were not any baby birds there, why, they did not know what to think about it.

"Maybe they have been trying to fly, and have fallen on the ground," said Mr. Mockingbird, "you know baby mockingbirds always try to fly before they are strong enough. Come, let us look all in the grass and in the road; maybe we can find them."

So they flew to the ground and looked and looked and looked, but no baby birds could they find. And then they chirped and chirped and called and called, until the bluebirds and wrens and swallows and all the other birds flew across from the meadow to see what was the matter with Mr. and Mrs. Mockingbird. And when they all saw the empty nest they felt very sorry indeed. Mr. Owl, who was a very wise bird, said, "Some one has stolen those birds away—who? who? who?"

"Not I," said the jaybird, "I wouldn't do such a thing."

"Not I," said the swallow; "that is a mean, mean thing!"

"Not I," said the wren, "I would not think of doing such a thing!"

"Not I! No, no, not I!" said every one of the birds, "but we will help hunt."

So they flew to the meadow and to the orchard and to the deep woods, but they could not find the baby birds.

"Do you suppose Joe-Boy could have taken my baby birds away?" said Mrs. Mockingbird.

"No, no," said little Jenny-Wren, "of that I am very sure!"

"Do you suppose Charlotte Anne could have taken them?" said Mr. Mockingbird.

"No, no," said the swallows, "Charlotte Anne wouldn't do such a thing."

"What about Billy Sanders," said the bluebirds, "could he have done it?"

Then all the birds looked at one another, and said, "Billy Sanders! Billy Sanders!" Then Mrs. Mockingbird did not wait another minute, but she flew quickly down the big road to Billy's house, and Mr. Mockingbird followed close behind. Sure enough, when they got to Billy's house they heard the baby birds crying and saw them in a wire cage on Billy's back porch. Mrs. Mockingbird flew quickly to them, and chirped to her baby birds softly, and they chirped back again, so glad to see her once more; and then Mr. Mockingbird flew down and pecked and pecked at the cage door, trying to get it open, but it was tied with a strong wire, and though he tried and tried he could not get the door to come open. Mrs. Mockingbird kept chirping sweetly to them—"Don't be afraid, baby birds; mother is near; don't you hear? Cheer up, cheer up."

But Billy Sanders soon came out on the porch and frightened them away, and the father and mother mockingbirds flew into a tree near by and hid among the leaves.

"Well," said Mr. Mockingbird, "I am afraid we shall never get our baby birds away from Billy Sanders. He means to keep them in the wire cage for his very own, and he is big and strong, and we are very small—how can we help ourselves?"

"My baby birds shall not live in a wire cage," said Mrs. Mockingbird. "They can not be happy there. Birds like to fly through the air, and flit among the trees and hop over the grass. A cage is like a jail, and I would rather my birdies were dead than to have to live there—no, no, no!"

"Well, I think so, too," said Mr. Mockingbird, "I should much rather be dead than to live in a wire cage the rest of my days, and I believe the baby birds would, too. And, though it is a very sad thing to do, let us hunt some poisonous worms, and bring them to the baby birds to eat, and let them die."

And that is just what they did—the very next day—and when Billy Sanders came to feed the baby birds he found them lying on the bottom of the cage with their pretty eyes all closed. Don't you think Billy Sanders would have felt very sorry for Mr. and Mrs. Mockingbird if he had only known?

NOTE.—A true incident.

How the Jaybirds Planted Trees

Thursday

YOU could hardly find a prettier bird than Mr. Jaybird, with his coat of dark, rich blue, trimmed in black, a vest of white, and a most beautiful crest of feathers on his head. And while he could not sing so very well, he was a fine dancer, and did so many funny things you could not help but love him. There was one thing that Mr. and Mrs. Jaybird liked better than anything else in all the world—and that was acorns! Why, they thought acorns were better than ice cream and candy, and you know how good that is. So they always built their nest in an oak grove, because the little bluejays were just as fond of acorns as their mother and father were, and every morning Mr. Jaybird would say, "Hi, there, you little bluejays, come to breakfast, I say, the very finest breakfast in all the land!"

And there would be just acorns for breakfast. Then at noon time Mr. Jaybird would say, "Hi, there, you little bluejays, come to dinner, I say; the very finest dinner in all the land!"

And there would just be acorns for dinner. Then, when night time came, Mr. Jaybird would say, "Hi, there, you little bluejays, come to supper, I say; the very finest supper in all the land!"

And there would just be acorns for supper; and Mr. Jaybird and Mrs. Jaybird and all the little jaybirds got as fat as fat could be, eating acorns. Now, Mr. Jaybird was a farmer—he knew somebody had to plant oak trees if there were to be plenty of acorns to eat, so he said he believed he would plant oak trees himself, and train up the little bluejays to plant acorns, too, and then he felt sure there would always be oak trees growing. So early one morning after breakfast, Mr. Jaybird said, "Who wants to help me work today?"

And all the little bluejays said, "I! I! I!"

"Come along, then," said Mr. Jaybird, "fly down to the ground with me, and do as I do."

So the little bluejays fluttered to the ground by his side, and watched him very closely with their sharp, bright eyes. Mr. Jaybird hunted around in the leaves until he found a nice fat acorn, and then he pecked a little hole in the ground and put that acorn in it, and hammered it quickly down with his strong bill, until you couldn't see even a speck of it. Then he found another fine, fat acorn, and pecked

another hole in the ground, and hammered it down in the ground,—and another, and another, and another, and another, and another.

"What *are* you doing, father?" said all the little bluejays. "We thought acorns were to eat—not to hide in the ground!"

"So they are," said Mr. Jaybird, "but don't acorns have to grow on oak trees, I'd like to know? And if no one plants acorns, how can there be any trees?"

"Oh, oh, oh," chirped the little bluejays, "we want to plant oak trees, too, father."

"All right," said Mr. Jaybird, "just do as I do."

So all the little bluejays planted oak trees all the morning, and when they got tired planting trees, they carried acorns and hid them in hollow logs and old posts and stumps—now, why do you think they did that? While they were busy hiding the acorns away, Mr. Jaybird found an extra fine acorn, and he said, "I believe I will plant this acorn on Joe-Boy's lawn."

So he flew across to Joe-Boy's yard and dug a little hole in the ground and hammered the acorn quickly down, and Joe-Boy saw him when he did it, and Mother Gipsy saw him, too, and she said, "See, Mr. Jaybird has planted us an oak tree."

And do you know, that acorn sprouted and really grew into a fine little tree? I saw it myself, and Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne called it "the bluejay's tree."

The Broken Twig

Friday

IF Mr. Jaybird was a farmer, because he planted trees, then the orioles were carpenters, because they mended things. Let me tell you about it. The orioles built the very prettiest nest that Charlotte Anne or Joe-Boy ever saw. But it was not in the buttercup meadow, nor in the deep woods beyond, nor on the lawn; but it was over at Charlotte Anne's house in an old apple tree, away down in the orchard. When Charlotte Anne first saw it she ran all the way across the street to tell Joe-Boy about it, because she wanted him to come and see her piece of red hair ribbon—the same that she had hung on the fence in the birds' store. Those orioles had woven it in and out of their pretty swinging nest, as well as you or I could have done. The orioles know all about weaving, and when they have finished their nest

of long grasses and strings, woven deep like a pocket, they lace the edge of the nest to strong twigs, hidden among the leaves, and there they swing as happy as you please—to and fro in the pretty swinging cradle. Charlotte Anne thought it was very kind of the orioles to build their beautiful nest in her apple tree—maybe it was because they had used a piece of her red hair ribbon—but anyway, when the nest was finished, Mrs. Oriole laid five of the prettiest white eggs with queer brown marks on them, and of course she and Mr. Oriole were very proud of them. But one night a big wind storm came up, and blew and blew so hard against the tree that it broke the twig—the very twig that the nest was fastened to, and when Charlotte Anne saw it, there it hung, almost, but not quite, broken in two, and the orioles were flying round and round the tree, chirping. They were so afraid the nest would fall and break the pretty eggs they did not know what to do! And Charlotte Anne was afraid, too, so she ran to the house to ask her father to come quickly and help them, but her father had gone to town. And when she ran over to Joe-Boy's house to get *his* father to help, why, he had gone to town, too! And then it began to rain, and it rained so hard that Charlotte Anne's mother would not let her go back to the orchard all that day, because she was afraid she might get her feet wet and catch a cold. But the next afternoon the sun was shining bright, and when Charlotte Anne peeped out of the window there came Father Gipsy through the gate with a long ladder on his back and a pocket full of strings, and Joe-Boy was trotting right behind.

"Run, Charlotte Anne," he said, "I told father about the oriole's nest, and he has come to mend it for them."

So they all three went through the orchard gate and down the little path to the old apple tree, and *then*, what do you think? Father Gipsy said, "Why, I don't see any broken limb here, Charlotte Anne!" And Charlotte Anne looked and Joe-Boy looked, and sure enough the limb was all mended back again—just as good as ever. And then Father Gipsy said, "I'll just climb this tree, and see about this thing! And when he had climbed up to the limb where the nest swung, he said, "Well, sir! Did I ever! I didn't know birds were this smart before. Why, these orioles do not need us to mend this nest for them! They are better carpenters than we are, and have already mended the broken limb. They have wrapped moss and strings and hair around and round until the twig is just as tight and strong as I could ever fix it! And they

must have worked in the rain, too—well, well, well! Now, wasn't that smart?"

"Oh, let me see! let me see!" said Charlotte Anne.

"Oh, let me see! let me see, too!" said Joe-Boy.

So Father Gipsy said, "Well, hurry along, before the orioles get back. They might not like to see us peeping in their nests, and I have heard that birds sometimes leave their nests for ever and ever if they catch people looking in them. We should be very sorry to have the orioles leave this nest after mending it so nicely."

So, then, Charlotte Anne scrambled up the ladder and looked at the mended limb, and then Joe-Boy scrambled up the ladder and looked at the mended limb.

And Charlotte Anne said, "Well, sir! did you ever!"

And Joe-Boy said, "Well, sir! did you ever!"

And then Father Gipsy took the ladder down, and said, "Run children, r-u-n! Mr. Oriole is coming! R-u-n! R-u-n! R-u-n!"

And away those two children scampered up that orchard path—and Mr. Oriole did not know one word about it.

NOTE.—A true incident.

Program for Thirteenth Week

Jenny-Wren

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games—Have any of you ever found a bird's nest?

What did you do with it? What was it made of? Do you believe birds love their nest homes as well as we love our homes?

Show Jenny-Wren's picture.

Songs—Birds.

Games—"Hopping birds."

Gift—Third. Porch.

Occupation—Paper folding and cutting. Coat, where Jenny-Wren built.

The Gray Swallows' Fright

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games—Did you ever have a swallow build a nest in your chimney? Did you ever see one build under the eaves of

your house? What do swallows like to build their nests of? How do you suppose they keep them from falling down the chimney?

Song—"The Swallow is a Mason."

Game—Swallows flying.

Gift—Fourth or Sixth. Sequence, house, chimney, washtub, scrub-board.

Occupation—Modelling. Co-operative work. Chimney and nest.

The Baby Mockingbirds

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games—Relate story first. What do you think of Billy Sanders?

Songs and games—Review previous bird songs and games.

Gift period—Modelling, Nest and eggs. Tell poem, "Who stole the Eggs?"

Occupation—Drawing. Illustrate the story of the "Baby Mockingbirds."

How the Jaybirds Planted Trees

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games—Tell me what birds like to eat? Did you ever know of a bird that ate acorns? A bird that says, "Jay, jay." Show nest and picture of jaybird.

Song—All the birds are back again.

Game—Birdies' Ball.

Gift—Pegboards. Plant trees. Use song in which the fingers represent birds.

Occupation—Paper cutting. Acorns.

The Broken Twig

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games—Did you ever swing? Suppose your swing should break,—what would you do? Joe-Boy knew of some birds that liked to swing. I will tell you about them.

Song—"I'm an Oriole."

Games—Birds.

Gift—Modelling. Oriole's nest. Show picture and nest.

Occupation—Sewing. Outline a nest. As few stitches as possible.

Fourteenth Week, Birds

The Little Robins Three

Monday

I WONDER if you can guess which one of the birds built a nest in the vines which climbed all over Joe-Boy's front veranda. The nest was made from mud and grass and tiny roots, and lined with soft fine grass. It was not Mr. Swallow's nest, because he did not build it, but it belonged to the robins, because they made it all by themselves, and Joe-Boy watched them from the very beginning. It was he who first saw the three beautiful green blue eggs in the nest which had hatched into the three baby robins that Mr. and Mrs. Robin thought were the prettiest babies in the wide, wide world. And once, while they were off hunting worms for the baby robins, Joe-Boy had tipped up and peeped at them, lying cosily in the nest, and I think the baby robins must have thought Joe-Boy was their mother, for they opened their mouths wide for him to give them something to eat. Little Sister Wee was the smallest robin of all, and then came the two little brothers, Tee and Dee. And do you know, those two little brother robins thought they knew everything in the world? Why, even you and I don't know that, do we? And one day while Mr. and Mrs. Robin were away from home the little robins got to talking about how the world was made. Brother Dee hopped up on the edge of the nest, and when he saw the pretty green leaves that grew all about on the vine, near his nest home, he said, "Oh pshaw! I guess I know how this world is made! It is made out of leaves—nothing but leaves, that's all."

And then Brother Tee tried to hop up to the edge of the nest, too, but he couldn't, and he said, "No, the world isn't made out of leaves, little brother; the world is made out of straw and mud, because I see it. Look, it is all around us—straw and mud."

Then little Sister Wee, who was not even strong enough to stand up, said, "No, no, no, little brothers, I know what the world is made of. It isn't leaves and it isn't straw and mud, either; the world is made out of blue egg shells, and I know it is!"

And then those little robins got to fussing, and all about how the world was made. When Mrs. Robin got back to the nest, why, she couldn't hear a thing but leaves, and mud, and straw, and egg shells, all mixed up together.

"You foolish little robins," she said, "wait until you've learned to fly before you talk about how the world is made. Baby robins can not know everything—fi, fi!"

Then she showed them how to tuck their heads beneath their wings and take a nap. The next day was such a pretty day, all the baby robins begged to fly, so Mrs. Robin showed them how to lift their wings, and spread them, so, and they flew down from the nest to the banister railing, and then down to the grass below. Even little Sister Wee learned to fly just a little, though she was very much afraid at first, and cried so loud when she got to the banister that Joe-Boy ran out to see what was the matter. But Mrs. Robin saw him and chirped out quickly, "Don't touch her! Don't touch her! She's learning to fly!"

And of course Joe-Boy ran into the house again, and only peeped through the window. Each day the baby robins flew a little further, until one morning they even flew to the buttercup meadow, and took a bath in the cool brook, splashing the water-drops up over their heads, and then shaking themselves dry in the sunshine like three fluffy balls. And then, do you know, those birdies said that the world was made out of *water* and *sun*! Wasn't that funny?

Another day Mr. and Mrs. Robin took them to the orchard at Charlotte Anne's house, and they saw apple trees, and plum trees, and pear trees, and peach trees, and cherry trees, and all kinds of fruit trees, and the little robins had the nicest time, but it was too funny when those very same little baby robins—Brother Dee and Brother Tee and Sister Wee—said, "Ho, ho, mother, *we* know now how the world is made! It is made out of trees, see, see!"

Now what *do* you think of those three baby robins?

The Redbird's Story

Tuesday

ONE day such a pretty, pretty bird came to the buttercup meadow. His feathers were a bright, rich red, his wings tipped with gray, and a most beautiful crest of soft, black feathers on the top of his head. Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne both saw him the same day, but they did not see his mate, and they wondered and wondered where Mrs. Redbird could be. The other birds in the meadow wondered, too,—they were all busy housekeeping, and nearly all of them had baby birds large enough to fly; and they felt very sorry, because

Mr. Redbird did not have a pretty mate, and dear baby birds, too, so they asked him why.

"It makes me sad to think about my pretty, pretty mate," said Mr. Redbird,— "somebody stole her away from me one day."

"Billy Sanders! Billy Sanders!" chirped all the birds in a chorus.

"I do not know whether it was Billy Sanders or not," said Mr. Redbird, "but it was a boy, for I peeped at him through the bushes when he carried my mate away. We had built such a pretty nest in a tangle of bushes, and worked hard for many days gathering twigs, grape-vine bark, leaves and fine grass, and after the nest was finished there were soon four pretty white-spotted eggs inside, and we were happy, so happy, the long day through. And then came the baby birds, and we were kept busy flying back and forth bringing them food to eat, and they were growing very fast and almost ready to fly, when one morning, early, my pretty mate said: "You stay near the baby birds and watch them, while I fly away for their breakfast, then at dinner time I will watch, and you fly away to find something to eat."

So she left me with a merry song, flying away through the trees. I waited and waited and waited, but she did not come back, and by and by, when the baby birds began to cry for their breakfast, I flew away and brought them some, and then I waited and waited until dinner time and all through the long afternoon, but still she did not come back, though I called and called and called. When night came I felt sure something had happened to my pretty mate—maybe some one had killed her with a rock or a sling-shot, or a big gun. If they knew, though how we waited and watched for her, they would not have killed her. Then the baby birds began to cry; they were cold and wanted to nestle beneath the warm wings that had always covered them. I did not know how, very well, but I got into the nest and tried my very best, and by and by the little ones were fast asleep. But I could not sleep and kept wondering and wondering about my pretty mate. Early the next morning, when I had fed the baby birds well, I told them to stay close in the nest, and then I flew away to see if I could find their mother. On and on I flew, until I came to a big swamp, not far from here, and when I called, "Sweet! Sweet!" I stopped and listened, for I thought I heard her call answer mine—"Sweet! Sweet!" Again I called, and again I heard her chirp answer to mine, and when I followed the sound of her voice, I saw the red of her pretty wings, low on

the ground, and there I found her in a trap, some cruel one had set to catch birds in—to carry them away, to keep them in wire cages, or perhaps wear their wings in their hats. I fluttered to the ground by her side, and she said, "I thought you would *never* come, dearie; how are the baby birds?"

"They are well," I said, and I told her how we had missed her, while I tried hard to lift the ugly trap and set her free, but it was too heavy, and just then I heard footsteps coming down the path, and I flew into the bushes close by to hide. The boy saw me, and raised his sling to shoot, but I darted away out of his sight, and he turned to the trap with a glad laugh.

"Oh, you pretty bird," he said, "I have you at last, though your mate has flown. I shall carry you home with me and put you in my wire cage; or maybe I will sell you to the store where they make ladies' Sunday hats. Your red wings will look pretty on somebody's head, mixed up with ribbons and laces, so come with me."

Then the boy stooped down and carried her away from me—my pretty mate! I hurried back to my baby birds—there was no mother to care for them now, and I was to be mother and father, too. I felt glad that *they* were at least spared to me, though how could I tell them about the boy who had carried away the light of our dear, happy home; how could I tell them they would never see the little mother again. I chirped when I got near the bush where the nest was, that they might know that I was coming, but they did not answer me, as they always did, and when I peeped into the nest—it was empty. The boy's footprints were on the ground, and the nest was torn and broken. I knew too well what had happened, and that I should never see my baby birds again. The pretty home was ruined, and all the joy stolen from it. Of course, I could not stay there, then, with the empty nest ever in sight, so I flew on and on until I came here, and that is my story."

"We are all glad you came, too," said the bluebirds, "this buttercup meadow is a happy, happy place! We've been coming here for ever so many springs, and love it more and more. Never have we seen a sling-shot, nor a gun, nor a trap, nor anything else that frightens birds here—Father Gipsy would not have it so, and Mother Gipsy says this meadow *belongs* to us, just as long as we choose to stay. You'll love Joe-Boy, too, because he loves the birds. We have never seen him tear a nest nor steal an egg, nor carry a baby bird away; and you'll love Charlotte

Anne, too—she plays in the meadow, but she wouldn't wear birds' wings on her hat, not for anything; we heard her say so. Yonder she comes now, and Joe-Boy close behind. See, their soft hands are full of seeds and bread crumbs; they will scatter them on the fence there, where they keep bird store. That means for us to come to dinner—*you* come, too."

Of course, Mr. Redbird went, and when Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy saw him hopping along the fence, eating seeds and crumbs, they were so glad, and Charlotte Anne put her finger on her lips and said, "S-h-e-e!" because that was the first time Mr. Redbird had ever taken dinner with them, and they did not want to frighten him away.

Mrs. Bobwhite's Family

Wednesday

MR. and Mrs. Bobwhite lived out in the country in Farmer Green's wheat field. They had built their nest right down on the ground in a bunch of dry straw that arched prettily above the nest. And it was hidden so well you never would guess the nest was there at all—you would think it was only a bunch of dry grass, until you peeped underneath and saw the twenty-two pearly white eggs lying snugly in the nest. Twenty-two! Only think, more than you have fingers and toes! Mrs. Bobwhite did not believe in small families. She said, "The more, the merrier," and a great many children kept things lively and were always company for one another. Mr. Bobwhite felt the same way about it and sometimes, just as soon as Mrs. Bobwhite finished hatching one nest of eggs, why, she would go right straight to laying another nest of eggs, and then Mr. Bobwhite would make the best nurse. He would take all the baby birds away, and feed them and sleep with them, so they wouldn't worry Mrs. Bobwhite while she was busy hatching the other babies. Then sometimes Mr. Bobwhite would even sit on the eggs part of the time, while Mrs. Bobwhite rested.

"Come, come, my dearie," he gaily would say,
"You must get tired sitting all the day;
Spread wide your wings and fly for a rest,
I'll sit on the eggs and watch o'er the nest."

Then Mrs. Bobwhite would fly away with a happy heart, because she knew Mr. Bobwhite could keep house as nicely as she could, and she

was very proud of him. But, I can tell you, it kept them both busy to nurse those twenty-two babies of theirs—dear little brown darlings, with their dainty white throats—they were very, very small, and went peep, peep, peep, following their mother through the tall grass, like ever so many little chickens, hunting for grass seeds or berries or tiny worms. At first they slept in the nest at night, but after they got large enough Mr. and Mrs. Bobwhite taught them how to sleep in a ring with their tails turned in and their heads turned out. Then they could all watch, you know, in ever so many different ways, so hawks nor foxes nor anything else could frighten them before they could fly up with a whirring sound and find some other place to sleep.

Farmer Green knew that Mr. and Mrs. Bobwhite had a nest in his field, and he was very glad—he told Dick so. They could hear Mr. Bobwhite singing every day:

Bob, Bobwhite!
Peas most ripe?

Then another time he would sing:

Sow more wheat; sow more wheat!
No more wet, no more wet!"

"I wonder where their nest is this year," said Dick.

"I have not found it yet, though I have hunted and hunted. Why, the other day I was down in the field chopping, and all at once something went "whir-r-r!" right by my side, and I saw Mrs. Bobwhite's twenty-two children, scattering through the grass to hide from me. They were the cutest little brown birds! and Mrs. Bobwhite was so afraid I was going to catch them that she fluttered on the ground before me and made out that her wing was broken. She just wanted to give her babies a chance to hide, you know, and she wanted me to try and catch *her* instead. Mrs. Bobwhite knew I wasn't going to catch her, though, for just as soon as I stooped to see what was the matter with her broken wing, up she jumped and away she flew with her sweet, low whistle. It sounded just as if she said, 'Oh, yes, I have fooled you this time, Dick! My wings are strong, you see, and my baby birds hidden away—catch us if you can!'"

"She is a smart bird," said Farmer Green, "but, dear me, she needn't be afraid of us, need she, Dick? Why, I don't know how I'd run my farm if it wasn't for the birds to help me out. They are my best friends, and they are more than welcome to the fruit and berries and vegetables they pick up on my farm. I'm sure they earn it, every bit. They may eat a few wheat and oat seeds, but they eat the seeds of weeds and grass, too, and that helps to keep my crop clean—every seed they eat takes away a weed, you know, and an apple they peck is that much sweeter to me, for it makes me remember their merry songs. And don't I remember, too, the summer when the canker worms got into my cotton patch, hundreds and hundreds of them, and were stripping the leaves from every stalk, stem and all! We couldn't smoke them off, and we couldn't pick them off, and it looked as if every plant would die, and I was feeling very blue and thinking I'd have no cotton to sell to the factory-man to make the children's clothes from. But just then the birds came to my help—the bobolinks, the bobwhites, the sparrows, the woodpeckers, the robins, the mockingbirds and many others. Here they came flocking, just as if the dear God had sent them to tend to that business for me. And they did it, too. Why, in no time there was hardly a worm left in that cotton patch and everything was growing with a clean fresh start. I owed my whole cotton crop to the birds that year, and I haven't forgotten it!"

And just at that very minute such a glad song floated down—

"Bob, Bobwhite!
Peas most ripe?"

"Sow more wheat, sow more wheat!
No more wet! no more wet!"

Of course, you know it was Mr. Bobwhite singing; he had heard every word Dick and Farmer Green said, and he hurried home to tell Mrs. Bobwhite about it.

"You see, dearie," he said, "the farmer and Dick are our friends, and you need not feel afraid of them any more!"

Then Mrs. Bobwhite was so happy, and the brown babies were so happy, and Mr. Bobwhite was so happy, and they lived happily ever afterward.

The Whippoorwill Twins

Thursday

MRS. WHIPPOORWILL did not believe in large families as Mrs. Bobwhite did, who had twenty-two babies all at one time. Mrs. Whippoorwill said it was all she could do to take care of *two* babies at one time, so when she made her nest in the deep woods across from the buttercup meadow she scratched a place in the brown leaves on the ground, with only room enough for two babies. And when they were hatched out of the silvery green eggs those two babies looked so much alike that Mrs. Whippoorwill said they were twins, and she named one Brownie and the other Downey. They grew quite fast and were soon strong enough to follow their mother through the tall grass, just as Mrs. Bobwhite's children did, whom they favored very much. Only instead of learning to sing "Bob Bobwhite!" Brownie and Downey sang:

"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

Because that was the song their father and mother sang. Joe-Boy had heard them many times, and he could whistle just like them, but Charlotte Anne couldn't, because she didn't know how to hold her mouth the right way. Downey was a dear little fellow and always minded his mother just as soon as she spoke, but Brownie always said, "Wait a minute," every time his mother spoke to him, and you know that was not the best way to do. At sundown, when it was time to go to bed and Mrs. Whippoorwill called them to the nest Downey came quickly, but Brownie always said, "Wait a minute, mother." And in the morning when it was time for them to go to the creek for their bath, again Brownie would say, "Wait a minute, mother." But when Mrs. Whippoorwill found something nice to eat, and called them to get it, why, Brownie did not say, "Wait a minute," then—he ran just as fast as he could and tried to get there first. So, you see, Brownie could mind all right if he wanted to. That's what Mr. Whippoorwill said, and he told Brownie he was afraid something sad would happen to him some day if he did not stop saying, "Wait a minute"—because birdies should mind as soon as they are spoken to. But Brownie only shook his head and said, "I'm not afraid of anything! Do you see these little hooks I have on my middle toe? I'll scratch anybody that bothers me!"

Then he swelled out his brown breast feathers until he felt very big indeed. One day Mrs. Whippoorwill took the twins berry hunting, and while they were crossing the little twisting path Mrs. Whippoorwill saw Billy Sanders coming along that very path with a sling shot in his hand, and it frightened her so she said:

“Run! hide under the leaves and keep very still,
Quick! Billy Sanders is coming over the hill.
Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!”

So Downey ran as she had told him and hid quickly beneath the brown leaves, which looked so much like his feathers that no one could find him, and he kept very still. But Brownie would not run—he saw a berry that he wanted and he said, “Wait a minute, mother,” and just at that *very* minute Billy Sanders saw him and pulled back his sling shot and hit Brownie right in his left eye, and then Brownie ran and hid in the grass as quickly as he could, crying softly, “Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!” The kind leaves hid him away from Billy, but, oh! how his eye did sting and hurt, and when he tried to open it he couldn’t, and there were drops of blood on his pretty brown head, and he felt so very sorry that he had said, “Wait a minute.”

By-and-by he heard his mother calling softly to them, “Whippoorwill! Whip-poor-will!” and little Downey answered back, “Whippoorwill! coming, mother,” and ran quickly to her side, but poor little Brownie kept still and cried; and there, in the grass, his mother found him, with his eye all bruised and bleeding. She was very, very sorry, but, then, how could she help it? And Downey was sorry, too, and nestled close to the little twin brother and said, “Never mind, maybe it will be better in the morning.”

But when morning came it was no better, and Mrs. Whippoorwill said, “Billy hit your eye so hard he has put it quite out, and you can not see with that eye any more. Let us be glad that he did not hit the other eye, too, for then you could not see at all, little Brownie—the sunshine, nor the grass, nor trees and flowers, nor the blue, blue sky—and that would be very sad.”

Brownie thought so, too, and I don’t think his mother hear him say “Wait a minute” any more after that, because Brownie stopped saying it. Do you ever say, “Wait a minute,” when your mother calls you?

Little Kitty Catbird

Friday

LITTLE KITTY CATBIRD was her mother's youngest child. She lived in a briar patch in a very nice nest, indeed, that her father and mother had made with a great deal of care out of roots and grass and paper and bark. And, once-upon-a-time, little Kitty Catbird had been *inside* of a most beautiful green-blue egg; but Kitty Catbird didn't believe it, because she said *she* was too big to get inside of an egg. But her little brothers and sisters believed it—because there were the broken egg shells in the nest to show, and their mother said so, and, of course, they believed it. There was one very sad thing about little Kitty Catbird—she was a cry-baby. Why, she cried when there was something the matter with her, and she cried when there wasn't anything the matter with her! She cried when she was hungry, and she cried when she wasn't hungry! She cried when she wanted water, and she cried when she didn't want water! She cried when she wanted to go somewhere, and she cried when she didn't want to go anywhere! So, her mother and father said, Kitty Catbird certainly was a queer bird. But they loved her anyway, and hoped when she grew older she would stop being a cry-baby, and sing beautiful songs as her father did.

One day, when Mr. and Mrs. Catbird were away from home, Kitty Catbird climbed up on the edge of the nest and said, "I'm just going to show you birds how to fly! I don't need any mother to show *me* how to fly; I know all by myself!"

And then her little sisters and brothers said, "You had better stay in the nest until mother comes. You know you don't know how to fly, Kitty Catbird!"

But Kitty twisted up her mouth and said, "I do! I do! I do! I do!"

So she spread out her tiny wings, and just at that very minute she tumbled over in to the briar patch—because she didn't know how to fly. And when she fell over into the briar patch, of course, you know what she did—cried. How she *did* cry! I am glad you were not there to hear her, because she cried so very loud it surely would have given you the headache. And she said the briars were scratching her feet, and the briars were scratching her wings, and then she cried and cried some more. And the little sister and brother catbirds peeped over the edge of the nest at her and said, "We told you you didn't know how to fly,

Kitty Catbird! Why didn't you wait for mother to show you how? Now you are in the briar patch and we can't help you out. If you know so well how to fly, why don't you stop crying and fly into the nest. Fly up to that low twig there, and then to the next—it isn't very far—maybe you can get back if you'll stop crying, and *try!*"

But Kitty Catbird wouldn't stop crying, and she wouldn't try! She just sat on the ground in the middle of that briar patch and opened her mouth right wide and cried and cried and cried! Did you ever hear of a little bird that wouldn't even *try*? And while Kitty was crying in the briar patch the little sisters and brothers heard somebody coming down the road by the buttercup meadow—a little boy—and they thought it surely must be Billy Sanders, and he was coming right by the briar patch, and they were so afraid he would hear Kitty Catbird crying and carry her home with him they didn't know what to do. And sure enough the little boy came on down the road until he got to the briar patch, and then he stopped right still and listened, and he heard the little bird crying. Then he climbed over the fence and *saw* the little bird crying. And then he crawled underneath the briars and *caught* the little bird and put her in his cap and crawled out again. And then the little boy did a most beautiful thing—I wonder if you could guess?—he put the little bird back into the nest as gently and as softly as could be, and said, "There, little birdie, don't cry!"

And then he ran away to tell Charlotte Anne.

Who was that little boy, I wonder?

Program for Fourteenth Week—Birds

The Little Robins Three

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Can you tell me the names of the birds that built their nest in Father Gipsy's coat pocket? Would you like to have a bird build near your house? If you were a bird would you build near a house, or in the woods? The robins were not afraid to build near Joe-Boy's house (story).

Song: "I'm a Robin."

Game: Dramatize "Two Robin Redbreasts."

Gift: Fourth or sixth.—Illustrate story.

Occupation: Drawing; what the little robins saw on their first journey.

The Redbird's Story

Tuesday

Circle Talk, songs and games: Have you ever seen birds on ladies' hats? Where do you think they come from? Did you ever have a sling-shot? What is the best thing to shoot at with a sling-shot? Show picture of redbird.

Game and song: Birds.

Gift: Second gift, beads (enlarged) fence enclosing buttercup meadow.

Occupation: Folding (triangles) redbird.

Mrs. Bobwhite's Family

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you remember where Mr. and Mrs. Oriole built their nest? How many birds can you name? Did you ever hear a bird say, "Bob, Bobwhite?" Let me hear you say it. Show picture and relate story.

Game: Birds, individualized. (See if child can name the bird he represents, describe and give its call.)

Gift: Modeling, nest with twenty-two eggs. Group work. Show picture in "Mother Play," the nest.

Occupation: Modeling. Continue the above sequence by changing the twenty-two eggs into birds. Group in a circle (for sleep) as in story.

The Whippoorwill Twins

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: How do birds help people? Do you think Farmer Green loved birds? Why? How many babies did Mrs. Bobwhite have? Do all birds have so many children? Here is a picture of a bird who has only two babies. I will tell you about it.

March: Emphasize prompt obedience to calls.

Games: Selected by children.

Gift: Modeling. Each child make the eggs, then change into birds.

Gift: Modeling. Each child makes the eggs, then changes into birds.

Occupations Water color,—baby whippoorwills; or, Nest and two eggs.

Little Kitty Catbird

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Name all of the birds we have talked about. Which one do you think prettiest? Relate story.

Songs: Review all bird songs.

Games: "Hopping birds," "Walking birds," "Scratching birds."

Gift: Sticks and rings. Picture of a bush and nest.

Occupation: Brush work. Low bush, with nest.

IN SCHOOL.

RUBIE T. WEYBURN.

We teachers puzzled our eyes to read
The crooked and meaningless scrawl.
Teddy was hopeless—we quite agreed,
He never would learn at all.

But here little Tender-Heart up-spake
Her swift little word of praise—
"Now, is there another boy who could make
Such perfectly beautiful A's?"

We laughed, "Well, after that mastery,
The B and C may come!"
But something beyond the pleasantry
In the generous words went home.

There isn't a page in the blunderer's book
So worthless, so one with despair,
But that, if the eye of kindness look
'Twill find one good letter there.

American Education is a journal published in Albany, N. Y., edited by George C. Rowell, and devoted to educational interests from "Kindergarten to College."

Official Report of the Thirteenth Universal Peace Congress held at Boston, October, 1904; addresses in full.

Craftsman for January. Dr. Banardo and His Life Work for London Waifdom, by W. H. Tolman.

KINDERGARTEN IN VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

In 1887 Froebel's gifts and occupations were introduced into a few schools in Melbourne. The results were considered highly satisfactory, and it was decided to extend the area of the work. Mrs. Goulden, a lady holding high credentials, was, therefore, engaged to deliver courses of lectures on the Kindergarten System. This she did on Saturday mornings at a school in the city. Though it was purely optional, no fewer than 200 female assistants and pupil teachers attended regularly. Several of her pupils who had shown special aptitude were appointed to the relieving staff, and deputed to hold classes and give demonstrations at country centers. Their services were always eagerly availed of, and the training of teachers in kindergarten principles went on for several years. In the Regulations issued in 1890 it was stated that in Class I, wherever practicable, appropriate and varied occupations (e. g. kindergarten) would be expected.

Owing to retrenchment, the services of these special teachers were dispensed with in 1894, and, consequently, the instruction in kindergarten work received a temporary check, being taught only in a few of the schools of the colony.

At the inspector's conference held in January, 1899, there was a consensus of opinion that the time had arrived for extending considerably the knowledge of the principle underlying kindergarten practice. Accordingly, applications were invited in England for a lady to instruct teachers and to organize the work.

Out of several eligible candidates who sent in applications for the position, Miss E. Hooper, lecturer under the London School Board, was selected. The chief duties of the position were to give lectures on, and to train teachers in, kindergarten and infant-room management; to organize classes for kindergarten in selected schools, and to advise the Department as to kindergarten work in the schools.

Miss Hooper arrived in Melbourne in April, 1900, and at once

*This paper was received by Supt. R. J. Condon of Helena Public schools in response to inquiry made by him of the Education Department of Australia, asking for an account of the growth and present conditions of the kindergarten work throughout the island continent. Superintendent Condon kindly allows us to use the paper. Many educators will remember the visit of Miss Eva B. Hooper to our country a few years ago.

Kindergarten progress in other parts of Australia will be described in March number.

proceeded to acquaint herself with the work that was being carried on in the infant rooms of our larger schools, and with the conditions that accompanied it, and largely determined its character and possibilities.

As soon as a supply of materials was obtained, and the necessary arrangements made, Miss Hooper commenced a course of lectures and demonstrations on kindergarten to the students of the Training College, and also a course to about ninety teachers selected from the schools of Melbourne and suburbs. Centers for the training of teachers in kindergarten were also established at Ballarat and Geelong.

During 1900-1901 new infant schools were built at Armadale, Essendon, Ascot Vale, Fairfield Park, South Preston, Brunswick and North Melbourne. These buildings were constructed in accordance with the most modern ideas as to lighting, floor space and desk accommodation, and they have been equipped with the necessary materials and apparatus for effective infant teaching.

Miss Hooper's time was largely occupied in organizing the work in infant schools, in assisting in the revision of that portion of the program which related to infants, in lecturing at the Summer schools, in writing circulars on new methods and subjects of instruction, and in visiting country centres where the infant mistresses trained by her were employed. She also devoted nine hours each week to the training of teachers in kindergarten principles, infant-school management, and kindergarten gifts and occupations. The students attending these classes were drawn from the Training College and from the staffs engaged in the infant departments of Melbourne schools.

The three years' term for which Miss Hooper had been appointed as Organizing Instructress in Kindergarten was completed in February, 1903, and was not extended. Arrangements were immediately made, however, for carrying on the work of showing approved methods of teaching in the infant rooms of the State, and for providing a supply of trained infant teachers.

Women students at the Training College who had had one year's instruction in the subjects of the Infant Teacher's Certificates, namely, kindergarten principles, psychology, infant-school management (theory and practice), kindergarten gifts and occupations, nature-study, drawing and brush work, attended lectures given by the Principal and experienced female teachers. The students also attended the schools where these teachers taught and spent one week in every month working under their supervision. Lectures on kindergarten principles and practical

demonstrations were given on Saturday mornings for the benefit of teachers employed in the metropolitan schools.

Five hundred teachers attended Summer school in January, 1903, and special attention was given to this branch of infant education.

During 1904 classes for those interested in infant teaching were held in Ballarat, Bendigo and Geelong, in addition to those in Melbourne.

In Victoria there are many private schools for young children. To help the teachers, a kindergarten society was formed in Melbourne, three or four years ago.

THE EYE SENTIENT.

At even or at noon-tide—in the rush
 Of morning labor hastening to its toil
 Through narrow courts and mews, fog-dimmed, a-hush,
 Or down broad streets sun-spangled as with foil,
 It ever searches, searches early, late,
 To grasp the beauty set so thick around—
 Would clasp, enfold and revel in it, found,
 And stay therewith a longing naught can sate.
 In smoke-belched cloud it marks a noble swell,
 On rain-wet pave a subtle, pearly glint,
 Sees in the gutters' tide a volute whirl,
 Or mounts to where webbed wires seem to hint
 Of patterns interwoven. Naught can cloy
 That eye 'fore which stands Nature's art revealed—
 It surfeits in the beauty thus unsealed,
 Yet in its surfeit longs for further joy.

—JAMES PARTON HANEY in *School Arts Book*.

READINGS IN THE MAGAZINES.

Educational Review, January. "What the University Loses by Underpaying Its Instructors," by Elfrieda H. Pope. Also, "Some Aspects of Education in England," by Lucy M. Salmon.

American Magazine, January. "The Square Deal with Children." (Judge Mack and the Chicago Juvenile Court.) Henry K. Webster.

Review of Reviews. A Football Symposium. Papers by Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Nicholas Murray Butler, John H. Finley, Dudley A. Sargent, M. D., Luther H. Gulick. Also, "England's Problem of the Unemployed," by Agnes C. Laut.

A LAST YEAR'S PROGRAM.

LUELLA 'A. PALMER.

ON the last day of January a great change took place. Good-bye was sung to the children who were to be promoted, and the next morning a new set of little ones came to fill their seats. The children who were left in the kindergarten found their relations changed; instead of being the followers they were now the leaders and helpers. For a few days the subjects considered in the morning circle were much like those taken up during September, in order that the newcomers might be made to feel at home and a part of our social group. This review did not retard the older children, for each subject being either concretely presented or some former experience dramatically illustrated, they could observe more attentively than when it was first considered, or play with more understanding and precision. Much tact was needed on the part of the teacher to keep the more advanced from monopolizing the conversation and to draw out from the younger ones an expression about the simpler phases of the thought. New songs were used, and also the old reproduced, one at a time, after a word of explanation. The latter could never gain the meaning for the new class that they held for the old, as they had grown out of experience and been developed by the children themselves.

Group 1 now contained parts of former groups 2 and 3. Group 2 part of former group 3 and the new children.

FEBRUARY PROGRAM.

Teacher's Thought—Broadening of children's lives by:

(For first two weeks, same as in September.)

1. Acquaintance with new place and people.
2. Interchange of experiences and discovery of common interests.
3. Establishment of new social unit, the kindergarten.

(For last two weeks, same as in October.)

1. Observation of adults' occupations.
2. Representation in play.
3. Discovery of qualities of character necessary to produce good work.

FIRST WEEK.

TOPIC—Kindergarten and Home.

Picture—First Steps. Millet.

Song—Good morning to you. Thank Him all ye little children.
Kitten and Dog.

Story—Three Bears. Charlotte and the Dwarfs.

Game—Balls, roll, bounce. Turning, turning, this is a wheel.
Skipping. Tag. Silent greeting. Went to visit mother, a father.

Finger Plays—Counting fingers. Finger dance. Ball for baby.
Family. Mother's knives and forks.

Rhythm—March. Tiptoe.

Monday.

Circle—Names of children. Counting. Objects in room. Greeting.

Gift—Splints, rows or pictures.

Occupation—Drawing, pictures made with splints.

Occupation—Cutting and pasting chains. 1. Alternate colors. 2.
One color.

Tuesday.

Circle—Family. Home. Care of the baby.

Gift—First, games to amuse the baby.

Occupation—Drawing. 1. Three balls of different colors. 2. One
ball.

Occupation—1. Sewing, row of soldiers. 2. Pasting, large and
small circles, three sizes.

The sewing is entirely free, a plain card being given to the children with a needle and thread. When all were making the same picture a moment was taken to talk about the form and the right place to put in the needle, then each hole was punched as the stitch was taken. Later the children chose their own pictures, sewing houses, trees, windmills, boats, cars, gates; in fact, every simple thing that could be illustrated with straight lines. It gave excellent training for the eye, as distance and position had to be accurately gauged. The results were very pleasing to the children.

Wednesday.

Circle—Animals, dog and cat. Their activities and cries.

Gift—1. Fourth, free.

2. Circles, play as suggested by children.

Occupation—Drawing, cat.

Occupation—1. Sewing car tracks.
2. Pasting, row circles.

- *Thursday.*

Circle—Coming to school. Getting ready. Mother's work.

Gift—1. Third, suggestion, houses on street. •
2. Splints, washboard.

Occupation—Folding. 1. Cradle. 2. Rocking horse.

Occupation—1. Sewing, washboard.
2. Cutting and pasting chains.

Friday.

Circle—Father's work.

Gift—Third, free.

Occupation—Drawing, father's work.

Occupation—1. Sewing, washtub.
2. Washboard and tub, made of heavy paper.

SECOND WEEK.

TOPIC—Shoemaker.

Picture—Forest in Winter.

Song—Merry Snowflakes. (Song Stories for Kindergarten.) Good morning to sun. Over there the sun gets up (Songs for Little Children, Part 2). The Kettle (Small Songs for Small Singers).

Story—Elves and the Shoemaker.

Game—Snowman (Small Songs for Small Singers). Sleighride (Sleighbing Song, Songs of Child World). Visiting Game. Finger play, Shoemaker.

Rhythm—Skipping.

Monday.

Circle—Snow. Winter games.

Gift—Rings, snowman.

Occupation—Cutting snowman.

Occupation—1. Sewing cage.
2. Drawing snowman.

Tuesday.

Circle—Cold winter days. Warm clothing. Bright sun.

Gift—1. One-third of sixth, free.
2. Third, dictation and imitation, simple sequence.

Occupation—Cutting, clothing.

Occupation—1. Sewing, window.

2. Folding book.

Wednesday.

Circle—Shoes, material, why worn, how made.

Gift—1. Third, simple dictation.

2. Fourth, free.

Occupation—Cutting, sole of own shoe.

Occupation—Folding. 1. Bench and window. 2. Window.

During the game period a visit was made to a nearby shoemaker, who obligingly showed us his tools and how he worked.

Thursday.

Circle—Shoemaker, his work and tools. For whom he works.

Gift—Fourth, dictation and imitation, window, door and bench.

Occupation—Drawing. 1. Shoemaker. 2. Hammer.

Occupation—1. Sewing, comb.

2. Cutting and pasting chains, alternate colors.

Friday.

Circle—Tradespeople in vicinity, their work and wares.

Gift—1. Two-thirds of sixth, free.

2. Third, simple sequence.

Occupation—Drawing, wagon.

Occupation—Folding sled. 1. Difficult. 2. Easy.

THIRD WEEK.

TOPIC—Workers.

Picture—Helping Grandma.

Song—Fishes at Play (Holiday Songs).

Story—Teddy's Postman. Lion and the Mouse.

Game—Postman (First four lines of Postman, Holiday Songs).

Policeman (helping children and old people across street, taking lost children home). Fireman (Firebells, Instrumental Sketches).

Rhythm—Pussy and pony (Soft and Hard Balls, Songs for Little Children, Part 2).

Monday.

Lincoln's Birthday, holiday.

Tuesday.

Circle—Valentines, to whom sent and why.

Gift—Pictures and parquetry, make design for valentine.

Occupation—Pasting design.

Occupation—Folding letter.

The children drew pictures on the paper that they folded and mailed it by dropping in a box fastened to the trunk of the Christmas tree. Unknown to the children these papers were replaced by tiny valentines, which were distributed by a young postman to their surprise and delight just before singing good-bye.

Wednesday.

Circle—Postman, his work in all kinds of weather. Why letters are written and to whom.

Gift—Fourth, dictation and imitation, lamp post, postoffice, window.

Occupation—Drawing, letter carrier.

Occupation—1. Sewing, back of envelope.

2. Folding envelope.

Thursday.

Circle—Policeman, duty in all kinds of weather. His faithfulness, kindness and strength.

Gift—1. Sixth, dictation and imitation.

2. Third, free.

Occupation—Drawing, square window and what is seen out of it.

Occupation—Folding, badge. 1. Difficult. 2. Easy.

Friday.

Circle—Fireman. His bravery, carefulness and promptness. Duties of patrol.

Gift—1. Sixth, free.

2. Fourth, dictation and imitation, engine house, engine.

Occupation—Drawing, house on fire, engine.

Occupation—Folding engine.

FOURTH WEEK.

TOPIC—Soldiers.

Picture—Washington.

Song—Our Flag (Small Songs for Small Singers).

Story—David and Goliath. Search for Good Child (abridged).

Game—Soldier boy. Lads and lassies (Children's Street and Singing Games).

Rhythm—"Double quick" or running. (Run, run, run, Music for Child World, Vol. II.)

Monday.

Circle—Soldiers, their duty. Kind of men they need to be.

Gift—Splints (with paper square) for flag.

Occupation—Pasting flag.

Occupation—Folding hat. 1. Difficult. 2. Easy. Cutting cockade.

Tuesday.

Circle—Washington, a man whom people loved and honored because of his qualities of character, kindness, etc.

Gift—1. Sixth, dictation, armory.

2. Fourth, suggestion, armory.

Occupation—Framing and mounting picture of Washington.

Occupation—Pasting epaulets, red white and blue four-inch circle.

Washington's picture was decorated very simply, as it was desired that the face itself should make the most vivid impression. Two small tally card flags were pasted in each corner of the paper.

Wednesday.

Washington's birthday, holiday.

Thursday.

Circle—Children who will make best soldiers. Qualities they exhibit now, how?

Gift—1. Sixth, free.

2. Third, short sequence.

3. Third, free.

Occupation—Drawing, soldiers.

Occupation—1. Sewing, chair.

2. Cutting, free.

By this time the forty children had shown their unevenness of development. Group 1 comprised some who could attempt more difficult work, as well as some who could more profitably try again the simple problems. Group 2 had also become subdivided according to rate of progress. Consequently a third group was formed to adjust these difficulties. The divisions for occupations, however, still remained nearly the same as at first.

Friday.

Circle—Review of workers, showing their co-operation.

Gift—1. Third, beauty form.

2 and 3. Beads for free building.

Occupation—Folding, picture frame.

Occupation—1. Sewing, free.

2. Cutting and pasting chains.

PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY.

CAROLINE W. BARBOUR.

GENERAL SUBJECT: Winter sports and winter work in the community as a result of the season's conditions of ice and snow. (Second phase of the January plan.)

Social Side: I. Winter work out-of-doors, which is illustrative of neighborhood and city community life. In connection, take up care of horses, winter shoeing at the blacksmith shop.

II. Community spirit as shown through our common interest in the February holidays: St. Valentine's Day and George Washington's Birthday.

Nature Side: The nature work will be the same as for January, noting all winter signs; observation of weather, winds and frost. To dwellers farther south, there would be the first signs of the coming of spring; but February in the north is winter-bound still.

MOTIVE: To enlarge further the community idea through co-operation, illustrating all the simple, apparent ways in which neighbors work for the comfort of all. Also through noting and sharing in the holiday festivals, which are enjoyed by all.

Games: "Here Comes One Soldier Marching," "Lads and Lassies," "I tisket, I tasket," all from "Children's Singing Games."—Hofer.
Swedish Game: "Peek-a-boo."

Rhythmic: From a series of martial themes in Hofer's "Music for the Child's World," No. 2, develop soldier game, involving marching, commands, parade drills, rest time and so on.

Songs: Continue with preceding winter songs.

"The Tin Soldiers," "Our Flag," "The Moon," from "Small Songs for Small Singers."—Niedlinger.

Select from a series of marching songs in Gaynor Nos. 1 and 2. "My Valentine" (a little Jack Frost valentine song). Alice E. Allen, in "New First Music Reader."

Rhymes: Lollipop Soldiers: O. M. Long.

Marching Song: "Child's Garden of Verse." R. L. S.

Stories: Choice of stories told through the year.

Of Co-operation. The Mouse and Lion (adapted).

The Six Soldiers of Fortune. Grimes' Fairy-Tales (Walter Crane Edition).

Jack Frost's Valentine.

St. Valentine and the Birds. Child Garden, Vol. 5, p. 83.

Narrative of George Washington (adapted).

Topics for Winter Work: (1) Work about our homes; shovelling snow from sidewalks and porches; snow-sheds or storm doors (developing purpose of slanting roof); (2) Work on streets in order that fathers and brothers may go to business safely and comfortably; various kinds of street clearing and cleaning, such as snow plows for streets and streets cars; dump carts for carrying away drifts. For older groups, carry the subject on to snow plows and snow sheds for train service.

Topics for Valentine's Day: St. Valentine's Legend adapted, using the idea of the birds as little messengers of love. In planning valentines, it is suggested that we select for decorative purposes the more childlike symbols, such as birds, flowers, little children and so on. The customary symbol of hearts, bleeding and arrow-pricked, seems somewhat adult in conception if one pauses to analyze its significance.

References: The Winter Plan Book, by George, has some helpful suggestions. Also "The Child Garden."

Topic for George Washington's Birthday: Playing soldier. This is the most concrete, adaptable part of the stories of Washington's life. Since the child under six lives in the "now," in other words, has *no historical sense* as yet developed, the stories of Washington's life should be adapted on the traditional story basis. History and civic virtues, undraped or unpersonified, are too abstract for this age. All this part can come later and be more truly psychological, and according to Froebel's law of stages of growth and interest. Courage, spirit, patriotism can touch the child through their symbols in flags, movement, and the *feeling* which comes in with the soldier games.

Suggestions for Table-Work: Pictures: snow and winter pictures in chalk and charcoal. Action drawing for out-of-door work, such as shoveling snow, driving snow plow teams; drawing soldiers marching; free cutting silhouettes and posters of soldiers marching, are very effective through the repetition necessary.

Valentine ideas: (1) Strings for scrap-picture birds, flowers or children pasted on six inches of ribbon or folded tissue paper strips. (2) Circular lace paper mats with center cut open to represent double doors; mount on delicately tinted oblongs of cardboard and paste inside doors birds with folded notes in bills, or other pictures. Other decorative effects can be made on this model. (3) "Surprise cuttings" in book form, with inside "book" of gold, silver or pale blue and pink paper: add scrap pictures of flowers scattered about, and a child picture and valentine lettering inside. (4) Large cut-out daisies or pansies with child's face for center, painted and pasted by children. Underneath, a sheet of same form for valentine message, with "stem" of green raffia, zephyr or ribbon.

Constructions: Snow shovels of half twist boxes and hardwood slats (develop purpose of side braces); houses of butcher's paper with little storm sheds, silver paper icicles hanging from eaves, snow chalked on roofs, and a red chimney crowning all. Simple and complex snow plows, beginning with the "wedge" or prow shape. Blacksmith shop of shoe box turned on long side; forge of cardboard modeling, anvil of black cardboard; big sign in front with swinging cut-out horseshoe of black; racks, etc., crayoned on walls; give each child a cut-out man and horse in order to complete the toy, and suggest plays to him. Soldier caps of newspaper decorated with slashed pompons or parquetry; epaulettes, straps and belts ditto.

Gifts: Fifth gift for buildings and snow plows, trains, etc., illustrating variously slopes and wedge shapes; second gift for street cars, and engine or track snow plows; fourth and sixth gifts for outlining and planning streets, sidewalks, curbing and snow tunnels or sheds.

Sand table used as snowdrifts in illustrating plays with snow plows. For building streets and making tunnels.

ROCKFORD COLLEGE (FOR WOMEN), ROCKFORD, ILL.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN WOMEN'S COLLEGES.

AT a special meeting of the trustees of Rockford College, it has recently been decided to add to the regular college courses two elaborate technical departments, which, with the special electives, allied with them, will extend throughout the four years of the college work.

Both will be optional; both will be open only to high school graduates (with the exception of one preparatory course in Home Economics); and each is intended to constitute about one-fifth of the entire college course for the student electing it. The idea is to combine cultural and technical work in such due proportion as to secure a more desirable type of education, and to graduate girls better able to take care of themselves than has been done in the past.

The proposed schedule for the department of Home Economics is as follows:

Preparatory course in Home Economics.

An elementary course in sanitation, principles of cooking and dietaries. Practice work in cookery.

HOME ECONOMICS.

Home Architecture and Sanitation—

Study of a modern house; situation, surroundings and plan of the house; its heating, lighting and ventilation; its plumbing and water supply; the decoration and care of the house from a sanitary standpoint; the application of bacteriology to housekeeping. Some municipal problems of sanitation.

Economics of the Household—

A study of the cost of living and the apportionment of the income.

A consideration of rent, fuel, light and the like, with reference to cost and efficiency. The servant problem. Household accounts. Practical lessons in marketing.

Applied Chemistry—

Experimental study of food principles; the chemistry of digestion; simple food analysis; adulterations, preservatives and their detection; the testing of household supplies.

Food and Dietetics—

Food materials and their nutritive value; diet and dietaries; the right application of heat to food materials; practice work in cookery.

Emergencies, Home Nursing—

Practice work in invalid cookery.

Textiles and Hand Work—

A study of the production of fibres and their properties, of their preparation and adulteration; and of the manufacture of textiles.

Advanced Course in Food and Dietetics—

A continuation of Course IV. A further study of dietaries; the relation of food to health; influence of age, sex and occupation.

Practice work in cookery.

Home Decoration—

A—General principles of decoration; harmony of color and form; proportion; design.

B—Decoration of the modern interior; treatment of floors, walls and ceilings with reference to the size, shape, lighting, and purpose of the various rooms of the house; furniture, floor coverings, draperies and pictures.

The schedule for the secretarial department is as follows:

SECRETARIAL DEPARTMENT.

Accounts—

The principles of bookkeeping; practice in recording business transactions; the use of business papers including checks, notes, bills, invoices, receipts, etc., keeping a bank account.

Commercial Geography—

A study of the physical features of the United States in their relation to production and trade; study of some representative industries; trade with foreign nations.

Commercial Law—

Study of the principles of law which are useful in ordinary business transactions; of contracts, negotiable papers, insurance, corporation, etc.

Business Methods—

Among the topics to be considered in this course are: Mercantile houses, boards of trade; clearing houses; banking, life and fire insurance; patents; copyrights; foreign exchange; express and freight transportation; parliamentary law; office methods and appliances; business ethics.

Typewriting—

This course covers a period of from one to three years according to the time given to it by the student. The course includes: A study

of parts of a typewriter; use of the typewriter; style in arrangement of typewritten material; carbon copies and mimeograph; transcription of shorthand notes and lecture notes.

Shorthand—

This course may cover a period of from one to three years, according to the number of exercises elected by the student. The course includes: A thorough knowledge of the principles of shorthand; practice in reporting lectures and sermons, and in taking testimony; lectures on the theory of shorthand.

Students making an extensive study of this work are advised to choose other electives from civics, sociology, economics and history.

Any student who desires to take the examination required to become a teacher of cooking in the Chicago high schools can easily arrange to do the necessary work at Rockford college. The demand for such teachers in the larger high schools throughout this section is a growing one.

A large proportion of the work offered in this department is as necessary for a girl who intends to become a nurse as for a girl who intends to become a teacher in home economics.

A keen student of present conditions writes in regard to these courses: "It seems to me that there are profound reasons why the American girl in every walk of life, and without regard to her immediate prospects, should have the best possible training in the working duties of the home."

President James, in his inaugural address, speaking of the elaborate courses in home economics offered at the University of Illinois, said: "It will do what the women's college has thus far declined to do, or is just beginning to do, viz.: give a distinctively woman's course in the field of higher education." This Rockford college has determined to do, and to do on an extended scale. Both departments are similar to those offered at Simmons College, Boston. The situation there is, however, different from that at Rockford. They are, first and foremost, a technical school, founded to teach girls to earn their own living, but they have combined with this the cultural courses. Rockford, on the other hand, is proposing to add technical courses to an institution, first of all academic, with all the old college traditions.

The secretarial department offers a unique opportunity in this section of the country for a gentlewoman to obtain a sound business

education in company with other gentlewomen, and to have the advantage of a regular college training at the same time. Business men are practically unanimous in their opinion that there is a great demand for better trained stenographers and private secretaries. Paucity of vocabulary and lack of mental discipline are pointed out as serious and common defects at present. "To succeed as a private secretary," writes a New York lawyer of experience, "one should be able to elaborate and execute instructions often given in the most abbreviated form—to remember and classify details—to see that everything covered by instructions is actually done before the employer hears of the subject a second time." This evidently demands a woman with a college training as well as the technical training of a stenographer.

Franklin MacVeagh, one of the most prominent business men of Chicago, has examined both of the proposed schedules at Rockford, and approves both. As to the secretarial department, he says: "I particularly feel that learning stenography and typewriting is extremely wise for anyone nowadays who has to earn, or who by any chance may come to the necessity of earning, a living." Another man of note remarked in this connection that there was not one woman in a hundred who knew how to sign a check properly, and added: "It is symptomatic of an ignorance of practical life that is deplorable." If a girl has property of her own, she should know how to manage it. If she wishes to aid her father in business, the instruction that she will receive at Rockford will make her competent to do so.

Rockford College is the only woman's college accorded the first rank in scholarship from New York to California. (See Report of the Commissioner of Education, v. 2, p. 1608). The students trained there are given advanced college standing on the face value of their certificates at the Universities of Chicago, Wisconsin, Northwestern University, Mount Holyoke,, Wellesley, etc.

Founded in 1849, it stands as the oldest woman's college of its class in the country with the single exception of Mount Holyoke. There are to be twenty-one instructors on its various faculties next year, nearly half of whom have either their master's or doctor's degrees, and all of whom are finely trained for their work. The equipment is modern and the apparatus is to be immediately increased. The art department is under the charge of James William Pattison, connected with the Art Institute of Chicago, a well-known art critic. The music department

has four instructors, who have the true artistic spirit, as is shown in the results they obtain from their students.

With a beautiful campus, a healthful location and a delightful home life, there is no reason why Rockford College should not wax stronger and stronger. That a college for women of such high academic standing should have taken the new departure in educational policy indicated above whereby a girl is to receive a training for a vocation at the same time that she receives her college training, whereby she is to be graduated not only with a disciplined mind, but in actual touch with practical life, is certainly worthy of attention as one of the signs of the times.

AN OPEN LETTER TO KINDERGARTNERS.

SEE that bright spot!

The time has come to remind eastern kindergartners that Milwaukee is *the* bright spot and that it will be especially bright and illuminating the first week in April when it opens its doors to the I. K. U. It behooves us of the East today to recall the enthusiasm and never failing interest of the Western workers in our Eastern meetings. Not only could we depend upon the presence of the leaders but each brought in her train a group of workers. And, realizing all this, let us show our appreciation of such loyalty to our common cause by sending a goodly delegation to Milwaukee. Let each leader interest her workers.

Unfortunately the preliminary program has been delayed by illness and death in the family of our president, but we are promised a paper on play by Dr. Luther Gulick, director of physical training in New York City, a subject of interest to all who are following Miss Blow's interpretation of play. Round Tables for discussion are also arranged for and there will be extensive exhibits of kindergarten work.

Our theory demands that we become universal. To this end arrangements are being made for stop-over privileges that all who wish may visit the many different types of work in Chicago. In accordance with the truth of the Pigeon House, let us of the East go forth to appropriate what the West offers, knowing we shall return enriched.

SUSAN S. HARRIMAN, *Corresponding Secretary.*

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL
KINDERGARTEN UNION, TO BE HELD AT MILWAUKEE,
WISCONSIN, APRIL 3, 4, 5 AND 6, 1906.

Headquarters—Hotel Pfister.

Place of Meeting—Plymouth Church.

OFFICERS.

President—Mrs. James L. Hughes, 68 Henry street, Toronto, Canada.

Vice-President—Mrs. Mary Boomer Page, 40 Scott street, Chicago.

Second Vice-President—Miss Alice E. Fitts, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Recording Secretary—Miss Mabel McKinney, 76 Olive street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Susan Harriman, 134 Newbury street, Boston, Mass.

Auditor—Miss Ella Elder, 86 Delaware avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Chairman of Local Committee—A. S. Lindemann, President of the School Board.

Chairman of Press Committee—Mr. Richard Watrous, Secretary of the Citizens' Business League, Sentinel building, Milwaukee.

PRELIMINARY PROGRAM.

Monday Afternoon, April 2, at 2:30.

Tuesday Morning, April 3, at 10 o'clock.

(At Hotel Pfister.)

Meeting of Committee of Nineteen—Chairman, Miss Lucy Wheelock.

Tuesday Afternoon, April 3, at 2:30 o'clock—Plymouth Church.

Conference of Training Teachers and Supervisors.

Closed Session.

Chairman, Miss Bertha Payne, Chicago.

1. Means for securing a Higher Degree of General Culture in the Kindergarten Normal Course.

2. The Kindergarten Department in the General Normal School. Problems of Adjustment; Advantages and Disadvantages; Curriculum.

Tuesday Evening. Open Session of Training and Supervisors' Conference.

1. Place and Function of Psychology and Philosophy respectively in the Kindergarten Training Courses.

2. Points of View on the Interpretation of Symbolism; the Function of Self-Expression in Growth, and Play and Work.

Wednesday Morning, April 4th, at 10 o'clock.

Invocation.

Address of Welcome.

Response.

Reports of Officers and Committees.

Appointment of Committees on Time, Place and Resolutions.

Report of Delegates.

Wednesday Afternoon.

Round Table Conferences, or Visiting Kindergartens.

Meeting of Executive Board, 3 o'clock.

Reception at Downer College, 4 o'clock.

Wednesday Evening, 8 o'clock.

Lecture—The Instinct Feelings at Play. Dr. Luther H. Gulick,
Director of Physical Training in New York City Public Schools.

Thursday Morning.

Report of Committee of Nineteen—Chairman, Miss Lucy Wheelock.

Address on Art.

Thursday Afternoon, 2:30 o'clock.

Conference in Charge of Parents' Committee—Chairman, Mrs. Mary
Boomer Page.

Mrs. Lynden Evans, President of Chicago School Domestic Arts and
Sciences.

Mrs. Porter Landor McClintock, University of Chicago.

Thursday Evening.

General Reception.

Friday Morning.

Business Meeting.

Election of Officers.

Friday Afternoon.

Three-Minute Addresses by Leading Kindergartners.

Report of Committees on Necrology, Time and Place, and Reso-
lutions.

Presentation of New Officers

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.*

This old holiday, or festival day, is certainly one more opportunity for little children to learn the beauty of loving kindness and thoughtfulness for others. The teacher and to some extent the home are utilizing and refining this interest, endeavoring to eradicate the coarseness of the so-called comic valentine and by the use of valentines made and bought to give expression to this interest, through valentine boxes and valentine parties which include every member of the circle or the home, as perhaps the commonest method.

Valentines made for sick children and for shut-ins of a larger growth, too, are suggested. The sufferers in childrens' wards at the hospitals, the dear old men and women at old people's institutions—so many of them have such young hearts and would so appreciate the tiny remembrance from tiny fingers. The upper grade children in the schools using the day as another aid in fostering the "community" thought. This delightful but earnest work of making and sending a dainty simple valentine so surely leads the children to find their own happiness in making others happy.

Surely, no *little* child at least, will for a moment think of sending any message of coarseness to hurt another on this good day when filled with the happier thought. But to counteract the evil influences of the comic, which they *do* meet with in the older children and in the shop windows, they must be kept interested in and occupied with what is good and helpful and beautiful; and the mothers must feel this too and here is the greatest problem.

We all know that to realize the results desired—to help in developing the character—in making life more joyful, it is essential to have the co-operation of the home. While under the eye and hand of the teacher in the circle or at the table, control is kept over the little self working out the ideas of the busy mind. But how about the between times and the afterward? How can the seed sown in the kindergarten become a permanent part of the child without the home aiding its growth? With many mothers and fathers, the kindergarten is still regarded very lightly and until they consider as serious the work of character development, recognizing in the very earliest stages of it, the aim and ambition of the teacher, it is uphill work.

*By Mary Thompson. Paper given at Chicago Kindergarten Club, 1905.

In the home most of our festival days are becoming so burdensome, the anxiety and worry in the atmosphere so constantly about the children, is absorbed by them, and can we wonder when we, ourselves, are not free from it? Possibly one of the worst features we have to guard against is the size and expense of the "give and take" procedure, so prevalent. The giving of expensive valentines is especially to be discountenanced and obviated. Let the children learn the value of the spirit of the giver, not the money value of the gift and Valentine's day should at least be left for the operation of this spirit. Through the mothers' meetings we can endeavor to instill in their minds the spirit of loving service—the kindergarten-made or home-made valentine, the little one's own gift, rather than the expenditure of money, thus gaining a blessing for the child who gives as well as the recipient, the unselfish love for others irradiating the whole thought of the day for the children both at kindergarten and at home. Will not the mothers and grandmothers—the fathers and grandfathers, too, if they could come—enjoy the valentine party as much as the children and the children more because of their presence. And to many a mother one of the versions of the beautiful old legend of Valentine, told by the kindergartner, will be as delightful and suggestive as to the child, as the thought of how St. Valentine is remembered on his birthday by sending little messages or tokens of love secretly to each other, perhaps as though the birds or flowers that he so loved and understood, carried or whispered them about.

In a neighborhood I know best, this problem has to be met and it is not an easy one. Every valentine comes to the little one in our home with the name of the sender somewhere on it; frequently it is brought to the door and handed in (nothing of the mysterious to consider assuredly). Notice is generally given, before or after this delivery, that reciprocity is very decidedly the proper thing. Then the counting afterward: "I got fourteen valentines. How many did you get?" and a child's popularity is soon known the length of the street. A thought of love and kindness is hard to find. "I must give to Leo because he gave me one."

To be sure these are not kindergarten children, but they are just beyond kindergarten age, seven, eight to ten years old, and some of them have been in kindergarten. And these are the children who are influencing the smaller ones—making fun of the work that has meant so much to fingers and hearts.

But it does seem to some of us worth while—yes, a precious privilege, to have a part in bringing about better things—the simple life—in which children and elders may each for the joy of it, do his share in making festive days, and including Valentine day a time for the expression of love and kindness to each and all—the little lame girl on the next block and the really disagreeable child who is usually left out of the good times.

Suggestion.—We have our holidays—Christmas, Thanksgiving, etc., but this festival is called in some places the Birds' Holiday—but we may share it with them. The birds of long ago knew and loved Valentine and on his birthday, each little bird chooses another bird to live with all the year through; they help each other to make a home for the little ones to come by and by, and are so happy in this work, just loving and thinking of each other all through the days. So we, too, are to try on this day—Valentine's birthday (for he loved every one)—to make others happy, thinking of them and surprising them with some little expression of love—a valentine which says "I love you," or "Love to you," letting them guess from whom the message comes.

Another suggestion to emanate from the kindergartner for the child of six to eight. Could she induce one or two of the wise mothers to meet these children in one of the homes and make valentines, thus tiding over a little time at least. Or in the school kindergarten the kindergarten teacher and the primary teacher could consult together and possibly the art work for month tend in this direction.

PATRIOTIC FESTIVALS.

I wonder what mental images this subject calls to your mind.

Are the memories those of things which appeal to children? Why do they interest them? Is it the spirit of patriotism? Is it the color of flags, caps or badges? Is it the noise of drum or horn? Is it the same thing that impels a boy to follow up a brass band with a quicker, firmer step than when going to school after a long vacation?

When I asked the question did any one think of abstract patriotism? Can you easily think it apart from any special deed or character?

If not, we must certainly not expect to inculcate patriotism in the children apart from a patriotic man and his deeds of that nature.

Prof. Earl Barnes says that little children of the age of our associates do not choose heroes outside their own family circle or those closely associated with them in the home life. The father, mother, uncle, aunt, grandparents or a big brother or sister are the objects of their admiration. After that come the conductor, motorman, little girl with curly hair, lady with fine clothes, engineer, fireman and policeman.

Later come those possessing beauty, strength, riches, talent, and the doers of brave and heroic deeds.

So we have been forced to acknowledge that George Washington as a great man and the first President of our country, and Abraham Lincoln as a boy who grew out of a log cabin into the White House, are characters too remote from the experience of our children to make much if any impression upon their lives. We can make their stories so interesting and real that the children enjoy them for the time. But a few years later such heroes will mean much more to them, even if they have been done in blocks, sticks, sand, clay, paper and drawing in kindergarten for several weeks.

Professor Barnes says, and truly, it seems to me, that the edge of keen interest is taken off many things in kindergarten that might better be left to the grades, where the children could absorb with much more understanding and learn with a fresher zeal.

You might say that any story that is of past events is the same for all practical purposes as one of history, for to a child of four or five the meaning of "a long, long time ago" is rather hazy.

But if our heroes and heroines, our characters about which kindergarten interest centers be those more nearly related to the children's own lives and experiences, we will be following more closely along the lines drawn by child-study experts and psychologists.

The historical story of Thanksgiving in kindergarten comes under the same wise criticism. Let us have the Thanksgiving time one of arousing as much feeling of gratitude for present physical comfort as we can in minds of four or five years of growth and let the Pilgrims and Indians come on the stage in a new play in the first and second grades.

But in our public schools where the 22d of February is so generally observed, the kindergarten children hear much of it in their homes and know a celebration with colors is on in their school.

So we will not ignore it, perhaps, but say it is the birthday of one who, as a little boy, was very brave and honest, grew to be a strong, brave soldier, and finally all the people of this country asked him to be

their leader. We all want to be honest and brave just like General Washington, and love our country, too. The beautiful flag of red, white and blue is the sign of our country, so we all love that.

We can march with it, make flags, caps and badges and with inspiring music for marches the children sing with great enthusiasm.

Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

We will love our flag forever.

Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Is that a bad thing, especially in a neighborhood of foreign children?

That, however, can be worked up in a day or two instead of three weeks of cherry trees, hatchets, white horses, sailboats, soldiers and White House.

—GRACE BARBOUR,

Paper given at Chicago Kindergarten Club.

Is it true that America has no myths and legends to cast a mystic glamor over hill and vale and stream? Ten years ago the J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, published two beautiful volumes of "Myths and Legends of Our Own Land," compiled by Charles M. Skinner. Some are most gruesome; some truly beautiful. Many are derived from Indian sources; many relate to early American history. All parts of the United States are covered. We refer to this collection now because in volume one is a fine example of a legend which has grown up around the noble figure of Washington. It is called the "Consecration of Washington," and tells how an old Pietist monk foresees the approach of the deliverer of his country on a winter's night in 1773 and when the stranger appears, consecrates him with oil for his great mission and obtains from him a pledge to serve his country faithfully and to "wear no crown but the blessings and honor of a free people, save this." As he finished, his daughter, a girl of seventeen, came forward and put a wreath of laurel on the brow of the kneeling man. The complete story of three pages would be an excellent one to read to high school or grade children for the birthday exercises.—EDITOR.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

In our November number appeared a paper, "A Basic Principle of Growth," by President Julia H. Gulliver, of Rockford College, Rockford, Ill. Those who read this thoughtful paper which interpreted so beautifully the various stages of development in the old, old myth of Ceres and Persephone, illustrating how "life grows out of seeming death, the beautiful out of the ugly, harmony out of discord," will be interested in the current article about the college of which Miss Gulliver is president. It is a progressive college which is about to introduce new features, bringing it in line with the needs of modern womanhood.

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT OUR JOE-BOY SERIAL.

"It seems so strange that there are no Thanksgiving or Christmas suggestions given in the Joe-Boy serial," said a kindergartner, "and how can we make our program about birds in winter?"

There are doubtless others who have been perplexed as the program advanced at its lack of reference to the usual festivals and its untimeliness at present. Let us consider the matter for a moment.

As Miss Bigham explains in her as yet unpublished preface, she was induced to write this program for publication at request of kindergartners who wished to be able to refer to the suggestions and also at the instance of primary teachers who wished access to the nature stories. Originally, the conception of Joe-Boy was meant to run through a *four weeks'* program, beginning in January, but the children themselves wanted to know more about the child in whom they had become interested. Did he ever get big enough to go to kindergarten? How many helped to get his clothes, his food? Did he have any pets? etc.

She says: "Perhaps the chief charm of this program will be found in its ready adaptability. While the stories are all connected, they may also be separated and used independently without destroying their value, e. g., one teacher may wish to use only the division on domestic pets, another birds, another insects, and another plant life."

Again she says: "Such occasions of the school as Easter, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Washington's Birthday, etc., were purposely omitted that teachers may present these celebrations as best suited to their respective environments and needs."

Kindergartners who are tempted to follow a given program exactly as presented, using one day in one year the identical plan used upon that day the year before will therefore have probably found themselves in a state of great perplexity, as they have tried to follow the leading of Joe-Boy. The serial will have served a good purpose if it has done nothing else than impress the idea that no program is to be followed literally, but is given in our pages only as a storehouse for present or future use; a means of resource when the kindergartner, in planning her general scheme, desires to consult with some one else who has found some plan, some story or material useful in helping the child to understand his environment and express himself in various ways.

Any director who thought to follow this program exactly as given will certainly find it difficult to talk about birds and their nests and families in these icy February days. Put aside the bird stories for future occasion and look to the other program in the Magazine for suggestion if the child's own interests or his environment do not inform you of the best subject for these coming months. Never take up a program or another's suggestions without asking yourself, is this the thing that my children most need this month? If not, then do not be afraid to follow your own thoughtful judgment.

If your kindergarten is in a farming district, do not feel obliged to use the divisions that center around the silk, wool and linen stories. But if you are near the silk mills of Paterson, N. J., or the cotton factories of Massachusetts or Georgia, you will probably find suggestions that will help in your program making.

The fact that the subject matter is given in daily program form is somewhat misleading, and might prove a limitation if it were possible to follow it exactly as given, but as said above, it is impossible to take it mechanically. No wise kindergartner surely would attempt to devote each day of a month to a study of a new bird. The children themselves would teach her the impossibility and inadvisability of so doing. But a large variety of material is given from which to choose that which your judgment deems best for your purposes.

No editor is necessarily supposed to indorse in all respects the articles he may decide to publish. In the stories here given we feel that just as last year with the Sunday School serial, we must occasionally interject a note to make our own standing somewhat definite, so here we feel it is in place to call the attention of the more inexperienced kindergartner to one or two points to be guarded against. In the first

place be sure that you do not try too hard to imitate the familiar, possibly somewhat sentimental, style of the author. The style and manner natural to one person will prove a rank failure, and worse, if assumed artificially by another. Be sure you are quite natural in handling this program matter.

Again, with some of the stories, the author quite definitely states that they are based upon true incidents. Some of the others are a mixture of fact and imagination, and the kindergartner must be careful by word and manner to differentiate between reality and fancy. In the present installment, for instance, the author, in common with many other writers of today, ascribes to animals intentions and intelligence which belong to man only; as when the jay-bird is credited with the intention of deliberately planting trees, which assuredly no bird has in mind when his secretive instinct leads him to hide acorns, nuts, etc., though to the child-mind of four years or of primitive man, tree-planting may appear to be his purpose.

If you do not feel equipped to make your own program, at least determine to make the one you use as much as possible your own by using no one phase of it blindly. Adjust, adapt, initiate.

STATE HISTORY IN SCHOOLS.

It is now obligatory in Illinois to teach in the grades the history of the State as one means of inculcating patriotism. We understand that since the law was passed grade teachers have found it necessary to refresh their memories concerning the beginnings of the State and in order to guide and examine the teachers, superintendents and principals have found it well to do a little reviewing for themselves and in turn the county and state superintendents have also been studying past events in connection with the creation and maintaining of a State. As a consequence of all this delving into past records the libraries and the State and city archives have been zealously sought and studied and many excellent textbooks upon Illinois, its beginnings and its development have been written, and it is to be hoped a new generation will become familiar with the pioneer struggles of heroic frontiersmen and women and will be led to emulate the brave and true who founded and handed on to us a rich and fruitful heritage.

If Illinois gave no other great man than Abraham Lincoln, she is deserving the lasting gratitude of our country.

Incidentally we would say here that amid all the discouraging accounts in the daily papers of graft in high places which any school boy or girl can read and which might tempt them to think that truth and integrity are impossible in political life, it is refreshing to know that in that most widely read of children's magazines, *St. Nicholas*, there is running a serial biography of Lincoln, written by Helen Nicolay, daughter of his great friend and law partner. It is a well written, vigorously told story of that early hardship and poverty, that indomitable will, that eagerness for knowledge, that working a way upward by slow and toilsome degrees by one who always found time to do the kind thing and was never tempted to gain the dishonest penny, or if so tempted, did not yield.

The facts are put together in a manner to win the respect and admiration of the manliest boy and should serve as a fine tonic to the weak and flabby body politic.

Davenport, Iowa, is approaching a crisis in her kindergarten history. Three kindergartens have up to this time been maintained in the public schools by the efforts of the ladies of the Davenport Kindergarten Association. Recently a meeting of business men was called to discuss the advisability of soliciting subscriptions from business men to make up the balance necessary to cover expenses for the current year in addition to the \$800 already secured by the ladies. At this meeting a campaign committee was appointed to educate the people to the value of the kindergarten and show the people how important a factor they were in the training and education of children preparatory to the approaching election when the question of establishing kindergartens in all the public schools will come up. The school board is in favor of them. It remains to convince the people and this the intelligent and efficient campaign committee of business men seems fully able to do.

REPORTS OF KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATIONS.

On January 13th, under the direction of Dr. Jenny B. Merrill, the public school kindergartners of the boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx and Richmond met for a general conference.

Mrs. Walter L. Hervey spoke on the "Training of Children in Self-Control," and gave suggestions as to how such a subject might be treated at the kindergarten mothers' meetings. Mrs. Hervey spoke of the two ways in which the subject might be looked at, either very concretely or from a more psychological standpoint, and she emphasized the necessity of adaptability on the part of the kindergartner, the necessity of knowing thoroughly the mothers and of being guided by this knowledge in the particular method of treatment.

Mrs. Hervey next showed by illustrations the supreme importance of self-control in both adults and children and stated the problem, "How are we to gain such control over ourselves that at any moment we shall know just what to do?"

The two main factors in self-control are the powers of prediction and substitution; first, the power to look ahead and to predict the effect of a certain cause, and, second, the power to substitute the longer for the shorter view, the unseen for the seen.

In children the first control to be sought for is bodily control and Mrs. Hervey showed by illustration how even the very young child may be aided in gaining this bodily control, the power to inhibit physical impulses.

Wherever it is safe for the child the law of natural consequence is the best teacher. If a punishment is necessary the one which most nearly approaches the natural consequence of the deed is sure to be most effective and in any case it must be something immediate and decisive. Perhaps Mrs. Hervey's happiest illustration was that of the mother who took from her tea-table the beautiful china which she wished to keep there and put in its place a little tin cup containing water. The baby of less than two crept near and finally pulled the tempting cloth. The resulting deluge was lesson enough. The china cups were safely replaced.

In gaining self-control of course the child must be aided by others; by his parents, his teachers, and, not least of all, by his playmates. At first one of the best ways to teach him self-control is to control him, and if in his earliest years he is looked upon as a little animal and

trained accordingly the result will not often be disastrous. His eating must therefore be governed and as soon as he can understand the reason for this it should be explained to him. Mrs. Hervey spoke of the "penny habit," its evils and its cure. If the ideal of strong manhood is too far away to be appreciated something more immediate and concrete must be substituted.

One of the most important conditions in teaching self-control to children is, of course, the force of example and therefore in parents and teachers self-control is an essential. Order, system, and a serene manner form part of the environment which surely is as influential here as elsewhere, and such an atmosphere should surround the child, not only for the sake of his own comfort and that of other people, but also for the sake of his own higher well-being.

In closing Mrs. Hervey made reference to the Greek definition of self-control, healthy-mindedness, and to Plato's simile, the spirited horses perfectly driven, and finally she gave the quotation from Henley:

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll:
I am the Master of my Fate
I am the Captain of my Soul."

Mrs. Hervey's talk was followed by a discussion which was led by Mrs. Robert H. Dodd, president of the Parents' Club of Upper Montclair, N. J.

Reported by CHARLOTTE H. CORNISH.

The Ohio Kindergarten Association held its annual meeting during the holiday week, December 27-28, at the Ohio State University, Columbus.

There was a very representative attendance of the kindergartners of the State, and the sessions were particularly interesting. On Wednesday afternoon the joint meeting of the elementary teachers with the kindergartners, at Hayes Hall, was so enjoyable and helpful that it was voted to arrange for a similar meeting at the next annual meeting. The conference on fundamentals of kindergarten training Thursday morning was full of practical help and inspiration for better work. The different phases of the subject were presented by Miss Montgomery

of Oberlin, Mrs. De Leeuw, of Cleveland, and Miss Renny, of Mansfield.

The reports of kindergarten work throughout the State showed a steady growth of the kindergarten in connection with the public schools of Ohio. The afternoon session Thursday, December 28, was full of good things along the line of stories, games and rhythm work. Mrs. Bothwell, of Cincinnati, and Mrs. Samuel, of Columbus, gave some excellent points regarding the purpose and value of stories, and Mrs. May, of Oberlin, and Misses Samuel and Chamberlain delighted all with several stories. The session closed with an hour of games and rhythm work in charge of Mrs. Grace Fry, of Cincinnati.

Officers re-elected for ensuing year: President, Mrs. Anna H. Littell, Dayton; first vice-president, Mrs. Julia S. Bothwell, Cincinnati; second vice-president, Mrs. Mary S. Thayer, Cleveland; recording secretary, Mrs. H. J. Alford, Warren; corresponding secretary, Miss Bertha Montgomery, Oberlin; treasurer, Miss Mary S. Morgan, Youngstown.

Since last report of the New York Kindergarten Association the number of kindergartens under its support and supervision has increased to thirty. Last year fourteen hundred and forty-six children were in attendance and twelve hundred families were visited by the teachers.

The regular meetings continue to be held once a week when the teachers meet the superintendent, Miss M. H. Waterman, for program conference, general criticism and suggestion, and discussion of current topics and problems.

Further stimulation and help are given the teachers by extension courses at Teachers' College, Columbia University. These privileges are made possible through the Kindergarten Council, which is composed of representatives of Teachers' College, the Froebel League and the New York Kindergarten Association. The course on "Appreciation and History of Art," by Prof. A. W. Dow, is open to all the teachers, and another course, "Kindergarten Principles and Practice, for the purpose of training supervisors and kindergarten training teachers to present Froebel's principles of education and methods of teaching," by Miss Blow and Miss Fisher, is open to a limited number of teachers.

The greatest need of the Association has recently been met—that of a permanent home of its own. Through the interest and generosity of

a friend this becomes possible and in the proposed new memorial building on West Forty-second street, offices, library, convention hall and rooms for several model kindergartens have been provided for.

JEANNETTE EZEKIELS,

Chairman Press Committee of N. Y. K. A. Kindergartners.

The Brooklyn Kindergarten Union held its November meeting on the 14th instant.

Miss Fanniebelle Curtis addressed the members on the subject, "Inevitable Difficulties and How to Meet Them." Many difficulties arose, she said, from certain fundamental faults, *i. e.*, desultory work, a befogged mental attitude, and the tendency to fall into mechanical routine. Miss Curtis emphasized mutual helpfulness among kindergartners as one means of avoiding these difficulties.

A general discussion by members followed.

The seventy-third annual report of Perkins Institution for the Blind is at hand. It contains two pictures of scenes from "As You Like It," given on Washington's birthday last by pupils of the School for the Blind. The performance was most gratifying in the manner in which the difficult roles were played by those who could not see. It seems well nigh incredible that a drama requiring so many actors could be given with such ease and perfection; no hesitation, no getting into each other's way and a thorough appreciation of the spirit of the drama and an excellent interpretation of the most subtle phases of each character. We quote from the Sunday *Herald* of February 28, 1904:

Was it possible to take it in, that up there on the boards reigned midnight darkness, on which no glaze of glaring footlights could fling the faintest ray, while below on the seats and in the broad glare of day were visible each flower on the bonnets, and each smile on the faces of the responsive audience, enjoying every feature of the play enacted in that blind cave? The full blaze of the sun on one side of the moon, total darkness of eclipse on the other; no more impressive astronomical conception to grasp, the one than the other.

Mr. Anagnos' address at the time proved the educational value to the blind of thus learning and acting such a dramatic masterpiece.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY SERIES.

THE KINDERGARTEN MOVEMENT AT MILWAUKEE.

CHARLES H. DOERFLINGER.

SINCE I was requested to contribute a brief historical sketch of the above subject I have been frequently reminded of the latter days of my school life at about thirteen years of age, when our attention was directed by the good and great Peter Engelmann, the founder and for a quarter of a century director of the German-English Academy, to the virtues of Herodotus, Thucydides and Tacitus as examples of painstaking, conscientious searchers after historic truth, who contrasted with them the entertaining but rather superficial and indiscriminate collection of gossip, fiction and myths as well as truth, left for the world's confusion by the diligent Pliniuses and a multitude of ancient and modern flatterers of kings and conquerors.

I am sure that those of the schoolmates who are still living remember the reverence we felt for the one class, and the disdain we felt for the other. I am also certain that the study and recitation of pages of a textbook or catechism of morals or ethics on truth and its opposite could never have made so strong an impression on our characters as those guide posts rapidly put up by our beloved soul educator as he accompanied us on our road of exploration and observation through the history of past ages. He applied the same methods of ethical development, no matter what subject he was teaching, using instantaneously every good opportunity as it was offered by reading, declamation, nature or any other studies. This matter is so important that I will be pardoned for introducing it here. The most salient though largely indirect task of the kindergarten as well as every higher grade of the school is to remove as far as may be the obstacles to the evolution of a truly humane and healthy soul, to increase the chances of such healthy growth. And the kindergarten in general should lay the best foundations for all phases of the educational work

of the whole school curriculum. In the kindergarten method the "how" must form the preponderant part of the art of educating, gradually on the higher stages giving more room to the "what."

My reverence for the first named three historians was revived and enhanced during the performance of my present task. If Herodotus found as much difficulty to obtain authentic facts for the whole range of his work as I encountered in treating one phase of the local and contemporaneous history of only about thirty-five years, he must have been a great worker and worked a hundred years. To reinforce my memory I examined considerable printed matter, wrote to a number of friends of the cause for more detailed information and published a call in several Milwaukee newspapers. Thus I did all my time and physical condition permitted, and if any persons think there are inaccuracies in my dates and statements, I must decline the responsibility. In some cases I was obliged to take the "average" of conflicting reports.

A mere chronological table of events is probably not what the reader desires; and as there were several movements, more or less interwoven during a part of the time, undertaken by different groups of women and men animated by the same humanitarian impulses, I have tried to draw, as well as possible for my pen and with such information as I could obtain, several pictures of their good work.

THE FORTY-EIGHTERS.

"*The Forty-eighters*" was the term applied to that large immigration of the most highly cultured men and women from all parts of Germany, exiled from the fatherland in consequence of the failure of the republican revolution of 1848, many of whom became a blessed and blessing leaven for the advancement of education, music, dramatic and fine arts, the press and literature generally, and every department of culture and progress in the United States. Many of them and their descendants also took an active part in the anti-slavery movement and the war against the rebellion.

The first and foremost among their Milwaukee colony, the man who may be singled out especially as the *pioneer of rational education* in Wisconsin, has already been mentioned—Peter Engelmann.

This former volunteer assistant of Professor Encke, the discoverer of the comet named after him at the astronomical observatory of Berlin, Prussia, was "discovered" teaching the boys and girls in a rural "little red school house" south of Milwaukee by the father of Gen. F. C. Winkler and introduced to the "colony of forty-eighters" at

Milwaukee in 1851, who at once formed the German-English Academy Association and placed Engelmann in charge as director of that school, which by its constitution, by-laws and school regulation proclaimed the most advanced pedagogical principles and practice. He at once introduced in this graded school (Volkschule, people's school) in addition to the three R's and other common school subjects, drawing, singing, the three branches of natural history (including excursions of classes with teachers in charge), universal history and geography, objective methods of teaching, somewhat later-calisthenics, the elements of physics and chemistry, developing methods of teaching and bi-lingual education.

A Ladies' Society was formed which introduced and paid for man-



PETER ENGELMANN, THE FOUNDER OF THE GERMAN-ENGLISH ACADEMY.

(Fac-simile of painting by Carl Marr, of Munich, donated by the artist to his Alma Mater at the 50th anniversary of this institution.)

ual training in the form of needle work. The collection of natural objects, made during the said excursions by teachers, pupils and friends of the school, were properly mounted and preserved for instructional purposes, in one of the rooms of the school. They were the nucleus of the later Museum of the Wisconsin Natural History Society, founded mainly by members of the said School Association, which museum was for many years located in one of the main halls of the enlarged school building, and by donation in 1882 became the present Public Museum of the city of Milwaukee.

Engelmann's pioneer new educational work was paving the way for the kindergarten at this early day, when Froebel was still considered a "natural fool" in Europe, and met with more persecution than encouragement.

While this sketch is to treat of the movement in Milwaukee, I take the liberty to mention that, so far as known, Mrs. Carl Schurz, a pupil of Froebel, the wife of Maj.-Gen. Carl Schurz, my former Division Commander during the war of the rebellion, did the first kindergarten work in Wisconsin, privately, at her home in Watertown.

We may hope to read more of this in General Schurz's autobiography now appearing in monthly installments in *McClure's Magazine*.

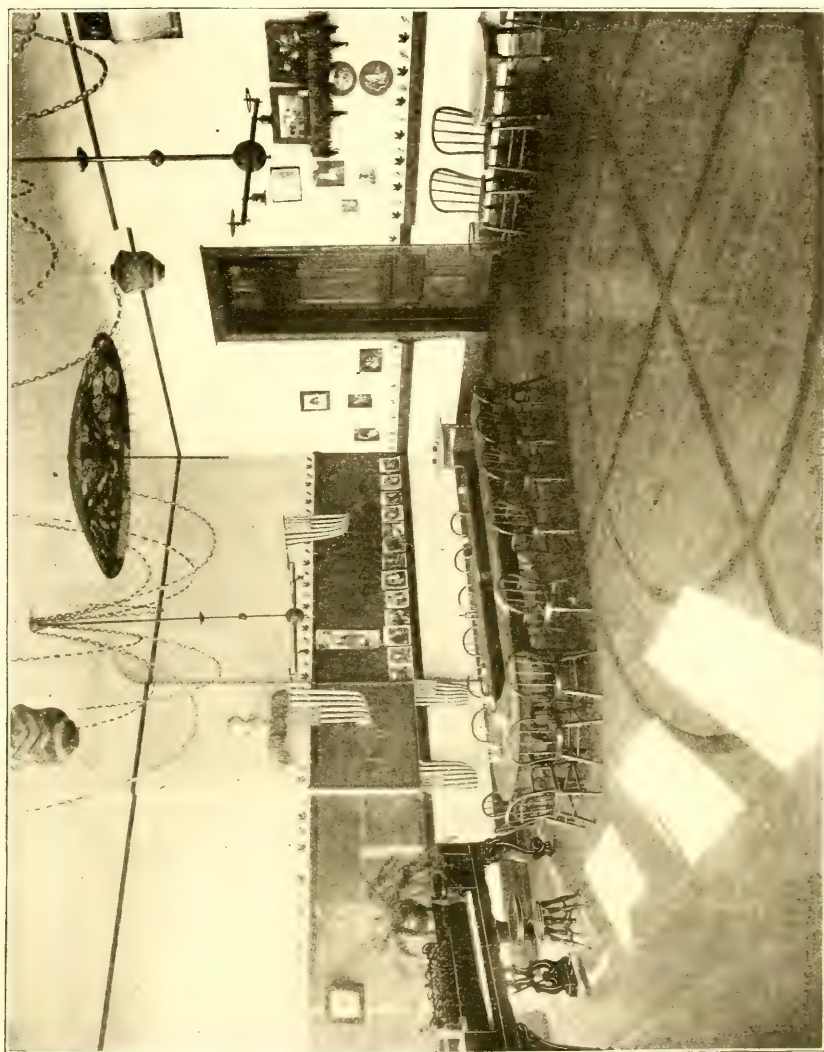
It is on record in the memorial-book published by the German-English Academy on the occasion of its semi-centennial jubilee in 1901, that the Froebel kindergarten was first brought to the notice of the members in 1853 by Engelmann, who kept himself well informed on educational progress through European pedagogical periodicals.

In 1868, during his journey in Europe, Engelmann made observations regarding the kindergarten, and when a former pupil of his went to Europe in 1869 he asked him to inform himself on the subject and report.

The establishment of a kindergarten was the subject of a very animated discussion and great commotion among the members of the German-English Academy and its Ladies' Society, and under Engelmann's impulse and encouragement, Mrs. Betty Katz (nee Neustadt), a lady of great culture and energy, instituted a lively campaign, and in 1870-71 succeeded in inducing the following eight other ladies and three men of the Engelmann circle to organize the first Kindergarten Verein of Milwaukee:

Mrs. Betty Katz, Mrs. Bertha Marr, Mrs. Theresa Doerflinger,[†] Sr., Mrs. Charlotte Meyer,* Mrs. Elise Kranz,* Mrs. Marie Melms,*

* Deceased.



KINDERGARTEN OF THE GERMAN ENGLISH ACADEMY, (KNOWN ALSO AS
THE ENGELMANN SCHOOL,) NO. 558 BROADWAY, MILWAUKEE.

Mrs. Ernestine Froehlich,* Mrs. Magdalen Frankfurth, Mrs. Marie Jenisch, Prof. Peter Engelmann,* Mr. William Frankfurth,* Mr. Charles H. Doerflinger.

The first officers were: Mrs. Betty Katz,* president; Mrs. Marie Jenisch, treasurer. Very soon the following ladies joined: Mrs. Jennie Stern, Mrs. Albert Blatz* Sr., Mrs. Charles Ramien, Mrs. Marie Helfrich, Mrs. Bertha Hildebrand, Mrs. Marie Wallber, Mrs. Marie Logemann, Mrs. Henry Ramien, Mrs. William Fette, Mrs. Louise Schleif, Mrs. Anna Hansen,* Sr.

This was undoubtedly the origin of the movement in Milwaukee.

Ample funds were contributed by the merchants and manufacturers belonging to the Academy. Miss Luise Dethloffs, a kindergartner who had received her training under Mrs. Froebel at Hamburg, was engaged and brought over in 1872 and the first kindergarten completely equipped and established in the German-American Academy. It was a great success and soon attracted the attention of men and women throughout the city who were interested in education.

It was the first kindergarten in Milwaukee and the state of Wisconsin that was fully equipped and in charge of a kindergartner by profession. Being connected with a regular graded school as foundation for all its work, it became the starting point for a new epoch in the history of education in the Northwest.

The following are the names in chronological order of the kindergartners who succeeded Miss Dethloffs these thirty-three years: Miss Johanna Arnstein, Mrs. Liddy Ploedterll,* Miss Hermine Weissenborn, Mrs. Emily Moritz and Miss Josephine Schuerbrock, who is in charge now.

Mrs. M. Biron, who is said to have been one of Froebel's pupils, out of devotion to the cause, gathered around her several children of neighbors and friends at her home on Galena street, about the time, but she died soon. As soon as the Engelmann kindergarten at 635 Broadway, on the East Side, was in full operation, the *Verein* made efforts to interest promoters of education in the other three main divisions of the city. In consequence of these endeavors three other "pay kindergartens" were established in 1874.

The second German-English Kindergarten was established and equipped in 1873 or early in 1874 by the *First Milwaukee Kindergarten*

*Deceased.

Verein, under the presidency of Mrs. Bertha Marr, designated as "Kindergarten No. 2." It was first conducted in the basement of Paul Schuengel's concert hall, temporarily, until a cottage had been erected for it on the grounds of what was then Quentin's Park, the owners of which granted the Verein the privilege to use that part of the park as an ideal playground for the children. The building fund was raised by selling \$2,000 worth of stock. This was the first kindergarten in Wisconsin for which a home of its own was built. The opening was celebrated by a "fest" on November 26, 1874, after a new association had been formed on the previous evening under the name, "Kindergarten-Verein of the Northwest Side of Milwaukee," which was incorporated on March 5, 1875, and assumed all the assets and liabilities.

The first board of directors consisted of: Emil Wallber (now judge), president; Jacob Wahl (principal Sixth ward school), secretary; Charles C. Schmidt (banker), treasurer; Ed. Aschermann (manufacturer) and Gustav Reuss (banker), directors.

The first kindergartners were Miss ——— Jahns and Miss Ida Glaettle. The following are the names of the members, twelve women and three men, at the time of organization: Mrs. Henrietta Wallber Sr.,* Mrs. Dr. Jac Lang, Mrs. Jul. Hayden, Mrs. Albert Blatz Sr., Mrs. Fred Kauwertz, Mrs. Charles C. Schmidt, Mrs. Emil Wallber, Mrs. Gustav Reuss,* Mrs. Paul Schuengel, Mrs. Fred Kraus, Mrs. Chas. Beverung, Mrs. Fr. Daevel, Dr. J. Lang, Mr. Gustav Reuss.

The Engelmann Kindergarten *Verein* donated the first equipment for this *second kindergarten*.

When the park changed hands the Verein bought a lot 50x212 feet in size and moved the building upon it, in the fall of 1879. Some years after the city school board provided kindergartens in the public schools, the Verein turned the kindergarten over to Miss Anna Grelke, without charging for rent and fuel, but the Verein is still in existence and gathers its members frequently for social functions and pleasant pioneer reminiscences.

The *third kindergarten* was opened with Miss Luise Dethloffs in charge, by the West Side German-English High School, Prof. C. F. G. Mueller, director, in September, 1874, and ceased to exist when that school was dissolved some years ago.

The *fourth kindergarten* was established by the South Side Independent German-English Academy in October, 1874.

The advent of Dr. W. N. Hailmann, succeeding the lamented

* Deceased.

Engelmann, who died May 17, 1874, only 56 years old, as director of the German-English Academy, gave a new impulse to the Froebelian cause.

In order to curb the epidemic spread of mercenary charlatanism that was infesting the country through the medium of persons who had no idea of the Froebelian philosophy and no true kindergarten training, but found it easy and lucrative to impose upon well-intentioned wealthy people by catchy "play schools" with dancing lesson attractions, etc., he immediately opened his "Kindergarten Training School," in which Miss Johanna Arnstein (now Mrs. Hermann Segnitz), Mrs. Hailmann and, later, Mrs. Liddy Ploedterll, rendered valuable service as his assistants; the latter had become famous in Europe by her success in winning over to the cause of the kindergarten the King of Saxony, after a long siege.

This Kindergarten Training School opened with twenty-six students, and continued for many years to supply able and devoted disciples under the direct management and direction of its ever-active, inspired and inspiring founder, who has probably done as much as any other representative for the dissemination of Froebelian ideals of child culture and the New Education propaganda in the United States.

During his sojourn in Milwaukee he developed an almost incredible working capacity, writing essays, preparing and delivering lectures, publishing propaganda tracts and newspaper criticism articles in the interest of the cause almost without compensation.

In the fall and winter of 1874-5 the original "Kindergarten Verein" arranged its first series of six popular public lectures entitled "Erziehung's Grundsätze" (Principles of Education). They were volunteered by Hailmann and published in English as well as German. He was the editor of Hailmann and Doerflinger's publications, which brought the editor and the manager an enormous amount of work for years, but neither a salary nor profit; the monthly *Erziehungsblätter* (German-American Journal of Education) and the monthly "*New Education*" begun in 1877. Miss Elizabeth Peabody in 1879 honored the editor and publisher by merging into that little magazine her "*Kindergarten Messenger*," because she considered it the most trustworthy representative of the true Froebelian educational principles and Hailmann the best exponent of Froebel's cause and her own endeavors. The paper was henceforth named "*The Kindergarten Mes-*

senger and New Education." It was the official organ of the American Froebel Union, 1878.

It remained true to its principles, but after some years died of starvation; as usual in such cases, its death was sincerely regretted and copiously bewailed by many good people, a few of whom could easily have maintained it. A revised edition of the "Report on Education," by Dr. E. Seguin, U. S. Commissioner to the Vienna Universal Exposition, a book bristling with profound research and brilliant ideas, resulted in a similar experience. So did an illustrated juvenile, "*Onkel Karl*" and *Herzblaettchen's Spielwinkel*, which were mainly a veritable symposium of the publisher, five other members of his family and a number of his friends. Thousands of tracts were printed and distributed free. In 1876-7 Hailmann delivered another series of six lectures, "Six Letters to a Mother," the publication of which was begun in the "*New Education*" of May, 1877, and which were all published in pamphlet form.

Though the lack of understanding, not only among the people in general, but also among those who should have understood, resulted in pecuniary loss instead of gain for years of time and work, the battle for the great cause was maintained unremittingly by a small band of devoted enthusiasts and self-sacrificing apostles even in the face of ridicule and insult, from the time when the "Introduction of the Froebel Kindergarten, its principles and methods in all the public common schools," was promulgated as the watchword until about ten years later, when that watchword was transformed into resolutions of the School Board of the City of Milwaukee.

That the campaign was conducted largely in the German language was natural and necessary for an early victory, because at that time a large proportion of the population consisted of German-American families, who had brought from the old fatherland advanced ideas and experience as to education and were therefore better prepared and disposed to receive the new educational gospel than other elements of our population.

The "Three R" conservatives, or hyper-conservatives, gathered all the reactionary forces into a fusion of opposition, and for years hampered Superintendent MacAlister at every step he took in favor of the new rational departure. But the battle was finally won; the enemy surrendered and the great sacrifices were not borne in vain.

Few of those old fiery 1848-ers are now among the living. It was

their spirit that helped largely to win the battles for the Union in 1860 to 1865. It was their spirit that assisted in winning many other victories in the domain of the cultural advancement of the American nation. It was that same idealistic spirit transmitted as a legacy by those pioneer fathers and mothers to some of their sons and daughters that prevented defeat and failures in this instance of the cause of rational education, or rather the *cause of the children*; the *cause of that greater and better republic* dreamed of by the fathers and mothers (who should not be forgotten) of the American revolution.

The National German-American Teachers' Association, whose first president was Prof. E. Feldner of Detroit, in whose organization at Louisville, Kentucky, Peter Engelmann took part in July, 1870, and which held a number of its annual conventions at Milwaukee, has championed from that time to the present day in its constitution the kindergarten and the rational "New Education" principles and methods. Being composed mostly of teachers and patrons of the many German-American model schools that were established in all parts of the United States under the impulse given by the intellectual immigration of 1848, this association was recognized by the most prominent American pedagogues as a forceful ally in all movements for the progressive development of the public schools, and when after many years of strenuous labors it succeeded in forming the "National German-American Normal School Association" for the establishment of a model Teachers' Seminary or Normal School, it honored Milwaukee's merits by choosing it for the home of that institution, which I hope many members of the international convention in April will visit. It is connected with the Turnlehrer-Seminar (Physical Education Normal School) of the Nordamerikanischer Turner-Bund (North American Gymnastic Federation) and has for its practice and model school the Engelmann German-English Academy (Prof. Max Griebsch, director), in which the same old first kindergarten, the mention of which recalls dear recollections and associations of long bygone days of youthful fervor, is still in operation, though under many times better conditions of space, equipment, light, sanitary and other environmental conditions.

The Froebel Kindergarten is nothing if not humanitarian and therefore unifying. The adjectives, "German-English" or "German-American" and "English," are only used to indicate that the former kindergartens and kindergarten associations were founded by German-Americans and usually conducted in the two languages, bi-lingual education being one of the postulates of rational pedagogy. The latter were founded by English-speaking people and conducted in English only.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MOVEMENT.

Mrs. W. N. Hailmann's Work. In 1874 she opened and established an English kindergarten in a room placed at her disposal by the German-English Academy on Broadway, so far as we know the first English kindergarten in the state of Wisconsin. Here she was also active in the organization of the work of the "connecting class," the production of larger building gifts, the sand table, the group tables, etc.

In the same year she accepted an invitation to start a kindergarten for Mrs. Winchell at Whitewater, Wis., which, after three months' operation, was continued by Miss Martha Smith, on her recommendation.

Later, in the year 1874, she is said to have started the first West Side English private pay kindergarten in the basement of the Presbyterian church, on Sixth street, corner Grand avenue, where Miss Burnell first helped her "play with the children," later hearing Mr. Hailmann's lectures in the Engelmänn Academy.

This is first *English* kindergarten in the State of Wisconsin that had a home of its own.

In 1875 Mrs. Hailmann, ever active, opened a private English pay kindergarten in the parlors of the Unitarian church, then on Cass street, Miss Martha Smith assisting; in 1876 another at her home on Twelfth street.

In or about 1877 the ladies of Calvary Presbyterian church, southeast corner Grand avenue and Tenth street, placed at her disposal for her Sixth street kindergarten better rooms in their church, pending the erection of a building to be constructed for the kindergarten according to plans she devised. She succeeded in interesting for her project Mrs. Gen. F. C. Winkler, Mrs. S. R. Bell, Mrs. S. S. Merrill, Mrs. J. J. Hagermann, Mrs. Dr. Holbrook and other public-spirited ladies, whose names I could not obtain. They organized the first English Kindergarten Society, with Mrs. F. C. Winkler and Mrs. S. S. Merrill as first presidents; Mrs. S. R. Bell, vice-president; \$1,600 cash was collected. The contractors, Messrs. C. P. Foote and L. Vogel, "were very kind," according to report, which probably means that they took the contract without profit; and lo and behold! a miracle occurred in the blessed year 1878. The "Tenth Street Kindergarten" had a home of its own, a veritable "Paradise of Childhood." Under Mrs. W. H. Hailmann's direction, with Mrs. Lillian Davies and other de-

voted pupils of Dr. Hailmann's Kindergarten Training School, as assistants, it was a beauty spot and source of delight in the movement at Milwaukee, creating much enthusiasm and also a good deal of permanently serious interest.

From 1880 to 1883 Dr. Sara Munro, with the assistance of her sister, Ellen E. Munro, conducted in the same building a "connecting class" for pupils outgrowing the kindergarten, using no textbook except a reader, but teaching orally with the aid of blackboard, slates and objects; language by means of story telling; geography with a sand-table and globe; botany with a little garden for each pupil, and such miscellaneous nature study, history, science, etc., as might be brought out of the day's happenings or amusements.

Being called to other work, she was succeeded by Miss Burritt, one of Mrs. Kraus-Bolte's pupils, who, however, left very soon.

Miss Georgiana Morrison of Philadelphia thereupon took charge for two years.

In frequent conferences, held at the S. R. Bell home, this lady assisted Mr. and Mrs. Hailmann, the German-American friends of the cause, and the excellent school superintendent then in office, James MacAlister, in the long battle for the introduction of the kindergarten into the public schools, which demand of educational progress was many years opposed by the controlling elements in the school board.

Evening meetings were held at the kindergarten on Tenth street, sometimes largely attended, for the purpose of discussing the "new departure."

Miss Morrison was succeeded by Mrs. Dunning. When this Kenosha poet and kindergarten apostle returned to her home, Mrs. Sumner Collins took charge, after whose resignation Mrs. Dousman conducted the institution, until the land leased for a nominal rental was wanted by the owners, and the "Paradise of Childhood" had to make way for an "apartment building."

During the latter part of its existence Mrs. Eugene Elliott and Mrs. Thomas Brown are said to have been active workers.

In 1877 Mrs. Hailmann interested a number of ladies for charity work. They formed the Milwaukee Free Kindergarten Association, which established two free kindergartens, one in the Third ward which seems to have been later named "Martha Mitchell Kindergarten," because Mrs. Alexander Mitchell furnished the funds for its equipment and maintenance; the other connected with the Industrial School in the

Third ward was conducted by Mrs. Lillian E. Davies and Mrs. McCue, Dr. Hailmann's pupils, who entered upon this unpaid work with great devotion.

In 1878 Miss Lillian E. Davies founded a kindergarten of her own at 212 Doty street, in the First ward, at first assisted by Miss Florence Smith. It existed two years under sacrifices, that new locality not being blessed with many children.

In the same year, 1878, Mrs. Hailmann opened a new private kindergarten on Prospect avenue.

One of the versions regarding the Martha Mitchell Kindergarten, which, during its existence received more press notices than all others, is that Mrs. Clark was one of the principal movers in founding the kindergarten in "Bethel Home" mission. This kindergarten was soon afterward moved to new quarters on Broadway, when an association took it in charge and Mrs. Mitchell supported it.

In 1885 Mrs. Hailmann was entrusted by the American Froebel Union with the preparation of its exhibit of kindergarten work and material for the National Educational Association at Madison, Wis., which exhibit was very impressive and contributed to her success in having the American Froebel Union join the N. E. A. as its kindergarten department, marking an important epoch in the history of education in America.

In 1876 and 1877 Miss Florence Smith conducted summer kindergartens at her home, and in 1886-7 at Gordon Place, both on Humboldt avenue.

I take pleasure in acknowledging the kind and valuable assistance of Miss Nina C. Vandewalker, Mrs. S. R. Bell, Mrs. Lillian E. Davies, Mrs. Johanna Wagner, Dr. Sara Munro, Mrs. Lizzie A. Truesdell and Miss Fanny N. Burnell in collecting and scrutinizing data concerning the "private," "free" and "mission" kindergartens conducted in English, and of Mr. Gustav Reuss as to the second German kindergarten; also Judge Fred. Schreiber and Wm. Kittle, secretary of the State Normal Board.

The Mission Kindergarten Association, organized in 1884, was probably a reincarnation of the former "Free Kindergarten Association," and the direct result of the efforts of Mrs. Isabel Carpenter, who interested ladies of Milwaukee for the work among the poor and was engaged as the first superintendent. Mrs. Frances Swallow having been elected president, the first new mission kindergarten was opened in Sep-

tember, 1884, in the rickety second story of the old La Crosse depot on Third street, near Chestnut, in charge of Miss Fanny N. Burnell, and named "Frances Swallow Mission Kindergarten," in honor of the president. In December, 1884, Mrs. Carpenter opened her first kindergarten training class with twelve students, in a damp and cold basement of Bethel Mission on Erie street. Another mission kindergarten was established in the rooms of the Presbyterian Mission church at Kane place and Cambridge avenue, near the Polish settlement, in the fall of 1885, and placed in charge of Miss Rolfs, who conducted it for two years, when, on September 28, 1887, it was transferred under the direction of Miss Burnell to 1101 North Water street, then to 933 Racine street, then to 919 and finally to 920 Racine street. In 1891 a club of ladies who had been pupils of the Misses Wheelock, on the northwest corner of Juneau avenue and Jackson street, and many also of the Engelmann Academy, the "Wheelock Girls," offered to support it, from which time it was known as the Wheelock Mission Kindergarten and conducted by Miss Burnell, until she resigned in 1904, after twenty years of faithful service. In recent years the girls of the Milwaukee State Normal School did their practice work in the Wheelock kindergarten. In 1885 the Frances Swallow Kindergarten was moved to its present site, a home of its own at 299 Fourth street, and placed in charge of Mrs. Lizzie A. Truesdell, who succeeded Mrs. Carpenter as superintendent of all the Union kindergartens, in or about 1893. In this twenty-second year of its existence it is still in full operation under the direction of Mrs. Truesdell, its devoted guardian angel.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Calvary Presbyterian church, in 1885, being obliged to vacate the building at 626 Hill street, at which they had established a kindergarten at the instigation of Mrs. Carpenter, donated all the furniture and equipment, including a piano, to the Mission Kindergarten Association, who used it for a third mission kindergarten they opened at 1710 Galena street, placing Miss Elmira Rhiel in charge, who was succeeded by Miss Stuhl, and later by Miss Fitts, all of whom had been assistants of Miss Burnell.

The Galena Mission Kindergarten had to be discontinued on account of want of support. It is of interest to state that Miss Fitts is now director of the Kindergarten Training School of Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, N. Y.

In or about 1888 the association founded the Fourth Mission Kindergarten in Clinton street, South side, which is still in existence, under

the direction of Miss Sarah Trautwein. It was named after Mrs. Gilbert, who paid for its maintenance until her demise.

The Fifth Mission Kindergarten was established under the direction of Miss Price, on American avenue, south side, after 1893, but had to be given up after some time for want of support.

Miscellaneous Private Kindergartens. For about thirty years the Free Congregation on Fourth street, south of State, maintained a kindergarten in connection with its Sunday school. The first kindergartner was Miss Heyd. Miss Grelke succeeded her and is still in charge.

Miss Voss conducted one of her own on Juneau avenue, near Market street, whence she removed it to Third street, near Poplar.

Another one is said to exist on Fourteenth street, owned by Miss Bannerman.

No responses to the public appeal for information were received from the directors of the above three plants, or others that may exist, but the history and quality of which are unknown.

PUBLIC SCHOOL KINDERGARTENS.

The Public School Kindergartens of Milwaukee. Ten years after the Milwaukee Kindergarten Verein was organized and eight years after its kindergarten in the Engelmann German-English Academy started a great wave of enthusiasm among the thinking and feeling mothers in Milwaukee, School Superintendent James MacAlister's suggestion of several years' standing bore its timid fruit, when he was allowed to open *one kindergarten* in what was then the school board building, corner of Seventh and Prairie streets, so that the school commissioners could keep that presumably dangerous experimental bomb under their immediate and close supervision.

In 1880, after two non-explosive years, he was permitted, as a result of the constantly growing public popular demand, created and stimulated by the determined band of women and men who had for many years to bear the stigma of "fools, humbugs, enemies of public schools," etc., to organize the *Milwaukee City Kindergarten Training School*, under the direction of Miss Stewart, a lady of great energy and ability, and to establish kindergartens as fast as arrangements could be made.

The kindergarten as an *integral part of the common school has come to stay in Milwaukee*. There are now in the public school system of Milwaukee fifty-three primary departments. Connected with them are 102 kindergartens (counting two half-day kindergartens in the same

school as two kindergartens). Their total enrollment is 4,286 children. Their average daily attendance is 3,473. There are fifty-one kindergarten directors, salary \$600. There are fifty-one kindergarten assistants, salary \$500. These salaries increase \$50 after six years' service, \$100 after nine years' service, and \$150 after twelve years' service. There are six private kindergartens known to the school authorities with a total enrollment of 635 children. The total enrollment of the four high schools is 2,238; the total enrollment of all the city public schools is 40,168. Therefore, over one-tenth of the children entitled to public school service are cared for in the kindergartens.

If any of the persons who formerly called the pioneers in this matter fools and worse names should make a serious attempt to have public kindergartens abolished, there would be a revolution, a revolution of mothers.

The Milwaukee kindergartens have much better life conditions than those in St. Louis because the law admits all children four years old, whereas in St. Louis children under six can be admitted only by false representation of age, tempting to wrong-doing at the start, with the possibility of giving the whole system an immoral foundation.

It is due to the memory of the Union veteran, Col. George Walther, deceased, who was for many years principal of one of the public schools in a district with largely Polish population, to state that when the first Milwaukee kindergarten association began to create public opinion in favor of the introduction of kindergartening into the public schools, he immediately but quietly began experiments among his primary pupils, many of whom did not understand a word of any language except Polish. Thinking that he could reach their hearts through the application of kindergarten methods, he sacrificed his money, leisure hours and his holidays to make with his own hands and tools a lot of kindergarten material, and, unknown to the outside world, steadily pursued this course for years.

Then, when the opponents in and outside of the school board were still asserting the impossibility of the system for public schools, Comrade Walther came forward, confounding them by the results of his secret work of years, which he asserted had been the means of arousing in the hundreds of little Polish tots interest in and love for the school, eagerness to comprehend and to do, making the school the finest and dearest place they knew, their Paradise of Childhood, facilitating teaching and discipline wonderfully and improving them in kind.

This practical demonstration was not only a bomb; it was in effect a whole artillery park. This revelation at the opportune moment was for us in moral effect what the French army and General Rochambeau were for the army of the American Revolution, and it mightily accelerated our victory. The boys and girls of Polish extraction who erected the beautiful monument to Kosciuszko in our park named after him would not miss the mark of patriotism and gratitude if they provided a pendant by which to perpetuate the memory of their paternal friend and benefactor, Col. George Walther.

MANUAL TRAINING AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

The true kindergarten, according to the Froebelian dispensation, embraces the first stages of all the diverse elements of an all-around rational and organic education of body, mind and soul, or, as our trade-mark presents the thought, head, heart and hand. It will therefore not be considered unfitting to say a word on this twin phase of the subject, and especially the spirited campaign in 1897 to 1899 by a Milwaukee group of friends of educational progress, composed mainly of adherents to the Froebelian philosophy, in favor of the introduction into all the grades of the common schools of the city of a comprehensive system of manual training, psycho-physiological culture, to be developed in constant correlation and interrelation with all the studies and phases of the curriculum, from the first stage of the kindergarten to the high school, and even through the high school, so as to make the whole of the school work one naturally evolving organic growth. This is, in a nutshell, the ideal, hitherto nowhere completely attained, of all the great pedagogical minds of the past, expressed most clearly and beautifully in Froebel's work still better than in his words; hovering before the mental vision somewhat indefinitely perhaps, but carried out practically within the limitation of his environment by many a poor German village schoolmaster, or teacher in an American little red schoolhouse. It is and it will and must be the goal of all future educational progress.

The Manual Training Association, which made that campaign, had practically won a complete victory along the whole line, and the school board had already passed resolutions that will stand as a bright spot on its records, when a political combination for which the friends were not prepared undid by a shrewd but small-calibre trick the good work of years.

Judge Emil Wallber, of Milwaukee, when a Normal regent, suc-

ceeded in having physical culture departments authorized in the Normal schools.

If the followers of Froebel will try to look on high, beyond the narrow confines of their four walls, and constantly keep in mind that their work is only the perfect and beautiful foundation for a greater work, a part of a greater and more beautiful whole, they will gain in power, satisfaction and happy results.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOLS.

The Kindergarten in the Wisconsin State Normal Schools. While our State has done more than many others for this cause, and my local patriotism would be gratified if I could praise it without reserve, I shall be constrained by my duty to truth and the cause of our children to say some unpleasant things of the board of regents of normal schools. About 1877 one of the regents, as a member of the committee on studies and textbooks, introduced two resolutions, one in favor of the establishment of kindergarten training departments and model kindergartens in the then existing four normal schools, the other proposing an invitation to the University board of regents for a joint committee to consider the organization of a department of pedagogy in the University, and arrangement between the two boards to make it quasi a direct post-graduate topping out of the work of the normal schools. Only the first proposition interests us here. It was strenuously opposed by a majority of the regents. It was laid over from meeting to meeting in the hope of discouraging and tiring the mover. But he took Benito Juarez for his example, who, after a bloody reverse, said to his brother patriots and heroes: "From defeat to defeat we shall march to ultimate victory." He called the matter up at every meeting. Among the four normal school presidents, Parker of River Falls at once made a straight and manly declaration in favor. Albee of Oshkosh and MacGregor of Platteville were favorable in principle though reserved as to "present practicality"; so also State Superintendent Whitford, the second member who became our advocate on the board. Superintendent MacAlister of Milwaukee was for it with head and heart. It goes without saying that W. N. Hailmann of Milwaukee, invited by the committee on studies and textbooks to visit Oshkosh, gave his full support. Principal Wade H. Richardson of Milwaukee, as chairman of the committee of the Wisconsin teachers' convention, held at Madison in December, 1879, made a report which was a strong plea in favor. R. C. Spencer of Milwaukee made impressive arguments before the board. During a three years' battle all the Normal regents had gradually been won over except one

original opponent who, after every other regent had finally voted for the resolutions to establish a kindergarten and a kindergarten training department in the Oshkosh school, as a last move in the last ditch, tried in vain to obtain an opinion from the attorney general that "the introduction of such studies is unconstitutional." With a persistence worthy of a better cause he did succeed, however, in preventing the erection of a needed separate cottage for the kindergarten at an estimated cost of only \$2,000. The tender child was put in the unfavorable environment of the basement in 1880, where it died in 1885, as predicted by its friends, of an unnatural death. Unfortunately no coronor's inquest was held. The jury would have had to render a verdict of murder by neglect, at least, if not wilful murder. It was not resuscitated until 1901.

In January, 1879, the Wisconsin Board of Regents of Normal schools authorized Regent Hay and the faculty (or president) of the Board of the Oshkosh school to search for kindergartners able to take charge of the kindergarten work and training. The department was opened September, 1880, under Miss Laura Fisher, a pupil of Miss Blow, and continued to the close of the school year, 1885-1886; then discontinued. Reopened 1902-3 under Miss Maud B. Curtis and still in operation.

Even the Milwaukee Normal School, established in 1885, had no kindergarten until 1892, though otherwise it did splendid work. I believe its faculty and presidents were always ready and willing to march in the front rank of progress. Its kindergarten department has been a blessing and an inspiration to the students. It is under the direction of Miss Nina C. Vandewalker, an earnest student and devoted exponent of the New Education.

Early in 1905 I searched in the normal school division of several Wisconsin "bluebooks" and was amazed to find no mention of kindergartens in the reports on most of the seven state normal schools. Hoping that the omission was accidental I inquired of one of the regents. About a week ago he requested the proper officer to give him the data, but has not received them yet. Being crowded by the printer, I now give the following information, kindly supplied from another source indirectly: A kindergarten was started in the River Falls Normal School in or about 1898; in the normal schools at Whitewater, Stevens Point and Superior in 1902. The Plattville Normal School has never had one to the present day, because no room could be spared in the old building. It is understood that one is to be added when the new building is completed.*

This is the condition of things thirty-three years after the first kindergarten was opened in the Engelmann Academy; twenty-five years after the official introduction of the system into the public schools of Milwaukee; twenty-three years after the Milwaukee school board found it necessary to institute the City Kindergarten Normal School, because the State Normal Schools supported partly by national government funds to give the people the best to be had, did not supply teachers such as were in constant and growing demand everywhere, and especially in the State metropolis; teachers who were thoroughly prepared in theory and by practice to educate the thousands of children placed in their charge according to the most advanced principles and methods long approved by all pedagogical authorities. The major part of thirty-two annual crops of State Normal School graduates, thus sent forth inadequately equipped for their exalted duty, caused, possibly, 100,000 children to be deprived of some of the best fruits that could have been obtained for their parent's school tax. The expense involved by the maintenance of four kindergartens can not be accepted as an excuse for their non-establishment, because many times the amount was used for "academic work" that would have been unnecessary if a stricter adherence to the requirements for admission had compelled the preparatory schools to do better work.

Considering the education of the children to be the most important of all the functions of government, it requires a great effort on my part not to fill my pen with the bitterest of bitterness in writing on this matter. In the interest of a great cause, however, I will restrict my account to the simple, plain truth that we have discovered a long-continued deficiency of understanding of duty on the part of one of the most highly honored public bodies of the State.

Mere criticism is of little value unless accompanied by a search for causes. The State Normal board has a good record for economy and

*At the last moment I am able to insert the following data:

In the River Falls School the kindergarten was opened September, 1897, under Miss Lucy K. Peckham, who still conducts it.

Miss Caroline M. C. Hart was the first kindergarten director at the Milwaukee school.

In the Stevens Point School Miss Edith E. Snyder was director the first year, Miss Jennie R. Faddis the second, and Miss Margaret E. Lee the third year.

At the Superior School, Miss Caroline W. Barbour was in charge the first year and ever since.

At Whitewater, Miss Georgia F. Johnson the first two years and Miss Marie F. Beckwith to the present time.

financial integrity. In the conception of its higher functions it was perhaps no worse than most educational boards and has been better than many.

It is a distinction of our country not at all creditable to our sagacity that our school boards are usually conglomerates composed mostly of intelligent business men who are expected to be able to manage the business of the school system and guard it against various forms of robbery. In many cases some legal and possibly medical talent is added in order to have advice readily available, and nearly always some members are honored by the appointing power for party or personal services or affiliations. The pedagog is a rare bird in any school board. The schoolmaster is entrusted with the care for our most highly prized treasures, the bodies and souls of our children, in the schools, but we constantly act as though we feared that a teacher, the moment he were appointed a member of a school board, would presumably lose all those good qualities of character we expect him to develop in our children and become a one-sided, narrow-minded, prejudiced, unjust, dishonest reprobate. We rarely find him a member of a school board. Thus it happens that when educational reforms, inventions or innovations are presented for action in the average American school board, they are not examined by the majority of members on their merits, but a tremendous effort is made in all directions to find out whether any other towns or cities or states have introduced them and with what success, success usually taken in the cruder and superficial sense of the word, because the very profession which is especially fitted by study, practice and experience to judge of the deeper significance of pedagogical propositions is not all or not sufficiently represented and can not control a majority or the balance of power in argument and vote, when professional questions are to be decided.

Possibly an analysis of the membership list of the State Normal Board will allow of such a mitigating explanation of their action or non-action on this momentous matter during the past quarter of a century.

Let us suppose that Gutenberg, Copernicus, Newton, Columbus, Priestly, Tyndall, Geoffrey St. Hilaire, Helmholtz, Watts, Fulton, Ericson, Oken, Edison and the Fathers of the American Revolution had pursued the same course, where would mankind be today? Did our captains of industry and masters of commerce ever wait for the success of Tom, Dick or Harry before they essayed the newer enterprises

which their fertile brains conceived and their careful judgment sanctioned?

RESUME'.

If the work devoted to the above collection of facts is to fructify to the advantage of the kindergarten cause and through it to contribute a mite to the regeneration and higher cultural and ethical evolution of our nation, the readers must draw their own inferences, compare them with those of other friends and shape their own conduct of the propaganda for the new gospel of child culture according to their convictions.

Our greatest enemy is the lack of understanding, not only among the masses, which we must expect, but also among professional educators even to the top rungs of the common school ladder, whom we can not make fully responsible because their early training ran along the old ruts. Their foundations may have been laid by the fifteen-year-old, fifteen-dollar-a-month schoolma'am, who did her duty honestly as well as she could. They ought to have been laid by a kindergartner of profound pedagogical training and general culture, devoted to her calling, honored and well paid by her fellow citizens.

The spreading of the Froebel evangel is "up-hill work" on a "hard road to travel." It requires much time and patience. We have our own frailties which we hope others may be patient with; we should be as patient as we can with others.

The tiller of the soil must work hundreds of days, plowing, hoeing and weeding before he can have a week of harvest. He should not allow himself to become discouraged.

If this year's harvest is meager, next year's may fill his bins and barns. Strenuous, steady, patient work of the pioneers has made of the forest wildernesses, the swamps, the prairies and the barrens of the America of our forefathers and forebears one great prolific garden of prosperity. No good work and no good deed devoted to a good cause is ever wholly lost, though it may sometimes seem so in the light of our eager wishes and hopes.

If the above imperfect history of the work, the battles, the disappointments, the devotion, the enthusiasm, the sacrifices and the ideal, unmercenary achievements of a comparatively small number of followers of the lowly and yet great humanitarian pathfinder, Friedrich Froebel, contributes something toward the inspiration of younger apostles to continue the good work and take the place of those that have passed away or will soon pass away, then it also has not been written in vain.

MRS. JANE AMY McKINNEY—IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. JANE AMY McKINNEY, who passed beyond this mortal life December 7, was my warm personal friend for years, and many a lesson in broader sympathy for humanity, in courage to stand by my moral convictions, have I learned from her. I doubt not that there are scores of other women who can say the same words, for she had a genius for friendship. But I think I stood in a peculiar relationship to her, in that I was with her when she first formed her resolution to take up the kindergarten work, and it is her connection with this work of which I wish to speak, although she was interested in many other monuments for the uplift of humanity. Notwithstanding the fact that she was then at the age when many women feel themselves entitled to lay down their more active work, and to "be cared for" the rest of their lives, there seemed to be no thought in her mind of years as a hindrance to a new line of work. She was over fifty years of age when she began the three years' course of training given by the Chicago Kindergarten College, yet she asked no favors, expected no exceptions to be made in her case as to cadeting or handwork, and never once did I know of her being discouraged or of her failing to fulfill her appointed tasks. This alone was a tremendous lesson to all of us. That a woman of her broad culture, large experience and national reputation should be willing to go through the training and work required of young, inexperienced high school girls seemed almost incredible. But it showed the earnestness of her character and how fully her heart was in any good work she undertook.

She soon rose to the position of supervisor of fifty kindergartens. This gave her opportunity for the exercise of her most remarkable gift of sympathy with young girls and their problems. Her spirit, which even to the end was never old, seemed to enter into their lives and to almost intuitively understand their needs. She afterward took into her home a number of young girls who were preparing to be kindergartners, and in every way in her power helped them to see the largeness and spiritual significance of the work. In some cases she inspired them to take up extra studies at the University, or elsewhere, in order to acquire that larger culture which she felt was needed if the kinder-

garten was to be rightly presented to the outside world. Notably among these was Miss Georgia Allison of Pittsburg, whose brilliant career was due, in part at least, to the inspiration to make the most of her life, which came from her three years in Mrs. McKinney's home. Again and again I have heard her say, "Mrs. McKinney is like a mother to me."

And yet, while so fond of young girls and so attractive to them, she never lowered in the least her standard of what a woman ought to be. And these standards were very high, demanding equal suffrage, equal purity and equal opportunity for man and woman.

Although she saw clearly what the kindergarten meant for little children, I think she cared more for it on account of its effect upon the character of the young women who studied it. And a number of women whose lives are now "full to the brim" with the joy of the work owe their entrance into it to her urging upon them the character-building which the kindergarten produced. Even after she gave up the more active participation in the work, she advocated it as the highest form of education for the young girl. Nor did she ever lose faith in its ultimate triumph when it is understood as a newer, better spiritual unfolding of the child's nature, not merely as an embryo manual training school or sub-primary of the public schools. She gave her one child, her daughter Mabel, freely and with all consecration to the work, and had the great satisfaction of seeing her reach one of the most important posts in the profession, namely, the supervision of the kindergartens of Cleveland, Ohio.

The life and influence of such a woman can not be reckoned by years, nor by the number of people with whom she personally came in contact. It was one of those subtle but potent powers that make us believe in the higher life, and in the innate nobility of humanity, even when we know not from whence the influence comes.

Chicago, Ill.

ELIZABETH HARRISON.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

RALLYING PLACE OF KINDERGARTNERS, APRIL, 1906.

“**M**ILWAUKEE, the Beautiful,” has the proud distinction of being one of the foremost convention cities of the United States. It is a distinction which is justly earned, first by reason of its natural qualifications of beauty of situation and delightful climate, and second by the enterprise of its citizens, collectively and individually, in their pride in the city and in the cordiality with which they welcome guests.

Milwaukee is the metropolis of the great commonwealth of Wisconsin, and with its population of 335,000 inhabitants, now stands in the front of American cities in point of population and in its achievements in manufacturing, trade and commerce. By the official statistics, issued from the United States Census Bureau this year, Milwaukee has advanced since 1900 from the fourteenth city in the Union to the twelfth, passing in the meantime New Orleans and Detroit, its closest competitors.

Situated on high bluffs, overlooking Lake Michigan, it is one of the most beautiful of American cities, and public enterprise has contributed to a marked degree to complete the work so well started by nature, with the result that there are hundreds of miles of the most beautiful streets and drives to be found anywhere and the most imposing and architecturally perfect public buildings, all things considered, of any city of its size in America.

Nature has allowed to no one place a monopoly of ideal weather the year 'round, but Milwaukee is certainly exceptionally favored both in summer and winter.

The hotels of Milwaukee have demonstrated their peculiar fitness for the care of conventions in countless cases during the past few years. They are most conveniently located with reference to railway and steamboat stations, street car lines and theaters. In addition to the cafes, connected with the hotels, there are many first-class restaurants.

The railroads entering Milwaukee arrive at either one of two railway stations—the Union Station, used by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad and the Wisconsin Central Railroad, and the Lake Shore depot, used exclusively by the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad.

In addition to the railroad facilities there are many boat lines operating across the lake and between Chicago and Milwaukee, with docks located very near the hotels and of easy access and free from disagreeable features which sometimes characterize steamboat docks.

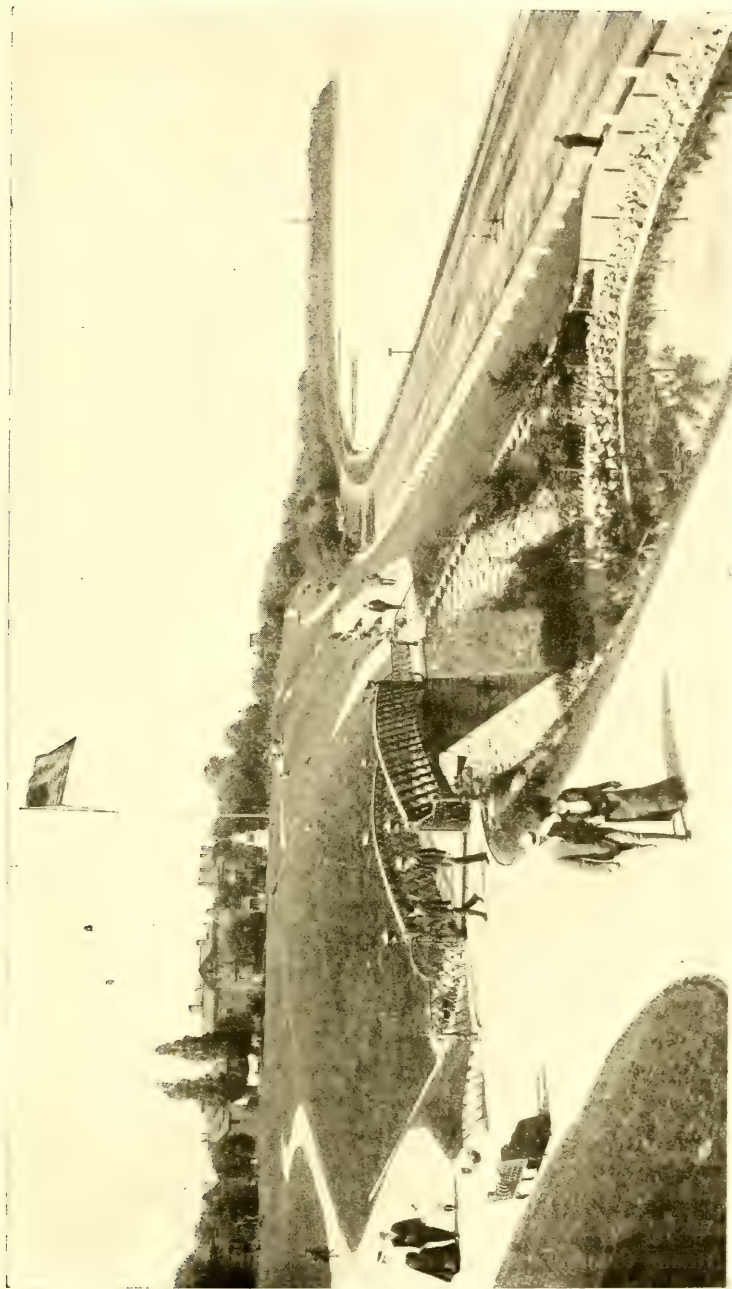
The street car service of Milwaukee is particularly fine, and is all controlled by one company with a universal system of transfers. Besides the city system, there are interurban and suburban lines reaching Cudahy, South Milwaukee, Racine and Kenosha on the south, West Allis, Waukesha, Waukesha Beach, Hales Corners and Muskego Lakes to the west and southwest, and North Milwaukee, Whitefish Bay and Fox Point to the north.

About the first thing a visitor to a new locality does after getting settled in his hotel quarters is to set out to "find his bearings." The newcomer to Milwaukee will find no such difficulties confronting him as prevail in many other American cities, Boston, for instance. Most of the streets run due north and south, or east and west, three rivers supplying natural division lines for the city.

The principal retail thoroughfare is Wisconsin street, east of the Milwaukee River, and Grand avenue, west of the river. All streets crossing the rivers are given separate and distinct names on opposite sides and are numbered from the rivers. The streets on the west side, paralleling the Milwaukee River and running north and south, commencing with Second street, are numbered numerically from Second to Fifty-eighth street. On the south side the streets numbered in numerical order are called avenues.

The residence streets of Milwaukee are particularly beautiful and are of the same general character in all sections of the city. Upper Grand avenue on the west side is lined with handsome residences and the cross streets are distinguished for their uniform beauty. Prospect avenue is the most beautiful promenade street of the east side. Stately elm trees overarch many of the avenues and make driving through them a constant delight.

The extent of its park system is nowadays a gauge of a city's progressiveness, and Milwaukee is far ahead of most localities in the number and beauty of its parks. Milwaukee solved to her own satisfaction the park problem when thirteen years ago, with the creation of a Park Board, it was called upon to choose between one or two very large parks, or a number of small parks, wisely distributed throughout the



JUNEAU PARK, FOOT OF WISCONSIN STREET.

city and convenient to the greatest number of people. The latter course was adopted and there are today nine parks under the control of the Park Board, with many smaller ones under the supervision of the Board of Public Works. A tour of the park system is recommended to all visitors because of the comprehensive idea it will give of the entire city.

Juneau Park is the principal downtown park, along the lake shore, north from Wisconsin street—a beautiful promenade tract, affording a superb view of the beautiful bay. In Juneau Park is a statue of Solomon Juneau, the first white resident of the city, and one of Lief Ericson, claimed by some to be the original discoverer of America.

Lake Park, in the northeastern part of the city, is perhaps the most beautiful of Milwaukee parks. It extends for more than a mile along the lake shore, on high and commanding bluffs, is naturally wooded, has deep ravines through which streams course down to the lake, beautiful driveways, rustic bridges, band pavilions, golf courses, tennis courts and picnic grounds.

Riverside Park lies due west of Lake Park and is connected with it by Newberry boulevard—a beautiful tract overlooking upper Milwaukee River.

Washington Park, on the western limits of the city, is the largest park and a much frequented resort, with natural groves, beautiful gardens and palms, a large lake, a zoo and deer park. The West Park golf links are very popular with residents and visitors.

Humboldt Park is the largest of a number of parks on the south side. It is beautifully wooded, affording delightful picnic grounds, and has one of the prettiest of park lakes.

Mitchell Park, on the south side, is called the “flower garden” park and is of particular interest because of the conservatory and beautiful botanical gardens.

McKinley Park, commonly known as Flushing Tunnel Park, is another beautiful spot overlooking the lake, and is midway between Juneau Park and Lake Park. At the base of the bluff is a beautiful greensward extending to a fine sandy beach, which is a favorite resort for bathers. Adjoining the park is the Milwaukee Yacht Club; yachting in Milwaukee Bay being one of the delights of the summer season.

Sherman Park and Kosciuszko Park are pretty places on the south side and favorite spots for picnic parties.

Among the public squares of particular beauty in Milwaukee should

be mentioned the Court House Square on the east side; Grand Avenue Park on Grand avenue between Eighth and Eleventh streets. In this park are the Washington Monument and the Soldiers' Monument, and a beautiful column erected in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Milwaukee as a city. Fourth Ward Park, fronting the Union Station, the Water Works Park, connected with the municipal water



MILWAUKEE CITY HALL.

works; also many smaller ward parks, affording resting places for pedestrians.

Whitefish Bay, four miles north of the city limits, is regarded as one of the most beautiful spots on Lake Michigan. Here is located the Pabst Whitefish Bay Resort, which is annually visited by hundreds of thousands of Milwaukee people and their visitors. Approaching Whitefish Bay is a drive of the same name which has become famous for its scenic environments. Every afternoon and evening during the summer season may be seen along this drive hundreds of fashionable equipages, many of them en route to the Country Club, which is half way from the city to the bay. Street cars also run at short intervals direct to Whitefish Bay. Here are served, as at no other place in America, the delicious whitefish—planked and otherwise.

The National Home for Dependent Soldiers and Sailors, established in 1867, and conducted by the Federal Government, is one of the institutions of particular interest to all visitors to Milwaukee. It is located west of the city, occupying a beautiful tract of more than 2,000 acres of land and is reached by the National avenue electric line and by the Wells street car line. The grounds and buildings are open to visitors every day except Sunday. During the summer months daily concerts are given by a military band connected with the Home.

Milwaukee, as said before, is distinguished for the fine character of its public buildings—federal, county and municipal. The City Hall occupies a commanding situation in the heart of the city on Market square. It is always open to visitors, and from the top of its high tower may be obtained a superb bird's-eye view of the entire city and surrounding country. In the City Hall are located all the department offices of the city government, including the School Board and municipal courts.

The County Court House, an imposing structure of red sandstone, surmounted by a massive dome, occupying a beautiful square on Jackson street, two blocks north of Wisconsin street. All the principal county offices are located in the Court House.

The Postoffice building on Wisconsin street, constructed of solid granite, is an ideal type of the most recent federal building architecture. In addition to the postoffice department, the offices of the Collector of Internal Revenue, Collector of Customs, Pension Agent, Weather Bureau and Federal Courts are located in this building.

On Grand avenue, between Eighth and Ninth streets, is one of the most beautiful buildings in Milwaukee and contains one of the best municipal libraries in the United States. The building is constructed of the famous Bedford stone. The interior is finished in costly marbles, with mosaic floors and ceilings. In the library, which occupies the east half of the building, are 150,000 books, beautiful reference and reading rooms and rooms for specialized studies. The museum, occupying the west wing of the building, is the largest municipal museum in the United States. Its exhibition halls afford over 38,000 square feet, and its exhibits now consist of over 245,000 specimens. On the main floor are many beautiful mounted specimens of animal life in North America. These are some of the finest types of the skill of the taxidermist and an attraction well worth visiting.

The Layton Art Gallery, corner of Mason and Jefferson streets, is one of the most beautiful and perfect art galleries in the United States. It was presented to the city by Frederick Layton, accompanied by an endowment fund for its maintenance. The building is one story in height, of Thomsonian Greek architecture. There are three halls of paintings, and a hall of statuary. The gallery contains nearly two hundred paintings of the modern school, by such well-known artists as Bouguereau, Corot, Alma Tadema, Shreyer, Rosa Bonheur and others of the same high standing. It is open free to the public on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

THEN WE CAME BACK TOGETHER.

RUBIE T. WEYBURN.

I fretted at my dole of care
I wearied of the day;
The hills enchanted rose, and fair,
And so—I ran away.

Alas! the Land where Fancy led,
Alack! the Liberty;
My tasks went hurrying on ahead
And waited there for me!

**THIRTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL
KINDERGARTEN UNION, TO BE HELD AT MILWAUKEE,
WISCONSIN, APRIL 3, 4, 5 AND 6, 1906.**

Headquarters—Hotel Pfister. Place of Meeting—Plymouth Church.

OFFICERS.

President—Mrs. James L. Hughes, 68 Henry street, Toronto, Canada.
Vice-President—Mrs. Mary Boomer Page, 40 Scott street, Chicago.
Second Vice-President—Miss Alice E. Fitts, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Recording Secretary—Miss Mabel McKinney, 76 Olive street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Susan Harriman, 134 Newbury street, Boston, Mass.
Auditor—Miss Ella Elder, 86 Delaware avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

General Chairman—Mr. August S. Lindemann, President Milwaukee School Board.
Vice-Chairman—Mrs. Hannah R. Vedder.
Treasurer—Mr. A. G. Wright.
Secretary—Mrs. Mary E. Hannan, President Milwaukee Froebel Union.
 As the names of the body of the committee were given in our December number, we will not repeat them here, but will give the final corrected list in April number.

CHAIRMEN OF SUB-COMMITTEES.

Arrangements—Nina C. Vandewalker.
Finance—Mr. A. G. Wright.
Reception and Information—Mrs. M. A. Boardman.
Social Functions—Miss Ellen C. Sabin.
Entertainment—Miss Cora Ramsay.
Press—Mr. R. B. Watrous.
Badges and Printing—Miss Mary E. Hannan.
Music—Mr. H. O. R. Siefert.
Exhibits—Mr. Albert E. Kagel.
Decoration—Mrs. C. B. Whitnall.
Auditing—Mr. Jeremiah Quin.

The International Kindergarten Union comes to Milwaukee at the invitation of the Milwaukee School Board, the Froebel Union, the Principals' Association, the Teachers' Association, the Mission Kindergarten Association, the College Endowment Association, the State Normal School, and the State Department of Public Instruction. The Milwaukee kindergartners and their friends extend a most cordial invitation to the members of the I. K. U., to the kindergartners throughout the country, and to the educators of Wisconsin to attend the meeting.

PRELIMINARY PROGRAM.

Monday, April 2, 2:30 p. m.—Board meeting.

Tuesday, April 3, 9:30 a. m.—Club-room Hotel Pfister, meeting of Committee of Nineteen. Miss Lucy Wheelock, Chairman.

Tuesday, April 3, 2 p. m.—Plymouth Church, closed session. Conference of training teachers and supervisors. Miss Bertha Payne, School of Education, U. of C., Chairman.

A discussion on the Training of Kindergartners Under Differing Conditions.

I. The Kindergarten Course: (a) In the Normal School; (b) in the University or College; (c) in the specific Kindergarten Training school.

1. The Advantages and Disadvantages in Each Case. 2. Problems of Adjustment, Curriculum, Credits, Degrees, and Diplomas.

Miss Lucy Browning, the University of Chicago; Miss Lucy Gage, Epworth University, Oklahoma; Miss Margaret Giddings, Denver, Colo.

II. How can a higher degree of scholarship and general culture be secured to the student without overcrowding or sacrificing her specific and intensive training?

1. Relation of General Courses in Education, in Psychology and in Philosophy to the Specific and Technical Kindergarten Courses.

2. Relation of Courses in Subject Matter of General Culture Value, as, Literature, History, Science or Nature Study.

3. Relation of Courses in Arts and Handicrafts. Can these courses be made to supplement the ordinary work in kindergarten occupations, thereby lessening the amount sometimes done in the latter?

Miss Alice O'Grady, Chicago Normal School; Miss M. M. Glidden, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn; Miss Amalie Hofer, Chicago Kindergarten Institute; Miss Alice Temple, School of Education, U. of C.; Miss Martha V. Collins, Mankato Normal School, Minnesota; Miss Elizabeth Harrison, Chicago Kindergarten College.

Tuesday Evening—Open session of training teachers and supervisors' conference.

Address—The Value and Function of the Image in Self-Expression.

Discussion—The Persistence of Play Activities Throughout School Life; Value and Relation to Work.

Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, Chicago Froebel Association; Miss Patty Hill, Louisville Free Kindergarten Association; Miss Ada Van Stone Harris, Rochester, N. Y.

Wednesday Morning—Invocation; address of welcome, Supt. C. G. Pearse; response; reports of officers and committees; appointment of committees on time, place and resolutions; report of delegates; visiting South Side Kindergartens or exhibits.

Wednesday, 2 p. m.—Parents' conference; Chairman, Mrs. Mary Boomer Page, Chicago Kindergarten Institute; "The Training of the Non-professional Woman, and the Value of Her Influence," Mrs. Lynden Evans; address, "How Can the Home and School Co-operate to Secure a Higher Standard of Living?" Mrs. Porter Landon McClintock; discussion, President Charles McKenny, Milwaukee Normal School; Mrs. Andrew McLeish, Glencoe, Ill.

Wednesday, 4 p. m.—Reception at Milwaukee-Downer College; visiting North and East Side Kindergartens or exhibits.

Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.—Addresses of welcome; President A. S. Lindemann of the School Board, President Charles McKenny of the Milwaukee Normal School, President Ellen C. Sabin of Milwaukee-Downer College, State Superintendent C. P. Cary of Madison; lecture, "The Instinct Feelings at Play," Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick, director of physical training New York City Schools.

Thursday, 9:30 a. m.—Round Table. Subject, "Games and Plays."

- a. Do they meet physical requirement of child?
- b. Use and danger of dramatization.
- c. Rhythm and marches.

Miss Patty Hill, Louisville, Ky., and Miss Elizabeth Harrison, Chicago. Round Table: subject, "Excursions on Nature Work"; leader, Miss Stella Wood, Minneapolis. Luncheon for all visiting kindergartners at Masonic Temple, Jefferson and Oneida streets.

Thursday, 2 p. m.—Address, "Relation of Kindergarten Occupations to the 'Handwork in the School,'" Dr. W. N. Hailman, Chicago Normal School; address, James L. Hughes, inspector of schools, Toronto, Ont., "Why I Believe in the Kindergarten."

Thursday, 8 p. m.—The Woman's Club of Wisconsin will tender a reception to all out-of-town members of the convention, to local kindergartners and other specially invited guests, at the Athenaeum.

Friday, 9:30 a. m.—Business meeting; election of officers.

Friday, 2 p. m.—Address, "Child Study," Dr. James Rowland Angell, University of Chicago; report of committees on necrology, time, place and resolutions; presentation of new officers; visiting West Side Kindergartens or exhibits in Seventh District School, corner Cass and Biddle streets.

RAILROAD RATES TO MILWAUKEE.

A one and one-third railroad rate has been arranged on the certificate plan. The rate will not be effective unless one hundred certificates are presented at the convention. It is therefore important that every delegate or person attending take particular pains to secure a certificate for the return trip.

Instructions for Obtaining Reduced Rates.

When you buy your ticket to Milwaukee, buy a one-way ticket only, and ask the ticket agent for a certificate, account International Kindergarten Union, entitling you to special one-third rate on return home. As soon as you arrive in Milwaukee, hand your certificate to the clerk of the Transportation Committee, Miss Joanna Hannan. An agent of the passenger associations will be present at the convention on Thursday and Friday, April 5 and 6 to vise the tickets. Before returning home secure your ticket properly vised by the joint agent, for which a charge of 25 cents is made. On presentation of this certificate at the Milwaukee ticket offices you will be entitled to secure your return ticket for one-third the regular fare, the route to be the same as the one you took going to the convention. The tickets will be good for use three or four days following the close of the convention, so that if you desire to stay in Milwaukee over Sunday you can do so.

If for any reason certificates can not be obtained from your local ticket agent, pay regular fare to the nearest principal station, where you can obtain certificate entitling you to the special rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip.

Be sure to ask for the convention certificate, and be sure that you get it. Do not take a receipt, but a certificate, for that is what entitles you to the concession on the return trip.

SARAH A. STEWART,
FOUNDER OF THE INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN UNION.
VIRGINIA E. GRAEFF.

IT was in Saratoga in 1892, at the thirty-second annual meeting of the National Educational Association, that the International Kindergarten Union was organized by its founder, Sarah A. Stewart.

In the intervening fourteen years the union has grown to large proportions. In the same year in which it was organized as a whole its first branch was started by Miss Stewart and a small group of people in the home of the present writer. There were probably not more than a dozen kindergartners present on that occasion—today the International Kindergarten Union has a membership of 9,470 and its eighty-eight branches extend to twenty-three states, to Canada and Australia.

In the light of this statement and on the eve of the thirteenth annual meeting of the International Kindergarten Union at Milwaukee—the scene of her early labors—it seems appropriate to review the life and work of the woman who started this great movement.

Miss Stewart's career as a teacher really began, when as a girl of eighteen, she taught in the village school of Coral, Ill.

Though born in New York State, Miss Stewart's family removed to Illinois when she was eleven years old. In the schools of Illinois and Wisconsin her education was continued. Before going to Mount Holyoke, where she took a four-year course in three years, she was associated, both as student and teacher, with that rare woman and educator, Miss Mary Mortimer. Miss Stewart's work in those early days was in Baraboo and Milwaukee, and after several previous educational experiences, she found herself installed as teacher in the Collegiate Institute of Baraboo, Wis. For the next four and a half years we find her teaching at the State Normal School at Whitewater, Wis., and for the twelve years following she was principal of the City Normal School at Milwaukee. After this, a year or more was spent in travel, in visiting European schools and in California.

The next call was to Philadelphia, where, under the Sub-Primary School Society, Miss Stewart became principal of the Normal Kindergarten Training School. From this position she entered the Philadelphia Girls Normal School as head of the kindergarten department. This experience was followed by the opening of a School for Teachers, which she organized and directed for six years in Philadelphia. In this school the kindergarten training was supplemented by a training in primary methods.

The above outline shows a life of varied and wide educational experience. When Miss Stewart took up the work of the kindergarten, she brought to the study of Froebel a knowledge and experience that few kindergartners possess. Psychology and educational philosophy had been for years her specialties, and her grasp of the method of Froebel was wide and far reaching. It is from this previous training, perhaps, as well as from a characteristic mental attitude of her own, that Miss Stewart's understanding of the kindergarten took form and color. In her hands it was treated, not so much as a specialty to be considered by itself, but as the first link in the educational chain of development. From her point of view the ideals of Froebel seemed starting points on which to build the general educational structure, rather than as holding within themselves the ideals of childhood only. Froebel seemed to her a prophet, and seer, but not the only world-voice with an evangel for childhood. While holding his principles as sound in themselves, Miss Stewart felt that we should not look upon them as containing the final word even for the child, but that in his spirit we should welcome the light from many sources. In the department of child study, and from the wise experience and insight of educators, outside the kindergarten field, Miss Stewart welcomed the help given to the Froebel worker and his child garden. It was this general attitude toward education as a whole, rather than to the kindergarten by itself, that marked her work.

It may be interesting in the light of the kindergarten training of today to note in detail the plan of Miss Stewart's school of fifteen years ago.

Her classes in primary methods, taking as their basis the kindergarten principles were quite as valuable as her specialized kindergarten training. The first year's course of study included the following subjects (in addition to the theoretic and practical knowledge of the principles and methods of the kindergarten): Songs, games, stories, music, physical training, modeling and drawing, besides elementary lessons in science. Under this subject plant and animal life and the elements of physical geography were included, a knowledge of which enables a kindergartner or teacher to answer adequately a child's questions about the sun, the rain, the snow, the clouds, the sky, and to weave into the story and morning talk a true picture of the great world's nature forces which surround him. This branch of science is not, as a rule, found in kinder-

garten training, though it seems quite as necessary as a definite knowledge of plant and animal life.

Hygiene and kindergarten organization and management were also included with psychology and the history of education in the program of Miss Stewart's first year's course of study. The work of the second year included first, a review of the general principles of education, and here, as in the first year's course, the student viewed Froebel in his historic relation with other educators and systems of training.

In the second group of studies we find methods of teaching reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, language, history, object lessons, music and drawing. The third aim in the second year's course was to adapt as far as possible the kindergarten method to the teaching of school subjects, and to discuss elementary manual training in its relation to primary education.

Upon a satisfactory completion of the two years' term of study, a diploma was given. At the completion of the first year's course a kindergarten certificate was given. Each year's work was in itself separate, but the taking of the two years' course was always encouraged.

Miss Stewart was constantly experimenting in new educational lines, to which she gave much thought, study and original investigation. One result of this work was her method of teaching color construction in its relation to form and design. As an outcome, experimental work with children in kindergarten and school, has shown some excellent results.

Two other special points may be noted in Miss Stewart's work: In her training school, blackboard drawing was taught as a means of expression, the aim being to use the chalk as one does the body or the voice. The student was taught to tell a story to a child and, with chalk and blackboard illustrate it. It is practicing along these lines, which were so arranged as to include in themselves the principles of form, rather than in the treatment of drawing from the technical art standpoint, that the merit of this training lies. When this ideal is carried out, the blackboard speaks to the child and every kindergartner and teacher learns to draw, for Miss Stewart believed, with proper training, that everyone could draw, just as many musicians have felt that under like conditions everyone can sing.

Another point of interest in Miss Stewart's work was the establishing of new kindergartens each spring in the poorer city districts. Here, when they had finished their theoretic training, the students put

their knowledge to a practical test, under their teacher's direct supervision. Beside testing the student's power after, rather than during her training, this plan had two other advantages: The children in the kindergartens developed more intelligently than would have been possible in the hands of untrained students, and in this way different neighborhoods became interested in the kindergarten, so that in some instances it was permanently established.

Miss Stewart's power of work and ability as an organizer were very marked. While in Milwaukee she introduced the kindergarten into the public schools, and became not only its public supervisor, but united with this office that of principal of the City Normal School. During the World's Fair she was chosen to represent the Pennsylvania school system in that state's educational exhibit, and she was also on the reception committee of the Woman's International Congress.

Her executive talent was shown in the conception and organization of the International Kindergarten Union. Its broad ideals are clearly stated in Miss Stewart's report, read before the general conference in Chicago. Four distinct aims are indicated. They are: First, to father and disseminate knowledge of the kindergarten movement throughout the world. Second, to bring into active co-operation all kindergarten interests. Third, to promote the establishment of kindergartens. Fourth, to elevate the standard of professional training for the kindergartner. The report goes on to state that "the time is past when anybody can teach little children." We are no longer in the experimental stage. No position calls for more native ability and thorough training. The kindergartner must now take her place with other professional teachers. If she can hope to hold this place in the great army of educational progress, she must be able to see that principles are more than method, spirit more than form, and organic relations to other departments of education of vital importance to success in her own.

In this report Miss Stewart suggests that the I. K. U. may in some respects "be considered symbolic of the future brotherhood of man." It may be looked upon as "an offshoot of the great world spirit in that direction," and in being a member of it, "one stands shoulder to shoulder with an army which is moving onward with single aim," by the compelling sound of the cry of children for light, and life, and love.

THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE of November, 1892, in speaking of the Union's official report, which differs but slightly from the Chicago report, from which these paragraphs are summarized, calls it "one

of the most important and valuable documents ever brought before kindergartners."

The entire correspondence involved in the work of the I. K. U. Miss Stewart undertook unaided. This large work, in addition to her own teaching, she carried alone in the beginning of the movement.

She resolutely put aside all personal feeling in connection with her labors, keeping in the background and, though fitted by ability and experience for the position of president of the society she had founded, it was by her urgent request that her friend, Mrs. Cooper, filled that office.

In giving this account of the educational career of Miss Stewart, emphasis has been laid upon what she has accomplished. A life-work such as hers is its own best eulogy. A more personal comment of the woman, apart from her work, may now be of interest.

Born of Scotch-Irish ancestry, she came into an inheritance of sturdy self reliance, independence and perseverance. To her has been granted a philosophic grasp of life in its varying relations and an eminently logical point of view. The Stewart family are marked in this respect, one of the brothers being a judge, while two others have been lawyers, and in the second generation law has again claimed two of Miss Stewart's nephews.

From the days of her girlhood, when she borrowed the money to go to Mount Holyoke, and then worked until she had cancelled her debt, Miss Stewart has faced unflinchingly the obstacles and antagonisms that come to every strong character in life's battle. Starting out with the limited field and meager pay of a country teacher, she rose, by force of character and ability, step by step in her profession. When she left the City Normal School in Milwaukee she ranked with the best teachers in her line of work, and was in receipt of the highest salary paid at that time in Wisconsin to a woman teacher in the public educational service. It seems well to mention the matter of salary in this connection, but not because teaching can be judged from the standpoint of pay. As a profession it is underpaid and, within its ranks, an unjust discrimination is often shown in regard to the salaries of men and women. Miss Stewart's attitude in this matter is well worth noting. Without being in the least mercenary, she felt that her work merited a certain salary, and in demanding this she elevated the financial educational standard, and made it easier for all women hereafter, working in similar lines, to gain a juster compensation for services rendered.

Though especial stress has been laid upon the moral strength and intellectual powers of Miss Stewart, it would be unjust in estimating her character if no mention was made of her keen sense of humor and her genuine warm-heartedness. She found that the best way to aid a student was to help her "to find herself," and stand on her own feet. When, however, genuine sympathy was needed, no one could answer with more prompt and adequate help.

While emphasizing the philosophic and practical basis of the kindergarten, Miss Stewart did not forget its ethical and developing side. No one who neglects this can be rightly called a genuine follower of Froebel. A true kindergartner must feel the power of love, which, like "that thread of the all-sustaining beauty, runs through all and doth all unite."

After teaching between thirty and forty years, Miss Stewart has won a well-earned rest.

During the past nine years of her retirement from active service in the educational field she has, as always, shown her willingness to serve, but this time her help has been needed by those of her nearest of kin.

Illness and death have come to her in the loss of a beloved brother, his wife and daughter, and, in late years, she has spent much of her life in nursing and caring for those she loves.

When possible, she has divided her time between Wisconsin, New York and her summer home at Avon, New Jersey. Here, in sight of the ocean that she loves, among her books and friends and household avocations, she passes her days in interest and contentment.

As one of her old students, who, though differing from her on many points, yet turns to her now as always for help and inspiration, the present writer offers this brief sketch of Miss Stewart's career. It seems fitting to conclude this article by quoting from the late Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper of San Francisco, known and loved by all kindergartners of an earlier day. After speaking of the subject of this paper in a warm and affectionate manner, Mrs. Cooper said: "She is a woman possessing remarkable qualities of both head and heart."

These words put in a brief but comprehensive sentence a clear and true summary of Miss Stewart's character.

Part of this article is reprinted from THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE of January, 1897.

Little Folks' Land*

The Story of a Little Boy in a Big World.

BY MADGE A. BIGHAM, *Free Kindergartens, Atlanta, Ga. Author of "Stories of Mother Goose Village," etc.*

NOTE.—This Kindergarten Program will run through the succeeding numbers of THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE and later be published in book form under the title, "Little Folks' Land," by Messrs. Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, Chicago and Boston. Cloth, 6x9; about 400 pages. Advance orders will be accepted by them at \$1.50, postpaid. After publication the list price will be \$2.00 net.

VII.

The Thrushes' Picnic

Fifteenth Week

Monday

WHEN the redbird and the bluebird and the brown thrush got together, Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne could not tell which was the prettiest. I know one thing, though, the brown thrush certainly knew how to sing! He could sing almost as many songs as the mocking bird, and he was so happy all the time, why, the day wasn't long enough for him, so he would wake up in the middle of the night and sing—the sweetest songs, oh, they were so sweet! He and Mrs. Brown-Thrush were keeping house in the grape-arbor at Charlotte Anne's house, and they had five children—quite a nice little family, you see. One of the children was named Beauty, because his tail was so long and pretty, and his feathers such a rich golden-brown. One morning all the little thrushes learned to fly from the nest to the ground under the arbor, and when they had hopped about and found something nice to eat, Mrs. Brown-Thrush said, "Hop over here, where this pretty white sand is, and see how you like it." All birdies like sand, you know.

* Copyright, 1905, by Madge A. Bigham.

But Beauty shook his pretty head and said, "No, no, no, mother, I don't want to eat sand! I'd rather eat seeds; I don't like sand."

"Why," said Mrs. Brown-Thrush, "you have never tasted sand, so how do you know that you do not like it? Taste it and see. I have never heard of a little bird before who did not like sand—why, even little chickens eat sand and gravel."

"And does Charlotte Anne eat sand and gravel, too?" asked Beauty.

"Why, no," said Mrs. Brown-Thrush, "Charlotte Anne has teeth to chew with, but you haven't any teeth in your mouth. Birds do not have teeth and that is why they eat sand, to stir up their food and help change it into rich, new blood, to make them strong and fat."

But Beauty only shook his brown head, and said, "No, no, no, I do not want to eat sand," and so he hopped away.

But all the other little thrushes tasted the sand, and they said, "Oh-o, we like sand! Isn't it nice, though!" And they cracked the tiny white grains in their bills, and then their mother showed them how to wipe their bills off clean, and brush their feathers, and then the five little thrushes went back to the nest for a rest.

"When are you going to take us to buttercup meadow, mother?" said Beauty. "We want to see all the other birds there, and the pond and the daisies."

"And I want to see them, too," said Mrs. Brown-Thrush, "but you will have to get strong enough to fly that far, first. By and by, when you are real strong, we will have a picnic and spend the whole day in the buttercup meadow—won't that be fine?"

"Yes, yes," chirped all the little thrushes.

"And may I go, too, mother?" said Beauty, nestling up to her.

"If you are strong enough," said Mrs. Brown-Thrush, "I should hate to leave any of my birdies behind, when we go to the picnic."

"So, for many days, the little thrushes could not talk about anything else but the picnic, and when they flew down to the ground they would see if their wings were getting stronger and stronger, and Mrs. Brown-Thrush would say, "Don't forget about the sand, for that helps to make birdies' strong, you know."

And all the little thrushes would scratch for the grains of sand—all but Beauty; he would toss his little brown head, and say, "No, no, no, I do not want to eat any sand."

And he just would not eat any. One bright, bright morning, Mr. Brown-Thrush said, "This is the very day for us to spend on a picnic in the buttercup meadow—are all you birdies strong enough to fly that far."

And all the little thrushes said, "Yes, yes, yes, we are very strong, see our wings!"

"All-right," said Mr. Brown-Thrush, "we will start. Your mother and I will fly in front and you birdies follow close behind."

So Beauty and all the other little thrushes shook out their wings and fluttered to the ground, then off they started to the picnic. But they had only flown half way across the orchard, when Beauty cried out, "Oh please wait for me, I am so tired."

"Tired?" said the other little thrushes, "why, we've just started; come on and catch up with us."

So Beauty flew a little further, and then he cried again, "Wait, wait, oh please wait for me, I'm so very tired!"

But the other little thrushes said, "Why we are not tired one bit. It is such fun flying! Come on; father and mother are getting way ahead of us. Let's see who can catch them."

So off they started again and got as far as the orchard fence, when Beauty stopped and said, "Oh, wait, wait, wait for me, I am so tired I can't go any farther."

But all the other little thrushes had gotten so far ahead of Beauty that they did not hear him call, and he was left on the orchard fence all by himself, so tired he couldn't get any farther.

When the other little thrushes caught up with their mother, she said, "Why, where is Beauty, didn't he want to come?"

"Yes, he wanted to come," said the little thrushes, "but he was too tired, and we left him resting on the orchard fence."

"That is too bad," said Mrs. Brown-Thrush, "I am so sorry he wasn't strong enough to come. Maybe he has forgotten to eat his sand. Well, never mind, we must try to have a nice time without him, and I think next time Beauty will be strong enough to come with us."

So they flew into the meadow, and down to the brook where they all went in bathing, and saw some tiny fishes, and found some nice berries, and danced on the grass, and saw so many other little birds, and oh, they had the nicest time, all the day long. Just at sundown they started home, and soon got back to their cosy nest. And when they got there where to you think they found Beauty? He was hopping about under the arbor, eating something? Just guess what it was?

The Red-Head Woodpecker

Tuesday

ONE morning the children at kindergarten were out on the lawn playing "birds." They were building nests, and Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne were mates, and when they flew down by the fence to find straws, they heard something up on the telephone pole, go—thump, thump, thump, thump thump, thump! And when they looked, there was a red-headed Woodpecker hammering away like a real carpenter. His head was just as red as it could be, and there was a band of pure white around his breast and back, which Charlotte Anne said was his white sash, and his wings were jet black, tipped with white. Don't you know he was a pretty bird! He was so busy working, though, that he did not even see Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne. He was boring a round hole high up on the telephone post. And Joe-Boy said, "Oh, let's run tell the other children!"

And when they heard about it, the kindergarten teacher said, "Let us all tip-toe down there and see him."

And though they put their fingers on their lips and tip-toed all the way, when they got there, why, they couldn't find Mr. Woodpecker at all. The kindergarten teacher said, "Sit very, very still and watch the little round hole. Mr. Woodpecker and his mate have a nest in the hollow of that pole, and by and by he will peep at us from the little round door. Let us watch."

So all the children locked their lips and hands and feet, and sat as still as still could be. And all at once, sure enough Mr. Woodpecker poked his pretty crimson head through the hole, and when he saw the children watching, he jumped back as quick—because you know he did not want any one to know that his nest was down in the hollow pole. His mate was sitting on the four pretty white eggs that very minute. And when he hopped back so quickly the children had to laugh just a little. But after a while he peeped at them again, and of course he wasn't afraid when he found out it was only the kindergarten children watching him. *You* know they wouldn't worry Mr. Woodpecker for anything! But while the children were watching Mr. Woodpecker, Billy Sanders came running down the sidewalk, and they said, "Oh-o! here comes Billy Sanders! What shall we do! He will be sure to see Mr. Woodpecker—Oh-o!"

But the kindergarten teacher said, "Wait, let us call Billy and show him Mr. Woodpecker's neat, round door. We will ask him to help us take care of the nest, and I believe he will."

"Yes, let's do," said Joe-Boy. So when the kindergarten teacher called Billy, he hopped right over the fence, and sat on the grass by her side, and when she pointed out the little round door, and told about how hard Mr. Woodpecker had worked to bore it, Billy's eyes got very bright, and he promised never to let anybody trouble it.

"I know a story about the very first woodpecker that ever was," said the kindergarten teacher, looking at Billy. "Are you in too big a hurry to listen?"

"No," said Billy, "shoot ahead! I never did hear any stories."

So the kindergarten teacher smiled and said, "Once-upon-a-time, there was an old woman who lived all by herself. She wore a funny red cap on her head and a black dress and a long white apron with a white sash. It is a very sad thing to tell, but this old woman kept everything she had for herself, and would not give anything away! Why, she had an apple tree, full of apples, but she would not give anybody one! And she had a cherry tree full of fine cherries, and she wouldn't give one of those away. And she had a pear tree full of pears, and a plum tree full of plums, and a peach tree full of peaches, but still she would give none of them away, but kept them all for herself!"

"Humph!" said Billy, "she was a stingy old woman!"

"Indeed, she was," smiled the kindergarten teacher.

"One day the old woman said, 'I believe I will make some apple tarts today—they are very nice.' So she rolled up her sleeves and made a great large dish of apple tarts, and placed them in a row on the pantry shelf. And then she went back to bake some more. And while she was baking her tarts an old, bent over man came up to her door and said, 'Please, kind lady, give me one of your tarts. I am very hungry, and while I have no money to pay you for it, you may make a wish, and it will surely come true.'

"Then the old woman looked at the row of tarts she had baked, and she said to herself, 'These look too nice and brown to give to a beggar; I'll keep them for myself, and bake him another.'

"So she pinched off a small piece of dough and baked a tart for the old man, but when it was finished it looked as nice and brown as the others, so the old woman shook her head and said, 'I couldn't give that tart away; I'll bake him another.' So she pinched off a smaller piece

of dough, and baked that, but that looked too nice to give away, too, so she put it on the shelf with the others. Then the old woman pinched off a still smaller piece—very small, and baked another tart, but she thought that was too big to give away, and so she kept it for herself. At last she pinched off a wee, wee, wee piece of dough, not any bigger than a pin-head, and do you know, when she baked that piece this selfish old woman said it was too big to give away, and so she put it on the shelf and gave the old man a dry crust of bread, and told him that was all she could spare.”

“Gee!” said Billy Sanders.

“Wasn’t it dreadful!” said the kindergarten teacher.

“Well, after the old man had walked away, the old woman got to thinking, and she said, ‘How mean and stingy I was not to give the old man any of my apple tarts! I wish I were a bird, and then I could fly to him with the very largest tart that I have, and tell him how sorry I am!’ And then something very queer happened, for just as soon as the old woman said ‘I wish I were a bird,’ why she began to grow smaller, and smaller, and smaller, and her black dress changed into black wings, and her white apron changed into white feathers, and her queer red cap changed into red feathers, and the first thing she knew she wasn’t an old woman any more, but a bird, just like the red-headed woodpecker! And she flew into an old tree and began pecking away at the bark, hunting for something to eat. And ever since we have seen woodpeckers on the earth, boring round little holes in trees and posts. But the old woman said, ‘I was not a kind old woman, but I shall try to be a very kind bird, and then everybody will learn to love me.’ So she did, and that is the end of my story.”

“Tell it again!” said Billy Sanders.

Revised from Miss Cook's Nature Myths.

Billy Sanders’ Canary

Wednesday

THE next morning before school, the kindergarten teacher went down to the gate to get the mail, and she saw a sign tacked on the telephone pole, written in queer red letters, and this is what it said:

DON’T BOTHER THE OLD LADY
THAT LIVES IN THIS POST—SHE’S A BIRD.
BILLY SANDERS—WATCHER.

The kindergarten teacher smiled and smiled, when she read it, and when the children came she showed it to them.

"You see," she said, "I told you Billy Sanders would help us, if we asked him to. Billy is not such a very bad boy after all. Perhaps by and by he will love the birds so much he will not want to hurt them, nor take away the eggs and the pretty nest home, which they love as we love ours."

For many days after that the kindergarten teacher smiled at Billy from her window, as he sat on the curbstone near the telephone post, and one day she saw him scatter bread crumbs on the ground and she knew he meant them for the woodpecker. Mr. Woodpecker saw Billy scatter the crumbs, too, and it surprised him so! He hopped back into the post and told Mrs. Woodpecker about it, and she said, "Surely you must be mistaken!"

"No, I am not," said Mr. Woodpecker, "just as sure as I am a bird, Billy Sanders is sitting out there on the sidewalk, and he has been coming every morning, and he scatters crumbs on the ground by the post, and if you don't believe it, just come to the little round door and take a peep."

And Mrs. Woodpecker did, and of course she had to believe her own eyes, for there sat Billy Sanders looking up at the little round door. But one morning Billy did not come—the woodpeckers wondered why, and the kindergarten teacher wondered why. The next day he did not come, either, nor the next, nor the next, nor the next, until a whole week had passed, and then the kindergarten teacher knew Billy must be sick, and she said, "I'll go see."

So right after kindergarten she went around to Billy's house and knocked on the door, and, sure enough, when she went in there was Billy sick in bed—very sick with a fever, and the doctor said it would be many, many weeks before Billy would be real well again. But he smiled when he saw the kindergarten teacher, and the very first thing he said was—only guess what?"—"How's the old lady in the post?"

"Oh, Lady Woodpecker is getting on finely," said the kindergarten teacher, laughing. "But we miss you very much, and will feel so much safer when you are back to help us watch. You see, I am busy teaching much of the time, and can not keep my eyes always on the post."

"Well," said his mother, "Billy has been worrying about that wood-

pecker's nest ever since he's been sick, and he's been worrying me to tell him stories about woodpeckers, and I don't know any woodpecker stories, nor any other kind of stories!"

"I am afraid somebody might throw a rock," said Billy, "or the sign might get blown down."

"Oh, I'll watch the sign," said the kindergarten teacher, "and see that nothing happens to it until you get well again, and I shall come every few days to let you know how things are getting on—how will that do?"

Billy thought that would be fine, and he smiled and smiled when the kindergarten teacher told him she was going to bring her bird book next time and show him some of the pictures and tell him a story about the bird he chose. When the kindergarten children heard that Billy was sick, and how much he thought about the woodpeckers, they felt very sorry, and Joe-Boy thought they ought to send for *his* doctor, and when he found out that very *same* doctor was going to see Billy—why, he knew he would soon be well—he said so. Then the kindergarten teacher said, "Listen; I have been thinking about a plan to make Billy Sanders learn to love *all* the birds—wouldn't that be fine? I believe if Billy had a bird, right in his room, while he was sick, to watch and care for and love, that by and by he would love that bird so much he would love other birds, too. For how is Billy Sanders ever to learn to love birds if he steals their eggs and tears up their nests and throws rocks and shoots sling-shots at them, just for fun? It seems that he has no one to tell him stories about birds—maybe that is why he forgets to treat them kindly. Don't you think that if the birds knew about it, *one* of them would be willing to go and live with Billy Sanders, if it made him learn to love all birds? But which bird would be most willing to go?"

That is the thing they thought and thought about. Would it be the bluebird, the wren, the swallow, the mocking bird, the jay, the oriole, the robin, the redbird, the bob-white, the whippoorwill, the cat-bird, the bobolink, the woodpecker, or the wee, brown sparrow? Which one do *you* believe would rather go? Well, it was very hard to tell, because no bird likes to be penned up in a wire cage—you know what the mocking birds said about that. Charlotte Anne said she knew the oriole would not like to go, because the babies in her orchard were just learning how to fly. And Joe-Boy said, of course Mr. Wood-

pecker would not like to leave his mate in the hollow pole by herself; but there was a man up town with a pretty yellow bird in a box he would like to sell—maybe the yellow bird would not mind going.

"I was thinking about that very bird," said the kindergarten teacher; "it is one of the pretty canaries that comes across the waters from their warm, sunny home. They always seem glad to sing us beautiful songs, though I feel sure, too, they are unhappy in cages and would rather sing and flit through the trees of their far-away home. But, as we can not send them there again, it seems kinder to care for them in our warm houses than to turn them out to suffer with hunger or cold, since they do not know how to care for themselves in our country."

So they decided to send Billy the pretty, bright-eyed canary, to teach him to love other birds. All of the children brought dimes and nickels from their banks to help pay for the canary and a pretty white cage to send him in, with dainty cups for water and seed and a tiny swing which hung from the roof. Every one of the children went to town with the kindergarten teacher to buy it, and they did not forget the china bathtub either—Billy had never seen a little bird take a bath. At last everything was ready and the dear little fluffy canary, as yellow as buttercups, was sent to live at Billy Sanders' house! There was a card on the cage which read, "From the kindergarten children to Billy, with our love."

And what do you think Billy Sanders said? But wait, I'll tell you that tomorrow.

Dandy and the Sparrows

Thursday

WHEN the canary got around to Billy Sanders' house his mother had just propped him up in bed, because he was so very tired lying down all the time, and he was getting very tired of being sick. But when the door bell rang and his mother came back, you just ought to have seen Billy Sanders' eyes dance. And then he said, "Goody, goody, goody! Is it really for me, mother?"

"That's just the one," said Billy Sanders' mother; "it's got your name on the card, and it came from the kindergarten children, with their love."

Then she hung the cage near the window, right where Billy could see it well, and the canary ruffled out his feathers until he looked like

a pretty yellow ball, and stretched his wings and looked first on one side and then on the other—to see how he liked things, you know. Then he saw Billy lying, propped up in the bed, and he threw back his pretty head and sung the sweetest song—warbles and sunbeam trills all mixed up together—it sounded just as if he said:

“Howdy do, little boy!
Joy! joy! joy! joy!”

Don't you know Billy Sanders was proud of that bird? His whole face was full of light when he said, “Listen, mother; hear him sing! He's a dandy, that's what he is! and I'm going to name him Dandy, too; won't that be a fine name?”

“I guess it will,” said Billy's mother; “here is his bathtub, let us watch him take a bath.”

So she filled the little tub full of water, and Dandy knew what that was for; he flew down and perched on the edge of the tub and washed his face first, dipping his slender bill in to see if the water was just right—it wasn't too cold and it wasn't too hot, so Dandy hopped with a little splash right into the water, and splashed and splashed and splashed until he splashed all the water out, and then he shook and shook himself, and hopped from perch to perch, and flew into his tiny swing, and swung and swung and swung until he was quite dry and looked like a yellow, yellow rose. After his bath, he flew down to the seed cup for his dinner, and when he saw there was not any seed for his dinner, he twittered, and looked over at Billy with the cutest little look in his black eyes, as though he said, “Well, aren't you going to give me anything to eat, little boy?”

And Billy's mother said, “To be sure, there isn't a seed in his cup, and he must be hungry.”

“That's so,” said Billy. “Hand me my bank, mother, and let me send and buy him something—I was saving my money to buy a new slingshot, but I don't want any slingshot now. What else do birds like to eat besides seeds?”

“Well,” said Billy's mother, “they like something green, you know—celery, lettuce and chickweed, but I can get you plenty of that in the yard, so you can use your pennies to get a bag of river sand, to keep in the bottom of the cage, and a piece of cuttlefish bone to trim his bill on—I believe that will be all he needs for a while.”

So when the kindergarten teacher came in that afternoon to see how Billy was, why, she heard Dandy singing before she got into the room, and when she looked at Billy and saw how happy he was, she felt very glad, but she was gladder than ever when Billy told her about spending all of his "slingshot" pennies to buy Dandy some sand and bone and seeds.

"I knew you would take good care of him," she said; "let us open the cage door, and see if he would like to fly around the room a little while. You may let him do it every morning after his bath, and when he gets hungry, he will fly back to his cage without any trouble."

So when she opened the cage, Dandy flew down to the little door and peeped out, and then he flew out and round the room, looking at everything. When he hopped over the dresser, he saw himself in the mirror, and do you know, Dandy did not know his own self? Why, he thought it was another bird, and peeped behind the mirror to find it, and twittered and twittered and twittered, and then he held his head on one side and listened, to see if the bird in the mirror would answer. That tickled Billy very much, and he laughed and laughed at Dandy.

"If you are very gentle with him," said the kindergarten teacher, "by and by, when Dandy learns to love and know you well, he will even light on your finger, and eat from your hand, and kiss you on your lips, and do many other smart things you would never dream a bird could do."

"He answers me now," said Billy, "when I whistle to him; see?"

And sure enough, Billy whistled very softly, and though Dandy had flown back to the cage and was eating seeds, he whistled back to Billy, just as softly, and waited for an answer before he ate any more seeds. And so the kindergarten teacher went home with a very happy heart, because dear little Dandy and Billy were learning to love one another.

I think the smartest thing that Dandy did, though, was to feed the sparrows. When Billy got well enough his mother let him sit in the big chair by the window, and Dandy would swing in his cage close by on the veranda. Billy thought it would be nice for the sparrows to come and see Dandy, so he scattered seeds on the floor under the cage every morning, and sure enough the little brown English sparrows found it out, and every morning after that they would fly to the porch and hop under the cage for their share of seeds. Dandy was afraid of them at first, but after a while he liked to have them come, and would peep

through the cage at them, with a wondering look in his pretty black eyes. But one morning when the sparrows came Billy had forgotten to scatter the seeds on the floor, and they did not know what to think about it—they hopped around under the cage and chirped and chirped, just as though they said, "Well, I wonder where my breakfast is today! Why doesn't that little boy throw us some! That's queer!"

Billy was smiling at them behind the curtain—as still as still could be—and Dandy was peeping at them, too, and then he guessed what they were fussing about, and what do you think he did? Billy was so surprised he could hardly believe his eyes, but there was Dandy, pushing the seeds out of his cup with his bill, until they fell in a little shower over the floor, and then he would stop and peep through the wires at the little sparrows scrambling for them, and he would have the cutest, brightest little look in his eyes. Dandy thought that was great fun, and he pushed every seed he had in his cup out, before he stopped—he did not keep one for himself!

"Help yourself, little sparrows," he said; "Billy forgot you, I'm sure."

And the little sparrows did help themselves, too, and after that they kept on coming to the cage every morning for their breakfast, and Dandy and the sparrows grew to be the best of friends.

A true incident.

Billy's Christmas Tree to the Birds

Friday

WHEN Billy told the kindergarten teacher about Dandy feeding the sparrows, it pleased her very much, and she said, "You see, Dandy does not wish to be like the old lady in the story, who kept all of her pies for herself. He makes me think of the little Norway children, who give the sparrows a Christmas tree every winter. It is so very cold there, you know, that the children do not often see the birds, and in the short summer time, they go through the grain fields, after the harvest has been gathered in, and glean for the birds. Every little blade that has been dropped or left standing, the little Norway children gather up and tie into neat little bundles which they carry home and store away until Christmas time. Then on Christmas day they have a merry time, and tie bundles of grain on tall poles, which they call the birds' Christmas tree, and prop them up in front of their

doors. Then they watch for birds, who come flying and fluttering and twittering from all directions—flocking to their Christmas feast. The children clap their hands with joy to see their pretty, brown friends, who know as well as they do when Christmas day comes, and fly for miles and miles to their merry Christmas tree, which the little Norway children never forget to fix for them.”

Billy Sanders thought and thought about that story after the kindergarten teacher had gone, and then what do you think Billy Sanders said that he was going to do? Why, he said he was going to give the birds a Christmas tree, too—only he was not going to wait until Christmas day to do it—he was going to give it the very next week, right in his front yard, and just as soon as he could get it ready, because he wanted all the birds to know that he loved them, and was going to be their very best friend! Aren’t you glad? So all the next day and the next day and the next day Billy was very busy. His mother brought a pretty pine tree into his room, and then Billy began to dress that tree up with just the things he thought a bird would like. He took all of the pennies out of his bank and bought fresh seeds, and loaf sugar, and little crackers and cakes. And he made small cardboard boxes with strong handles to them, and he put sugar in some, and seeds in some and cracker crumbs in some, and cake crumbs in some, and hard boiled egg in some, and then he tied the boxes on the tree. Last of all he tied little bunches of fresh lettuce and cabbage and chickweed and acorns on the tree, and then everything was ready. Early one morning Billy’s mother put the tree up in the front yard, where Billy could see it from his chair near the window, and dear little Dandy swung in his cage on the porch and sung with all his might:

“Come to the Christmas tree!

Come to the Christmas tree!

All you birds—See! see! see!

Billy Sanders has made you a Christmas tree!”

And Billy Sanders sat by the window and watched and watched. The brown sparrows came first—you might guess that—and they flitted among the branches of the tree and twittered and twittered as they ate, and then one little brown sparrow said to another little brown sparrow, “Isn’t it nice? Let’s go tell the other birds.”

So away they flew to the buttercup meadow, and to the deep woods beyond the meadow, and to Charlotte Anne’s orchard, and told all the

birds—the bluebirds, the wrens, the swallows, the mocking birds, the jays, the orioles, the robins, the redbirds, the bob-whites, the whippoor-wills, the catbirds, the bobolinks, and the woodpeckers—all of these birds I have been telling you about. And Mr. Jaybird said:

“What’s all this I hear?

Billy Sanders giving a Christmas tree!

Well, I do declare!

Come, let’s go see, my dear.”

So Mr. Jaybird and Mrs. Jaybird and all the little Jaybirds went to Billy Sanders’ Christmas tree, and they liked it so much, why, the other birds said they believed they would go, too—maybe Billy would not hurt them—and even Mrs. Bobwhite came from the country with her twenty-two children, just to see Billy’s Christmas tree, and don’t you know they had a merry time, flitting in and out among the branches. It made Billy very happy to see them, and he said, “Dandy shall go to the Christmas tree, too, if he wishes.”

So he opened the cage door, but though Dandy peeped out he would not fly away—you see he had lived in a cage for such a long time Dandy felt afraid of the big world outside. When the kindergarten teacher and the children heard about Billy’s Christmas tree to the birds, they were very glad, but best of all, they felt glad that Billy was learning to love the birds, and that dear little Dandy was the one who was showing him how.

The Thrush’s Picnic

Program for Fifteenth Week

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: How do birds eat? Have they any teeth?

Why do not birds need teeth? Show picture and relate story.

Song and game: “A Merry Brown Thrush.”

Gift: Reproduce leading points of the story, and let children choose their own material to illustrate some feature.

Occupation: A picnic in the woods. Play nesting. Choosing mates and building nests in the low trees.

The Red-Headed Woodpecker

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Did you ever see a woodpecker, and hear him pecking in the wood? Why does he peck? Where do woodpeckers lay?

Song: "The Woodpecker is a Carpenter."

Game: Dramatize the legend in the story.

Excursion to the woods: Search for nests and birds. See how many can find holes in old trees, made by woodpeckers.

Billy Sanders' Canary

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: I have something nice to tell you about Billy this morning—listen. Relate story—show a real canary.

Song: "The Canary."

After the story: Do you know a little boy who does not love the birds as we do? Do you know of any way we could help them? Suppose we buy him a pretty bird book? What do we need to buy it with? Will you bring your pennies from home, and then because it takes so many more to buy a book, earn others today, by doing some work for me?

Gift and occupation periods devoted to doing the work planned by kindergartner.

Dandy and the Sparrows

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Did you ever feed the birds? Did you ever see one bird feed another bird? How did they do it? Let us save some of our lunch today for the birds.

Story: Followed by selected bird song and game.

Gift period: Sticks and peas. Bird cage.

Occupation: Folding, seed box for bird.

Billy's Christmas Tree to the Birds

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you remember what we put on our Christmas tree last Christmas? Whom did we make the tree for?

Would you like to hear how Billy made a Christmas tree in the summer time? Guess whom Billy made it for (story).

Songs and games: Dramatize Billy's Christmas Tree. Suggest the children make a tree as Billy did.

Gift period: Fold baskets and boxes to hold seed and crumbs, for the tree.

Occupation period: Complete the tree for the birds.

A LAST YEAR'S PROGRAM.

LUELLA A. PALMER.

This month the attention of the children was drawn away from themselves and their tangible surroundings to the consideration of things that could not be apprehended by all the senses and yet could be approached through experience in the relations of these things to themselves. One of the means employed to preserve the atmosphere of wonder and awe was to ask, during a quiet moment and on very rare occasions, such a question as "How did the little leaves get inside of the seed," then after a pause to leave it unanswered. The aim was to encourage the investigation of problems and yet to preserve reverence for the unknown.

MARCH PROGRAM.

Teacher's Thought—Broadening of children's lives by:

1. Observation of distant natural objects and unseen forces.
2. Play with effects of these mysterious causes.
3. Development of wonder and love for unknown beneficent sources.

FIRST WEEK.

TOPIC—Moon.

Picture—Moonlight on the Hudson.

Song—Moon Song. (Song Stories—adapted.)

Story—Moonbeam Fairies.

Game—Lamplighter. Brownies. (Songs of Child World.) The Mystery Man (sense game). Timely songs and games.

Rhythm—Brownies. (Music of The Gnomes, Music for Child World, Vol. I.)

Monday.

Circle—Plays in afternoon. What we do at night. How know it is night. Different kinds of lights.

Gift—1. Sixth, suggestion, street. (Stick, bead and spool for lamp posts.)

2. Third and fourth, suggestion. 3. Fourth, suggestion.

Occupation—Drawing, street with different lights.

Occupation—Rolling strips for lighters and candles.

(Candlestick made with spool and stiff paper circle.)

Since February 1st the sand box had been used for free play only. In the circle a simple street scene was begun and more fully developed during the gift period. It remained only a few days, but as the subject was familiar and of interest to the children it was a good beginning for a new use of the sand.

Tuesday.

Circle—Largest light at night, where it is, its different shapes.

Gift—Circles, half circles and half rings, design.

Occupation—Cutting, shapes of moon, pasting one on blue paper.

Occupation—1. Sewing, free. 2. Rolling strips, stringing for chain.

Wednesday.

Circle—Lights at night in country and on the water. Statue of Liberty and its use.

Gift—1. Sixth, dictation and imitation—Statue of Liberty, bead for light. 2 and 3. Fourth, dictation and imitation.

Occupation—Drawing lantern.

Occupation—Folding boat.

Thursday.

Circle—Stars, pictures they make.

Gift—Seeds and sticks. Pictures made by sticks, seed put at each point, then sticks taken away.

Occupation—Pasting silver moon and stars on dark blue card.

Occupation—Peaswork.

Friday.

Circle—Shadows cast by street lights, by sun, their size and change. Play shadow boy.

Gift—1. Fourth, dictation and creation, beauty forms. 2. One third of sixth, free. 3. Fourth, free.

Occupation—Drawing, boy or girl and shadow.

Occupation—Cutting and pasting lantern.

SECOND WEEK.

TOPIC—Sun.

Picture—(Many prisms to make spectrum.)

Song—God's Love (first verse, Song Stories). Lightbird (Song Echoes).

Story—My Shadow (Stevenson). Creation.

Game—Hiding ball. Hiding child.

Rhythm—Galloping (Music for Child World, Vol. I.).

Monday.

Circle—Shadow pictures; what causes them. Relative position of light and shadow.

Gift—1. One-third of fifth, suggestion, house, dark tablets used for shadow.

2 and 3. Third, suggestion.

Occupation—Cutting shadows from black paper.

Occupation—Pasting, large circle for sun, four smaller red ones for apples and outside of these four black ones very small for shadows.

Tuesday.

Circle—Windows, use. What can be seen out of a window. What see if no window.

Gift—Splints, oblong window.

Occupation—Drawing, oblong window and what can be seen out of it.

Occupation—Pricking, stiff paper with needles.

Wednesday.

Circle—Expect sun every day, trust because God made it. Work of sun. What sun sees in the window.

Gift—1. Sixth, suggestion, house with window, cylinder bead for flower pot.

2. Fourth, suggestion. 3. Third, suggestion.

Occupation—Drawing, window and what sun sees inside of it.

One period was spent happily in reflecting the lightbird into the children's faces and hands, and in their effort to catch the dancing playmate.

Thursday.

Circle—Lightbird, why it can not be caught, where it comes from. Shut eyes and see it.

Gift—1. Fifth, free. 2. Third, dictation. 3. Fourth, free.

Occupation—Pasting, oblong window made of strips, paper and cord for shade.

Occupation—Soap bubbles.

The portable window was a source of much amusement to the children and emphasized many of the ideas that had been suggested during the week. The children told what they saw inside or outside of windows, what they saw on the way home thru them and used them in many other ways.

Friday.

Circle—Colors in lightbird. White lightbird and how made.

Gift—Splints, colored, lightbird.

Occupation—Cutting, free.

Occupation—Pasting strips for lightbird.

THIRD WEEK.

TOPIC—Wind.

Picture—Landscape with mill, Ruysdael.

Song—Wind Song (Song Stories, adapted).

Story—Fable, Sun and Wind. Wind (Stevenson). Wind's Work (Mother Stories).

Game—Weather vane (Mother Play). Wind (Wind Song in Song Stories).

Rhythm—Flying Kites. (Music for Child World, Vol. II.)

Monday.

Circle—Sights on way to school. Moving things. Wind's work and play.

Gift—1. Fifth, copy form made by one child. (Choice of one made previously.)

2. Fourth, copy. 3. Third, copy.

Occupation—Drawing, lily of valley.

Occupation—1. Sewing, free. 2. Cutting, free.

Tuesday.

Circle—Can we see wind, hear, feel? Different sounds it makes.

Gift—1. Fifth, suggestion, houses with chimney.

2. Third and fourth, dictation and imitation, schoolhouse with flag.

3. Fourth, suggestion.

Occupation—Transparent paper to play with, making secondary colors.

Occupation—Folding, kite, large paper square used, splints for cross pieces and strip for tail.

Wednesday.

Circle—Direction of moving of flag and smoke. Weathervane. Points of compass.

Gift—Splints, as weathervane, direction emphasized, dictation.

Occupation—Drawing, weathervane.

Occupation—Cutting clothes, paste on line.

Thursday.

Circle—Weather that each wind brings. Play visit lands in different directions.

Gift—1. Sixth, dictation and imitation, school, armory, police station and engine house, flag given for the top of each.

2. Fourth, suggestion. 3. Third, suggestion.

Occupation—Drawing, illustration of wind's work.

Occupation—Soap bubbles.

Friday.

Circle—Windmill, its use in drawing water for cattle.

Gift—1. Fifth, suggestion, high mill, small pinwheel used for windmill.

2. Third and fourth, imitation and dictation, mill.

3. Fourth, suggestion.

Occupation—Cutting pinwheel.

Occupation—1. Sewing, free.

2. Cutting and pasting chains, alternate colors.

The old, dried golden rod stalks as well as the Christmas tree twigs were found to make very satisfactory sticks for the pinwheels.

FOURTH WEEK.

TOPIC—Maple sugar making.

Picture—(Winter scenes taken down from walls and a few of early spring substituted.)

Song—Queer Pussies (Holiday Songs). Waiting to Grow (Song Echoes from Child Land, first verse, second tune).

Story—Spring and her Helpers (in the Child's World, adapted).

Game—Winter sleep of plants and animals. Round and round the (city) village. (Children's Singing Games, verse 2, "In and out the tunnels"; verse 3, "Over to the station.")

Rhythm—Windmill (Music for Child World, Vol. 1).

Monday.

Circle—Pussy willows, where they were found, where they had been all winter.

Gift—Third and fourth, dictation and imitation, sequence, train, carriage, bridge, house.

Occupation—Drawing, pussy willows.

Occupation—1. Sewing, free. 2. Cutting, free.

Tuesday.

Circle—Animals and plants that have slept all winter. Planting of nasturtium seeds.

Gift—Seeds, all kinds, sorting.

Occupation—Drawing, flower pot.

Occupation—Peaswork.

To the children who had entered kindergarten since November the terrarium had been an object of very little interest. The older children now told of the moss that had been placed there in the fall, of the disappearance of the two toads and of the cold morning when the frog refused to hop any more. Its mysteries created much curiosity. Later when anemones sprang from the dry moss and the toads began to jump the children were overjoyed. In the circle each child planted a seed in the window box, after reasoning out the necessary preparation of the soil which they found hard and dry.

Wednesday.

Circle—Trees in winter and summer. How they look, how they wake up.

Gift—1. Fifth, free. 2. Two-thirds of sixth, free. 3. Fourth, dictation and imitation, sequence.

Occupation—Drawing, tree in winter (chalk for snow on ground).

Occupation—Soap bubbles.

Thursday.

Circle—Story of maple sugar making.

Gift—Sand, one-third of fifth gift, twigs, tiny paper pails.

Occupation—Cutting, pasting paper pails.

Occupation—1. Sewing, free.

2. Stringing (alternate colors) circles and straws.

The thought of the circle was emphasized in three ways. A story was told of a visit to Farmer Brown, whose snow covered house and farm still remained on the blackboard. Part of the snow was rubbed off as tho it had melted, the figures of Benny Brown and his friends were then added, they were shown boring a tree, carrying pails and building a fire. Our own Christmas tree was bored by the children, a hollow tube was placed in the hole and a pail hung upon it; at different times during the day a child would look in the pail to see if it was full and then he would pour the imaginary contents in a kettle that was boiling over a red and yellow paper fire. The whole scene was also reproduced in miniature in the sandbox with twigs for trees, that the children might be able to repeat the story in their free play periods.

Friday.

Circle—Maple seeds. How they are planted.

Gift—1. Sixth, suggestion, story of visit to Farmer Brown.

2. Two of third, dictation, sequence.

3. Fourth, suggestion.

Occupation—Drawing, camp scene.

Occupation—Feast of maple sugar.

Just before the children left on Thursday they emptied the contents of the kettle into several pans which were placed on a high shelf. When it came time for the last occupation on Friday, one child climbed up to look in the pans and found some real maple sugar in them, enough for each child to have a piece.

PROGRAM FOR MARCH.

CAROLINE W. BARBOUR.

GENERAL SUBJECT: Trades, illustrating further the community idea in relation to our homes. (The school doll-house will be the point of departure.) "The labor plays move from some object which supplies an essential need, to the *human industries* and natural forces concerned in its production, and this sequence of activities points to a source of all activities." "Symbolic Education."

Phase I. The building of the house; those whom we need to help us, the carpenter and builder, painter and decorator. (We will not furnish the house this month, as it takes so long to get all the big building, painting and papering done.)

Phase II. The getting of the material; trace the chief material, wood, to its source—lumber-yard, saw-mill, river and forest logging-camp. (These are, of course, typical experiences of northern life, but if the detail is not over-emphasized, they can be brought to any group of children as a means of broadening their concepts.)

Phase III. Community buildings in general, developing the principle of adaptation to purpose; houses for families, little and big; stores to supply what families need; schools for all the children; churches for "one and all."

Nature Phases. Observation of any and all spring-beginnings, as well as the signs in the weather, lengthening days, and so on.

MOTIVE: To lead the child to see relationships; to see that life is not a series of isolated facts, but that each single fact of food or clothing or shelter is bound up in, related to, other wider facts and processes. When the child has united elements which were single and hence insignificant, then he has made them vital and full of meaning. "To conceive of all particular things as results of active processes" is training the child-mind to think, to relate.

Games: Imitative; movements illustrating all kinds of work; "Here we go, to and fro;" "Menec-menec-mosha-what's your trade?"

Dramatic: Playing house, going to school and church, playing store; the carpenter in his shop, the great "buzz-saw" and the river; the wood-choppers with song, "This is the song of the axe."

Rhythmic: Regular games and skips. Listening to and interpreting in language and movements, characteristic music, such as, Carpenter at work; the working and roaring of buzz-saw; the river; evening and church bells. (See "Instrumental Sketches" (K. Montz); "Characteristic Rhythms," No. 1; "Music for the Child-World," "Moon-Moths" (The Bells), and selected bits which seem illustrative.)

Swinging movements, for chopping down trees, and for bell-ringing.

Songs: "Carpenter song" (Hill); Carpenter Song (E. Smith. No. 1); Church Bells (Hill); "The Church" (Gaynor, No. 1), (adapt words). "This is the Song of the Axe."

Rhymes: Mother Goose. (Many simple rhymes can be adapted for this work.) "Who built my house so warm?" adapted from "Who killed Cock Robin?"

"This is the church where all may go
And this is the high, high steeple;
These are the doors that open wide,
And inside are all the people."

From "Mother's Knives and Forks" (Gaynor, No. 1.)

For any awakening nature signs: "The March Lullaby," in
"Primary Education."

Stories: House Built on Sand (adapted); Peter Paul and Espen
Kindergarten Review for June, 1900; KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE,
June, 1903 (condensed). Six Soldiers of Fortune—repeated.

Suggestions for Table-Work: The doll-house itself; it can be
made in the room by the children; a carpenter, coming to help in the
more difficult part of roofing, would of course add to the value and
purpose of the building. Here the group-work is emphasized and the
value of a year of social training and co-operation is tested. Orange-
boxes make good houses, but if space permits two larger boxes nailed
together allow more room for play in the house. All through the
month the children work at it, never spending too long a period at a
time. By the end of March it is all ready for furnishing.

Other Constructions: Carpenter's tool-chests of cardboard model-
ling, also toy tools, axes and double saws with strawboard handles,
silvered heads and blades, rafts of "really" logs bound with raffia; wood-
wagons of cigar-boxes, etc.; buzz-saws or "buzzers" of tin or buttons
and string.

Building: Gifts and floor-blocks. Houses, stores, schools, churches,
built in directed plays at table, or group plays on the floor, each doing
his share in making the "town" or "city." Lead the children to think
out reasons for the varying forms of buildings, thus illustrating simple
and vital principles such as need for big doors or little ones, many or
few windows, flights of steps, stability, solidity and size in relation to
use.

Sand table, used to work out detail of forest, camp, river and saw-
mill, with all the paper-doll workers. Small town at one end.

Clay for logs, rafts, log-houses, and action-modelling.

Picture-work: Blackboard drawing, *group-work*, making a whole
"street" together, with people coming and going; church steeple reaching
to the sky, and the big school house with its many, many windows and
great, wide doors, wide enough for all to enter. Folding, cutting, and

crayoning details, of houses, churches, schools, etc. Free-cutting of churches, with pointed windows; after mounting on white paper, the windows can be filled in lightly with various colored crayons, giving quite the effect of stained glass. On a similar plan, an effective and simple poster can be made of people going to evening church. To make church "rose-windows," let children cut circular "surprise-cuttings" of black paper, and mount on a light-weight cardboard; then cut out the "holes" and paste underneath bright colored bits of tissue paper. The children do very wonderful designing and color-combining in this, and the illuminated, stained glass result, when pinned up as a window, is a great delight to them.

The *Overland Monthly* for September, 1900, has some fine logging-camp pictures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Two of our March articles being much longer than was expected, we reserve till April the papers describing in detail Public School and Mission Kindergartens of Milwaukee. The *general* history of the entire kindergarten movement in Wisconsin is told this month most spiritedly by Mr. Doerflinger, early publisher of many kindergarten papers, pamphlets, etc., including Mr. Hailmann's, and one who for years devoted time, strength and money to forwarding the cause in which we are all so interested. It will be read with pleasure by many outside of as well as inside of the charmed kindergarten circle. May it fall into the hands of many Forty-eighters also.

Apropos of Miss Fisher's part in early kindergarten history in Wisconsin, it is of interest to know that she opens a training school of her own in Boston in October.

A correspondent expresses great appreciation of the Joe-Boy serial, but regrets that the author confuses the life history of the toad and frog, and makes a duck come from a hen's egg. Regarding the first criticism, we must refer any puzzled reader to the "Encyclopedia Britannica," which sustains Miss Bigham in her account, the early habits of frog and toad being much alike.

The second criticism is valid, but the author evidently assumed that mother or teacher would explain that some human had placed a duck's egg in the nest when Mother Hen was out for her constitutional.

A mother in Vermont expresses her thanks for all the serial means to herself and two small children.

We are grateful for any criticisms and suggestions from any quarter. We rejoice to know we go to a *thinking* constituency.

IMPORTANT.

On account of a new ruling by the Chicago Clearing House Association, we can no longer accept personal checks. Send postoffice, express orders or drafts on New York or Chicago.

TOPICAL SYLLABUS, NO. 9.

(Academic Year 1905-1906.)

THE PLAY INTEREST OF CHILDREN.

1. What things other than toys and playthings does the child like to play with? How are they played with?

2. What qualities of toys and playthings are cared for most, movement, usefulness, noise, or likeness to real things? Is interest in mechanical toys brief or lasting? Are few or many experiments necessary to satisfy knowledge?

3. Does the child like or dislike to pull down block-houses, etc., it has made? Give instances of destructiveness in play; of preserving the thing constructed.

4. Did you, when a child, ever try to make anything to play with or try to? Tell how it was made, tools used, etc.

5. Describe something a child has made without adult direction out of paper, string, stones, chips, twigs, sticks, spools, boxes, boards, tin, cloth, pasteboard, earth, sand, mud, snow, wood, cotton, wool, silk, burlap, fibre, bark, shells, wire, feathers, nuts, vegetables, leaves, moss, seeds, flowers, burrs, cones, etc.

6. Does the child in self-directed play try to reproduce the process of any industry, or country or city, the home, farm, factory, mill, etc.? If not, what does he do?

7. (a) When busy making things does the child prefer to sit, stand or move about? Is there any difference in this when alone or one of a group? (b) Is interest in making things less or greater where children are together?

8. Which is the favorite kindergarten gift? Which least liked? When opportunity for using a gift freely is given, is the thing made a repetition or reproduction of some form previously given in a lesson, or the child's independent idea?

9. Which occupation is best liked? Which least liked? When choice is given what is the character of the thing desired to be made, for plaything, use or decoration?

10. Have you found any benefit or injury to the child's (a) health, (b) development of character from the kindergarten?

Will you kindly give age, sex, nationality and geographical location for each case cited?

Kindly send returns to

FRANCES A. JUDSON,

Clark University.

Worcester, Mass.,

Or to KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE CO., 40 Scott St., Chicago.

FLOYD'S FLOWERS; OR DUTY AND BEAUTY FOR COLORED CHILDREN, by Silas S. Floyd. This is a collection of some hundred short stories written by a colored graduate of Atlanta University, who has since been active successively in the work of a pastor and in Sunday school work and in writing for numerous well-known journals. He is now principal of a public school in Augusta. The object of the stories here given is to place in a picturesque form before colored children ideals of industry, patience, persistence, honesty, integrity, respect for home and parents and all that makes for sweet, strong, wholesome manhood and womanhood. Although the aim of the book is thus to inculcate high ideals in home, school and business, and to help in the formation of right habits, it is far from didactic in style. Boys and girls alike will be led on from one well-told story to another. Those with the touch of humor vary with those of a serious and warning tone. Particularly valuable are the biographical sketches of colored men who have achieved distinction in various walks of life. Among these we naturally would find Frederick Douglass. Another is Bragg Smith, to whom the city of Columbus, Ga., erected a monument for sacrificing his life in a fruitless effort to save the life of the city engineer. We read of Benjamin Banneker, famous as astronomer and almanac maker in time of Washington. Knowledge of what individuals of their race have accomplished through industry, courage, faithful performance of duty can not but act as the best of incentives for the children of the coming generation. Professor Floyd strikes the keynote of faith in his words on the "Future of the Negro," where he says: "I would rather be wronged than do wrong. In spite of prejudice, in spite of proscription, in spite of nameless insults and injuries, we can not as a race afford to do wrong. But we can afford to be patient. God is not dead. It is ordained of God that races as well as individuals shall rise through tribulations. We can not afford to do wrong. We can not afford to lose our decency, our self-respect, our character. No man will ever be the superior of the man he robs. And during this period of stress and strain through which we are passing in this country, I believe that there are unseen forces marshalled in the defense of our long-suffering and much-oppressed people." When a race is once imbued with such a spirit of faith in the ultimate triumph of justice that it is willing to work and serve patiently and hopefully, maintaining its self-respect and its dignity, it is building on a sure and unassailable foundation. We hope this book may have many readers among boys and girls of all ages. It is illustrated by John Henry Adams, a negro artist, who studied art at Drexel Institute and is now a teacher at Morris Brown College. Hertel, Jenkins & Co., Chicago.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' BOOK OF ETIQUETTE, by Caroline S. Griffen. A pretty little volume, giving simple suggestions in easy, attractive language as to what constitutes good manners at home, school, on the street and elsewhere. It is a practical, cheery little manual which every natural boy and girl will enjoy reading, so free is it from any unpleasantly didactic quality. There are attractive little pictures with a touch of fun, as in the one entitled "helping to get lunch instead of sitting down to read," a little

girl is seen carrying a giant kettle. Both mothers and teachers will be glad to put this little book into the hands of their children to reinforce their own frequent reminders of how to behave. Suggestions so given often carry more weight because the expression of some one other than the one usually in command. Flanagan & Co., Chicago. 35 cents.

THE AIMS OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION; the addresses and discussions of the third annual convention of the Religious Educational Association. This is a most valuable compilation of important papers upon the most important of subjects. The addresses and topics include every phase of religious life, as related to home, the state, the Sunday school, the press, the library, the public school, religious art, etc. We will review it more fully later. Suffice it now to say that it holds rich material for suggestive thinking among all teachers, whether in the guise of parents or of teachers in secular or religious schools. Perplexing problems are discussed by leading men and women in all the ministry and of the universities. Religious Education Association, 153 LaSalle street, Chicago.

HINTS AND HELPS FOR YOUNG GARDENERS, by H. D. Hemenway, director School of Horticulture, Hartford, Conn. A very concise, yet complete manual which teachers will find very useful and which older children can read for themselves. It gives clear directions for planning a garden and for preparing the soil, telling just how to properly use each tool—the spade, rake and hoe. Special directions are given for planting and caring for the principal vegetables. There is a short chapter on window-gardening and convenient tables giving dates for planting flowers and vegetables, just how and where to plant, when to transplant and date of blossoming. Illustrated. Published by the author, Hartford, Conn. Price, 35 cents.

Another interesting pamphlet is the annual of the Winnebago County Schools (Illinois), published by the County Superintendent, O. T. Kern. It is an inspiration to any one interested in beautifying school grounds. It contains also statistics about the centralizations of the county schools. Enriched by numerous beautiful illustrations.

SEAT WORK AND INDUSTRIAL OCCUPATIONS, by Mary L. Gilman and Elizabeth B. Williams. A handy little book, with many practical suggestions for many kinds of seatwork arranged in a progressive order. Of special help to grade teachers, but the kindergartner will also find it useful. Includes directions for making many things by paper-folding, with training in measurement. Also ideas on freehand cutting, poster work, sand table, etc., with details about making and furnishing a doll house and all that can be taught incidental to such work. Macmillan Co., New York.

We are in receipt of the report of the Lucy Wheelock Kindergarten Alumnae Association. It contains besides the usual annual statistics a clever paper, read at the class luncheon, by Miss Katherine L. Runnells, which weaves in the names of all the Mother Plays as it relates the history of the year's kindergartner doings.

January 2 Miss Nora Archibald Smith addressed the Alumnae of Mrs. Van Kirk's Training School, Philadelphia, on the "Art of Story-telling."

KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVIII.—APRIL, 1906. No. 8.

TWENTIETH CENTURY SERIES.

WHAT FORM OF INDUSTRIAL TRAINING IS MOST PRACTICAL AND BEST SUITED TO THE COUNTRY CHILD?*

O. J. KERN, SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS FOR WINNEBAGO COUNTY,
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

IT is to be regretted, perhaps, that we do not have a better term to express the thought of this afternoon's program. For a great many most excellent people today moving along Educational Avenue leading up to the public school shy and stop still at the sight of the word "Industrial," as applied to the work of the school. Any attempt to lead them closer for a more careful inspection of this word proves unavailing. To their thinking industrial training means the elimination of "culture," whatever that may mean, and the substitution of the reform school or the trade school. For them the thought has not yet come that education should be for service as well as sweetness and light. That the children in our schools should be able to do things as well as to know about things. And in the doing of things there is as great opportunity for culture as there is in studying about what men have said and done as revealed by the printed page.

The distinction between higher education and industrial education has no real foundation upon which to rest. It is a survival of the aristocratic ideas of the Middle Ages. The thought is not original with the writer to claim that farming and blacksmithing are just as high as law and theology. Whether it is better to be a blacksmith than a minister depends. As has been well said recently, "It is better to pound an anvil and make a good horseshoe than to pound a pulpit and make a poor sermon."

Quoting further from this same writer,—"There is a real dis-

*Read at National Superintendents' Association, Louisville, Ky., March 1, 1906.

inction between education for self-support and education for self-development; between culture and what the Germans call the bread-and-butter sciences. In order, if not in importance, the bread-and-butter sciences come first. The first duty every man owes to society is to support himself; therefore the first office of education is to enable the pupil to "support himself." And as has been said above, industrial education if carried on aright contributes to self-culture as well as to self-support.

It is taken for granted that every one present this afternoon believes that this body of Superintendents and the National Educational Association stand for educational leadership. Their deliberations and printed reports should give the trend and tone to educational progress in our country. A student of industrial education for the country child can not fail to express his deep obligation to one printed report which is in trend with this afternoon's consideration. This is the 1905 report of the N. E. A. on Industrial Education in Schools for Country Communities." The committee who formulated that report are expert students of this particular field and there is no one better qualified to speak with authority than its chairman, Superintendent L. D. Harvey, of Wisconsin.

In view of its importance it is not claiming too much to say that this report should be studied by every country school teacher and school officer who has to do with the administration of the country school system. Some way should be provided to create a demand for this document. No better use can be made of a part of the surplus of the funds of the N. E. A. than to send a number of copies of this report to county superintendents to distribute to thinking teachers, school officers and patrons of country schools. Not all county boards are as liberal as the one which permitted its county superintendent to purchase 300 copies for distribution in his county. A free distribution of this report will tend to increase the prestige of the National Educational Association as respects leadership and at the same time remove part of the nervousness on the part of its membership as to the safety of its ever increasing surplus funds.

This paper will enter into no argument with respect to the "Why" and "How" of industrial training for the country child. The report referred to does this in a most logical and admirable manner. A twenty minutes' discussion will permit only an emphasis to be placed on a few practical and suitable things that can and should enter into the all-round

symmetrical development of the country child in his training for service in the new age of country life.

My discussion calls for a consideration only of "What Form of Industrial Training is Most Practical and Best Suited for the Country Child?"

FIRST—All those interests and activities that relate to agriculture in an elementary way, quite elementary for awhile, are practical and suited for the training of the country child. The prosperity of this nation in its last analysis rests upon agriculture. A very great majority of the children enrolled in the country schools will remain on the farm and the country school should help them to a better understanding of the new phases of agriculture. The number remaining on the farm will increase when right ideals prevail in the instruction with reference to the dignity, worth and financial possibilities of the kind of farming that is "higher education."

To be specific, a study of soil by means of the school garden is practical to a certain extent in every country school. To be sure, a live teacher will get more out of it than a dead one who does not yet even know she is dead. But something is done and can be done. A start is being made. To wait till all the teaching force is ready is to do nothing.

Last year the Department of Agriculture at Washington surveyed over fifteen million acres of farm land. The state of Illinois is spending \$25,000 annually in its soil survey and soil experiments. Thus far sixteen counties have been surveyed and the expectation is to continue till the entire one-hundred-two counties are surveyed. Every type of soil as small as ten-acre lots is mapped and described. A various colored map is published and put in bulletin form.

Here is a map of one county which gives you an idea of the work of the soil bureau. You see the different types of soil for this particular county represented by different colors. The printed matter in connection with this map gives an accurate account of the early settlement, climate, physiography and geology, description of the types of soil, agricultural conditions, markets, transportation facilities, etc. Laying aside all thought of industrial training and the so-called elimination of "culture" and the alleged "making farmers" of our country children by "putting agriculture" into the country school, just think how valuable this bulletin is simply for the study of home geography. Surely there

is time for the study of geography in the average country school. A copy of this map and bulletin was put into the library of every country school of this county. The expense was nothing. And this map, so far as it goes, is far more valuable for the teaching of agriculture than the so-called agriculture charts for \$40, which some school officers are buying of agents who are posing as apostles of agricultural instruction for the country school.

We are not quite accurate when we speak of "putting agriculture into the country school." Rather let us attempt to put the school into agriculture, into right relation to its environment.

A school garden is practical. True, it is in its experimental stage as yet. So was manual training for the city child and is so to a certain extent today. But no one would eliminate manual training because teachers do not yet know all about matter and method. We do not know all about the school garden as a means of giving instruction with reference to soil and plant life. We can learn, however, and learn by doing even if the doing is crude for a few years. The best way to have a garden in the country school is to have it even if it is not larger than four feet square. A start can be made and that is a great deal. To sit down and contemplate the difficulties is to remain seated.

School garden work, manual training and domestic arts for the country school will be put on a more intelligent and permanent basis when there can be trained supervisors for this work just as many city schools now have. This will come when the county superintendent can change the ideals of the country people so that they will regard the office for educational leadership as not subject to the exigencies of party politics. The job of changing the ideal in this respect is a fairly big one.

True, if we could have such gardens as the Macdonald gardens of Canada better results would be obtained. If millionaires of this country would find it possible to do as this man is doing, doing something for the country child, a great educational uplift would come to all phases of country life. Here (showing) is a most interesting pamphlet describing the Macdonald gardens. There are special traveling instructors for these gardens which are two acres in extent. One or two quotations are sufficient to reveal their character.

With reference to the place of the garden in school work: "The work of the garden is recognized as a legitimate part of the school program, and is already interwoven with a considerable part of the other

studies. The garden is becoming the outer class-room of the school, and the plots are its blackboards. The garden is not an innovation, or an excrescence, or an addendum, or a diversion. It is a happy field of expression, an organic part of the school in which boys and girls work among growing things and grow themselves in body and mind and spiritual outlook."

Of the advantages the following summary only is given here:

FIRST—Educationally, it affords a release from the dull routine of the school room and puts the pupil out into the fresh air and sunlight. It is a means of help by affording scope for motor activities that are natural to growing children. The garden work is correlated with much of the formal work of the school as arithmetic, reading, composition, drawing, etc. It serves as an introduction to the development of literary appreciation as the "ability to appreciate the charm of many of the best poems depends not a little on ability to form visual images of natural objects." In this respect if the teacher in the country school is alert the country child has the advantage over the city child. For "the urban eye of the town-bred child, who has never been interested in garden or field, must fail to catch the imagery of our best nature poems."

SECOND—Economically, the school garden teaches the composition and care of the soil, best conditions for plant life, value of fertilizers, seed selection, etc.

THIRD—Nationally, the school garden develops an interest in the fundamental industry of the country. There develops the sense of ownership and respect for property. "In the care of their own plots the pupils fight common enemies and learn that a bad weed in a neglected plot may make trouble for many others. The garden is a pleasant avenue of communication between the school and the home, relating them in a new and living way, and thereby strengthening the public interest in the school as a national institution."

A study of the development of plant life is practical and suited for the country child. For years we have had the thoroughbred horse, the pure bred cow and now comes the high bred corn. Here is an ear (showing) of high bred corn raised by the president of the Illinois Corn Growers' Association. This was taken from a field that easily made one hundred bushels per acre. To be sure, to raise a hundred bushel corn there must not only be one hundred bushel seed, but also

hundred bushel soil and a hundred bushel man. Our industrial training should teach the children in the country schools to strive for these three things, viz.: better seed, increasingly fertile soil and more intelligent methods of operation. Here is an opportunity for the school to co-operate with the home and train children to study corn on experimental plots at home.

Likewise some training with reference to farm animal life and a consideration of some of the elementary principles of the business end of farming is practical and suitable. Farm economics is practical arithmetic and could well take the place of much text-book matter that is "taught at." Surely the average country school has time to teach the arithmetic that the pupils must use after leaving school.

With the country high schools, that is the village high schools, and the country consolidated school as centers manual training for the country child should begin. From these schools this educational activity will spread into a large number of one-room country schools. This will be slow, for the average farmer does not yet distinguish between manual training and manual labor. If all the data could be collected it would appear that quite a considerable amount of manual training, elementary in form, is now being carried on in the country schools.

Here is a great opportunity for the school to co-operate with the country home and through the inspiration and help of a live teacher a work bench can be installed in the home work-shop if it seems impracticable to install one in the country school house. The boy at home and the girl, too, along home economy, can make a small collection of simple tools and from the teacher receive instruction as to processes of work, etc. The country school and the country home should come closer together. The lines of industrial work suited to the farm and farm home offer an exceptionally fine opportunity for this closer union for a common purpose. Most of the old farm home activities have gone since the introduction of farm machinery of improved make. With this change have gone some elements in the training for the country child that must be supplied by the new country school and the new farm home to meet the new conditions of country life in the age of telephones, trolley cars, daily delivery of mail, improved farm machinery, discoveries relating to the science of agriculture and improved methods of farm operations.

For the boy this manual training will consist in a working knowledge of the care and use of simple tools for repair work on the farm; the elements of simple carpentry; farm mechanics, etc. With this will go a practical knowledge of materials.

For the girl there will be instruction in household economy and management; food materials and the preparation of food; sewing and a study of textiles, etc.

There need be no alarm that the country child will not receive culture along these lines. As has been well said: "To teach a boy the mechanics of homekeeping, to teach the girl the chemistry of homekeeping is as much self-culture as to teach either what kinds of homes the ancient Greeks and Romans possessed. Our present self-development is too narrow. We need to broaden it. Manual training is necessary to make the 'all-round' man."

We can take this culture to the country child and in addition take to the country school good books, art and music and we need no longer be under the necessity of tearing up the farm home by its roots and taking the children to the city to secure the country child's rights so far as an educational opportunity is concerned to partake of all that is best the age has to offer.

BERCEUSE.

CAROLYN TEBBETTS.

Lullaby, lullaby, rest, my love-blossom,
Pulsing stars over thee fond vigil keep;
Moon-mother, in garments of shim'ring silver,
Caresses thee gently on brow and on cheek.

Sleeping thus, grow thou in grace, little life-bud,
Image and likeness of Christ the Divine;
Wearing thy life crown with His loving spirit
All true understanding will surely be thine.

Lullaby, lullaby, soon thou'lt be taking
Thy first little step in the service of love:
All power is thine, for thy soul is immortal,
Thou gift most mysterious from the Father above.

PUBLIC SCHOOL KINDERGARTENS IN MILWAUKEE.

STELLA HEINEMANN.

THE first kindergarten in Wisconsin had its inception at the German-English Academy, Milwaukee, in 1873, when William Hailman was director of that institution. Mr. Hailman took a great interest in the public schools of Milwaukee and did much toward making our city one of the first in the United States to introduce the kindergarten into our public school system.

In 1878 Miss Sara Stewart (known to all kindergartners as the founder of the I. K. U.), one of the assistants at the City Normal School, was sent by the school board to investigate the public school kindergartens in St. Louis.

On her return she recommended the introduction of the ideas, methods and philosophy of the kindergarten into the primary grades, and the organization of a trial kindergarten at the Normal School, with a training teacher for the normal students.

In 1881 there were 1,858 children between the ages of four and six in our public schools.

Superintendent McAllister, as well as the school board, recognized the necessity of the kindergarten in the schools, and in 1882 the first public school kindergarten was opened.

Within the next two years three others began their existence, with half-day sessions of sixty children each. These half-day sessions reduced the cost of taking care of these younger children. At this time the kindergartners were trained at the City Normal School, and did cadet work in the four established kindergartens.

In 1885 the City Normal was absorbed by the State Normal and the kindergarten training department left out. From this date the Mission Kindergarten Association took charge of the training of the kindergartners, until 1892, when the State Normal School added the kindergarten training department, and at the present time most of our kindergartners come from this institution, although yearly examinations for outside kindergartners are given.

The Normal students receive their practice training in the model kindergarten at the Normal School, the Mission kindergartens and in some of the public kindergartens.

The steady growth and increase of the kindergarten in our city may be seen by the following statistics:

Date.	Kindergartens.	Teachers.	Pupils.
1882	2	2	227
1884	4	4	300
1888	17	31	2,250
1892	25	54	4,022
1895	34	65	4,728
1905	51	99	3,797

Our kindergartens are in every way progressive. The best teachers available are obtained. The old sequence work in gifts and occupations has long been abandoned and newer methods adopted. All close work has been eliminated and larger material supplied.

Formerly any room available was used for a kindergarten, but now when the new schools are planned, the location, lighting and fitting up of the kindergarten room probably receives more attention than any other room in the building. The cupboards and bookcases are arranged to suit the supplies and materials used in kindergarten work, while each room has a light, airy dressing room and a private toilet room.

Some of the rooms are beautifully and artistically decorated through the liberality of the patrons of the school, while others depend on the ingenuity of the kindergartners for their decoration.

We have two half-day sessions, the children between the ages of five and six coming in the morning and those between four and five in the afternoon.

A kindergarten with fifty pupils enrolled is entitled to a director, while an enrollment of seventy entitles it to a director and one assistant. The maximum number of children in a kindergarten with two teachers is one hundred. When one hundred and ten or more are enrolled an extra assistant is allowed, but as the rooms in general are not large enough to accommodate more than one hundred children there are few schools having two assistants. The average number of children enrolled is about seventy-five.

The salary of the assistant is \$400 per annum, with a yearly increase of \$50 until the maximum of \$500 is reached.

The director's salary increases at the same rate until the maximum of \$600 is reached.

Our Froebel Union was organized at the same time as the kinder-

garten, and sends representatives to the annual convention of the I. K. U., which meets here in the spring.

We also have a Public School Kindergarten Association, and these two organizations hold alternate monthly meetings, having in view the betterment of the kindergarten system of our city.

At these meetings we have addresses or talks by our superintendents and others interested in our work, or practical illustrations of what may be accomplished along certain lines of kindergarten work.

The teachers of our primary grades acknowledge that the kindergarten spirit is contagious, and prevents mechanical methods wherever its influence is felt, and also that the child coming from the kindergarten is better prepared for the actual school work than the one coming from the home directly to the school.

THE MILWAUKEE MISSION KINDERGARTEN.

LUCY DORE.

WITHIN sound of the ebb and flow of mighty Lake Michigan and within the atmosphere breathed by the brave men who sailed its waters in the early eighties we find the nucleus of the Milwaukee Mission Kindergarten, a seemingly fitting environment for so courageous a labor of love.

The chaplain in charge of a home situated in the southern precinct of the Third ward and devoted to the care and interest of the Marine recognized a large field for juvenile betterment lying within the province of those to whom a neglected childhood makes a strong appeal.

Believing that in gathering in the children a long step forward would be accomplished toward conquering the street with its power of temptation for mischief and crime and that all beginnings are possible only with reference to an ending, the call for a meeting to be held at the residence of Mrs. Charles Colby December 10, 1883, was issued and responded to by many well-known people. Among those present we find the names of Mrs. Charles Colby, Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. Willard Merrill, Mrs. E. P. Elmore, Mrs. George P. Swallow, Mrs. W. P. McLaren, Mrs. Emanuel Friend, Mrs. Charles F. Maynard, Mrs. A. A. L. Smith, Mrs. Don J. Whittemore, Rev. and Mrs. Titsworth and Major Dawes.

A second meeting held at Plymouth Church formulated plans whereby the organization and drawing up of articles of incorporation

of the Milwaukee Mission Kindergartens were executed, followed by the election to the presidency of Mrs. George C. Swallow, to whom the doors of Bethel Home were gladly thrown open to welcome within its portals Milwaukee's initial kindergartner.

Like unto the parable the seed fell upon good ground.

It remained but a matter of time ere the accommodation available at Bethel proved inadequate to its demand, hence adjacent quarters were secured at 209 Broadway. Being of spacious dimensions the desires of the Association created wished-for opportunities among broader and more individual lines of development.

A normal training class, housekeeping, cooking and kitchen-garden classes of girls' and boys' clubs, a day nursery and Sabbath school soon became integral parts of a permanent foundation.

A distinctive feature of the work in hand at this period of construction and one lending much of encouragement was the adoption of 502 Broadway by Mr. Alexander Mitchell and named the Martha Mitchell Kindergarten. It continued receptive to Mrs. Mitchell's favor until August, 1891.

In the following December Mr. and Mrs. Charles Catlin assumed its patronage, conducting the work from that date under the title of the Laura Catlin Kindergarten.

Cotemporary with 209 Broadway we find branches of the work in operation at North Water street, Walnut street, Thirteenth avenue and in Robert Cheral Post Hall on Fourth street, designating the vicinity and location of present day kindergarten sites on the south, west and east sides of the city.

During the month of November, 1892, a disastrous fire devastated the entire district surrounding and including 209 Broadway. A temporary shelter and refuge was tendered the kindergarten in the Home of the Friendless, the directors in the meantime establishing central headquarters at Fourth street and designating said site the Frances Swallow Kindergarten in honor of its patroness and president.

To the decade of Mrs. Swallow's just and wise leadership is due much of the substantial growth and ambitions attainments found in the Mission kindergarten of today.

The selection of Fourth street as a center proved a providential one. A complexity of nationalities, creeds and color, combined with poverty and overcrowding, destructive of and obliterating every vestige

of the better social life, determined the nature and scope of the means by which to battle with and overcome the tendency of local instincts and conditions. The election on September 7, 1893, of Mrs. Elizabeth Truesdall as superintendent and resident director of Mission kindergartens added an invaluable accessory to the movement.

A word in regard to the Normal training class will be of passing interest.

The school was established and opened to applicants under the auspices of the association on September 1, 1888, its system of instruction continuing for fifteen consecutive years, graduating during its existence over one hundred students.

To the efficiency and energy of these young women much became feasible in early day kindergartening.

The discontinuance of the class in connection with the closing of the school year, June, 1900, marks a new era in Mission kindergarten circles.

Through the intermediary of Miss Nina C. Vandewalker, director of the kindergarten training department the association entered into negotiations with the State Normal School, whereby its students might avail themselves of opportunities for practice and observation along current sociological lines and problems, an innovation offering much of mutual compensation and experience.

GALENA STREET KINDERGARTEN.

March 7, 1889, marked the transfer from Walnut street and the rendering accessible to the population of a large area the benefits of Galena Street Kindergarten. Through the personal efforts of Mrs. Frederick Friese the project was given a financial footing, promising a fair chance to future opportunities and circumstances.

Many little hearts were gladdened by the kindly benevolence of one whose thought reached beyond self when the Gilbert Street Kindergarten was founded. This was due to the efforts of Mrs. Joseph Gilbert. The Gilbert Kindergarten in Clinton street began its career of usefulness in March, 1889, supplementing all ambitions for self-help and character-making throughout the neighborhood.

We find the rapidly growing sentiment in acknowledgment of this movement at North Water street graciously expressing itself in July, 1891, through the partial patronage of the Wheelock Alumnae, followed by a permanent residence on Racine street, the central point

of a largely populated Polish district, where people gradually grew receptive to the advantages offered through kindergarten channels.

Of the several individual charities maintained by the association we find compassion for the appeal of infant helplessness expressing itself in the establishment of a day nursery, which dispenses daily its double quota of blessing to mother and child. The founding of the Mary Bigelow Day Nursery on the 2d day of November, 1902, marks an epoch in the philanthropic annals of our city. In January, 1893, Mrs. Washington Decker thus eased the toil-worn arms and strengthened the burdened hearts of the mothers of the neighborhood of Fourth street.

A similar benefit was given to Galena street in March, 1897, through the liberality of the Misses Camp. The reopening of the nursery at Fourth street in October, 1899, by Mrs. Thomas J. Berles completed an exemplary work well begun.

We note a perceptible demand made upon the resources of the Association year by year for multiplying ways and means necessary to gaining a clearer comprehension of righteousness, a more elevated plane of thought and habit, and mode of living.

THE FROGS—A FINGER PLAY.

HARRIET SPRING.

Five little frogs sitting on a stump.

The first one said, "Now, let's all jump."

The second one said, "Are you all in a row?"

The third one said, "Here's the line to toe."

The fourth one said, "Do hurry! You're slow."

The fifth one said, "Get ready—set—go!"

And down they all splashed in the water below.

NOTE.—One hand is the stump. The fingers of the other hand are the frogs.

Little Folks' Land*

The Story of a Little Boy in a Big World.

By MADGE A. BIGHAM, *Free Kindergartens, Atlanta, Ga. Author of "Stories of Mother Goose Village," etc.*

NOTE.—This Kindergarten Program will run through the succeeding numbers of THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE and later be published in book form under the title, "Little Folks' Land," by Messrs. Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, Chicago and Boston. Cloth, 6x9; about 400 pages. Advance orders will be accepted by them at \$1.50, postpaid. After publication the list price will be \$2.00 net.

XIII

Sixteenth Week—Bulbs

The Brown Bulb-Babies

The co-operation and interdependence between worms, insects, plant life and man.

Plants	(1). bulbs	{	lily	jonquil	
			tulip	freesia	hyacinth
	(2). vegetables	{	radish	lettuce	squash
			peas	bean	corn
	(3). flowers . . .	{	nasturtium	dandelion	sunflower
			petunia	clover	morning-glory
			phlox	daisy	jackbean
			pansy	violet	johnny-jump-up
Worm.					
Insects					
		{	moth	bees	lightning-bug
			butterfly	ants	june-bug

Nature is but the pathway that leads thee up to God.

"Supposing all circumstances otherwise the same, with respect to two individuals, the one who loves nature most will be always found to have more faith in God than the other."—Ruskin.

Monday

IT WAS one morning very early in spring, that the kindergarten teacher said to the children sitting in the circle, "Shut your eyes and make a cradle with your hands, for I have a little brown baby to give each one of you. Hold them tight, because they must not fall."

Then she went all around and put something queer and hard in every one's hand, and then she said, "Keep your eyes closed and speak very softly, these babies are all sleeping, you know. Now see if the fingers can tell what kind of a baby they hold."

But nobody's fingers could tell. They could feel little knobs on the

babies that might be hands or feet, but they did not know. Then the kindergarten teacher said, "Try your ears, and see if they can tell you anything about these babies."

But the ears could not tell as much as the fingers could. So she said, "Well, try your noses, maybe they can tell."

Then the children laughed merrily, but the noses could not tell either, and just then Charlotte Anne said, "Joe-Boy is peeping!"

And sure enough Joe-Boy wanted to see his queer brown baby so much, why, he couldn't keep his eyes shut, and I think Charlotte Anne must have been peeping, too, don't you? Because how could she see Joe-Boy if she wasn't? So the kindergarten teacher said, "*Everybody* may peep, and tell me, if you can, what your brown baby looks like—only speak softly, because they are sleeping."

Then all of the children looked hard at their queer brown babies and turned them over and over in their careful hands, and Charlotte Anne said, "Oh, mine is a potato baby."

And then all the children in the circle said, too, "Oh, mine is a potato baby."

But the kindergarten teacher only smiled and shook her head, as she reached down into her big apron pocket and took out an Irish potato and a sweet potato, and held them up as she said, "Look again. Your babies do not look like these potato babies—they *must* be some other kind."

But though they looked and looked, nobody could tell the name of their queer brown baby, so the kindergarten teacher said, "Well, no one can guess, but as the babies are to be your very own, you most surely must know their names, so I shall tell you. These queer brown babies belong to the big plant family, and are bulb babies. When they wake up, they will be dressed in beautiful colored dresses, and some of them will be tulips and some will be freesias and some will be hyacinths and some will be lilies dressed in white, but now they are only bulb babies wrapped up in brown cloaks—how would you like to take them out for a walk?"

The children thought that would be a very fine thing to do, so while the kindergarten teacher played gently on the piano, the children marched softly round the room, swinging their bulb babies to and fro, then they ran swiftly on tip-toe with them, and even skipped with them, and I am sure those brown bulb babies had a very nice time—only they could not say so, because they were so sound asleep, you know. After

the march the children wanted to take their babies to the table with them, and when they got there everybody found a lump of clay at his place, and when they had laid the bulb babies gently down the kindergarten teacher said, "While they sleep we will try and make clay bulbs just like our babies, to show to mother, when we go home."

And soon every child was as busy as busy could be, rolling and patting and smoothing the clay, singing softly as he worked, and by and by every child had made a quaint bulb baby—Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy and all the rest. And before it was time to go home they had drawn those bulb babies with brown pencils, almost as well as you could do! So they went home with something in each hand, and Joe-Boy gave the clay bulb to Mother Gipsy and the picture bulb to Father Gipsy, and I think they have them yet.

Baby Lily

Tuesday

WHEN the children came back to kindergarten next morning, what do you guess was sleeping in a basket right in the center of the kindergarten circle? Why, the bulb babies, to be sure—and just as fast asleep as they had been the day before. But every one of those bulb babies had a little round paper dot pasted on his cradle, some red, some pink, some yellow, some white. Joe-Boy said it looked just as if the bulb babies had eyes. But the kindergarten teacher said, "No, they are not eyes, because I pasted them there myself, to help you remember the name of each bulb baby. You needn't think that all bulb babies are just alike when they wake up, because they all sleep in brown cloaks. No, indeed, they not only wear different kinds of dresses, but they have different names, just as we do, who belong to the big family of people. Those bulb babies with red and yellow dots pasted on them are going to grow into tulips, the bulb babies with pink dots are going to grow into fressias, the bulb babies with white dots will be hyacinths or lilies."

Then they played a little game with the sleeping bulbs until they learned their names quite well, and knew the kind of dress the bulb baby was to wear when it had grown into a plant.

"This little bulb baby that I hold in my hand is going to be a beautiful white lily some day," said the kindergarten teacher, patting it gently.

"Once-upon-a-time her mother, a tall white lily, grew in an old garden among tulips and freesias and hyacinths and jonquils and other bulb plants. Her dress was snowy white and tucked away beneath her petals was a golden heart, which the dear God had given her because she had tried her best to grow. The tall lily was very thankful and happy because mother earth and the sunbeams and the waterdrops had helped her to grow beautiful, but best of all she was thankful for the dear baby lily tucked away in the bulb at her feet. As she grew day by day in the old garden, she thought and dreamed of her baby lily. She knew that a time was coming when tulips and hyacinths and jonquils and other plants would take their winter sleep, and she said, "I must be sure that my dear baby lily is well cared for during those cold winter months. She will not have me then to send out my rootlets and find her something to eat. So I must tuck her away in her brown winter cloak, and pack around her just the food she likes best to eat, and then she will grow into a fine strong lily plant, and by and by, when the sweet spring time comes, she will be ready to push out of the brown bulb cradle and perhaps at Easter time her white blossom with the golden heart will greet the happy world."

Then she told her story to the freesias and the jonquils and the tulips and other bulb plants near by, and they said too, "Let us pack food in the cradles with *our* bulb babies, so that they will be ready to grow and bloom at the happy Easter time."

So for many days they worked for their babies packed away in the bulbs, and one morning the gardener found them all fast asleep beneath the ground, and he said, "I will take these bulb babies into the house with me, and keep them snug and warm from the frost and snow, and when it is time for them to grow, I will give them to some one who knows how to wake them up."

And so he did, and the other day when I was there, he told me I might bring them to the children in the kindergarten, and we are to play fairies with the sunbeams and the waterdrops and wake all of these bulb babies up, for unless somebody helps them they would sleep forever, and never be ready to bloom at Easter time, as the lily mother wished. Who would like to help today?"

Then Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne and every one of the children raised their hands and waved them high. That meant, "I'll help, I'll help, I'll help," and the kindergarten teacher said, "I'll help, too. Shall

we plant them in a water bed or shall we plant them in a bed of rich and sandy dirt? If we plant them in a water bed, we can see their tiny rootlet feet, when they first step out of the cradle, but if we plant them in the dirt I believe they will be stronger, and we can watch for their tiny hands, stretching up to us."

And then, because some of the children wanted to plant them in the water and some of the children wanted to plant them in the dirt, the kindergarten teacher said, "We shall have to plant them both ways, and find out which is better for them."

So first, they found a pretty glass bowl in the closet, and every child put a small white stone in the bottom of the bowl, and then they set the white hyacinth bulbs on the rocks, and almost covered them with water—and then they put the dish on the darkest shelf in the closet, until the bulbs began to put out those tiny feet rootlets—then, of course, everybody would know that the bulb babies were waking up and needed the sunbeam fairies to help.

"Now," said the kindergarten teacher, "the next thing to be done is to make a soft dirt bed, in the big window box, and put these other bulbs to bed."

So the children went into the yard and filled their tin buckets right full of fine brown dirt, and emptied it into the window box in the kindergarten room, and when the bed was finished, every child took his own bulb baby and dug a little hole in the box and planted the sleeping bulb baby, and covered them all softly over, and then, because the big box was too heavy to put in the closet, they found some dark glass that the sunbeams could not get through very well, and left the bulb babies to get strong feet before they grew upward.

Why don't you plant some bulb babies, too—just as those children did?

The Little Worm That Helped

Wednesday

I AM so glad that the kindergarten children planted so many of the bulb babies all in the same big box, because then, as they grew, they could talk together, you see. Joe-Boy's bulb was a tulip, and he had planted it in the corner on the front row, and Charlotte Anne's was a jonquil, and she had planted her's on the front row in the other corner, and the kindergarten teacher's was a lily, and she had planted hers on

the front row, right between Joe-Boy's and Charlotte Anne's. And all the other children knew just where theirs were planted, too, and they were so anxious to see them begin to grow. Why, Joe-Boy looked at his, just a little while after it was planted, to see if it was growing, and Charlotte Anne almost pulled hers up to see if it was growing, and the kindergarten teacher said, "My, my, my, plants can not grow in such a very short time as that!—any more than children can! The first thing they try to do is to get strong feet to hold them down in the ground, and little rootlets with tiny mouths in them to suck up their food from the earth. We must wait on these babies until they are strong enough to stand up, then they will grow fast enough for us."

So after that the children only peeped under the glass at the morning circle every day. They were very glad they had planted some of the bulb babies in the glass bowl, because they could see every little rootlet, as soon as it began to grow, and it wasn't very long before they were ready to be brought into the sunlight, and grew faster than ever. But down in the box, it was so dark that the bulb babies thought it was night time. And when they first began to wake up, Joe-Boy's tulip said, "Oh, oh, it is so very dark down here, and I am so very sleepy, I believe I will take another nap."

And Charlotte Anne's jonquil said, "I'm not, I am going to poke my little foot right out of this cradle and see what I can find—I am so very tired lying here in the dark."

And then the baby lily stretched herself and said, "I feel as if I must go somewhere up, up, up, and I am so very hungry I must hunt something to eat—then I will most surely go up to see what the world is like."

And then the very next day Charlotte Anne's jonquil said, "Oh, I think I heard a bluebird singing, I am going right up to see," and she stretched and stretched her tiny hands, up, up, up, until she stretched right through the brown earth, and then she laughed and laughed, because she was so very glad! And the next morning when the children saw her growing up, why, they laughed too, because they were so very glad, and the kindergarten teacher said, "What a brave plant baby she is! We will have to move the top from the box now, and give her room to grow. Maybe the sunbeam fairies will help the others up—surely they will have fine roots by this time."

And sure enough the next morning and the next and the next, the

children found new bulb babies that had pushed up through the brown earth to see the sunbeams, until all were wide awake and growing, all except two—the one on the *front* row in the corner, and the one in the *middle*, on the same row, right next to it. You know whose they were. What could be the matter? It made Joe-Boy feel very unhappy, because he was so afraid his bulb baby would never wake up. But do you know, every time that baby tulip stretched up his tiny hand to push through the earth, he would touch something hard and rough, that he could not push away, though he had tried and tried every day.

"Never mind, little brother," said the lily bulb near by, "I will wait for you. Perhaps you will be strong enough tomorrow. Let your rootlets creep here near mine, where it is damp and cool. I shall not leave you here alone in the dark, however much I long to creep up to the light."

So they nestled close together in the box—these two little bulbs. And the next day the lily said, "Now, try again, little plant brother; stretch your very best—maybe you can push through the earth, while I wait."

So again the tulip tried—tried his very best, but his delicate hand touched the same hard thing, which he could not push away. And then the dear little tulip baby could not help but cry, he was so very anxious to see the light.

"Never mind, I shall wait for you, little brother," said the sweet lily bulb, "do not cry."

And then, only think, a little worm heard, and came creeping, creeping, through the dirt—right straight to the side of the baby tulip—and said, "What can be the matter, little one? Maybe I can help you."

And when he heard about the hard, rough thing that was keeping the tulip baby from growing up to the bright, bright outside world, he said, "Ho, ho, baby tulip, I can help you; dry your eyes while I crawl above you and see what the trouble is. Maybe it is a rock, and I can push it away."

Then the tulip baby dried his eyes and the little worm crawled and crawled until he found the hard, rough thing, and sure enough it was a stone, but the little worm pushed and pushed against it with all his might, and bored around it and underneath it, and by and by he pushed the rough rock right out of the way, and plowed the ground so soft and fine, that it wasn't any trouble at all for the baby tulip to grow. Now

wasn't that a kind little worm? And then he said, "Come on, baby tulip, stretch your hands up high, stretch right through the earth; 'tis a beautiful world outside!"

Then the tulip baby and the dear little lily baby stretched and stretched right through the earth—and oh, they were so happy, and the children were so happy, and the kind little worm was so happy, and I can't tell which was the happiest. Could you guess?

The Merry, Merry Blossoms

Thursday

"IT LOOKS as if these bulbs in the window box are running a race to see which can grow the fastest," said the kindergarten teacher, "and I do believe my lily and Joe-Boy's tulip are ahead of all the others. That must be because they staid under the ground such a long time and got such strong roots. The first thing we know, our window will be full of beautiful blossoms."

And sure enough, it was only a few days later that Joe-Boy found a wee, wee bud on his tulip—all wrapped up in a dainty green cloak, and very soon there were buds on the hyacinths in the glass bowl, and then one came on Charlotte Anne's jonquil, and another on the tall lily next to Joe-Boy's tulip, and the children were kept busy trying to count them, and could hardly wait long enough to see their blossoms open wide, and fill the room with sweetest perfume. At last the happy morning really came, and the children sang to them and talked about all the fairies that had helped the bulbs to bloom. They named the water-drops and the sunbeams and the rocks and the brown earth, and themselves—but they did not tell about the little worm. You and I know, though, how he helped, don't we? And the tulip and the tall white lily knew, too—they had not forgotten.

"Oh, oh," said Joe-Boy's tulip, "isn't it fun to grow! See my pretty red dress the sunbeams brought me, and my brother has a pretty yellow one."

"Yes, yes," said Charlotte Anne's jonquil, "and I have a yellow dress, too, and only see the other bulbs, the sunbeams brought them pretty dresses too—pink and blue."

"And see my dress," said the tall Easter lily, "it is pure white, just like my mother's. And the freesias and the hyacinths have white dresses, too."

So they nodded their pretty heads in the window, and those who passed in the streets and saw them and smiled as they went on their way. It was only a few mornings later that the children marched through the doorway and sat in their chairs in the circle. When they had sung the songs and played many of the pretty games about the flowers, the kindergarten teacher said, "These flowers have made us so very happy I can not help but wish they could make somebody else happy—somebody who hasn't any, you know."

"Billy Sanders hasn't any," said Joe-Boy; "and Dandy."

"That is true," said the kindergarten teacher, "and Billy has been sick a long, long time."

"There's a heap of sick people in the hospital," said Charlotte Anne. "I went there with Grandmother Ray and saw them."

"Yes, indeed," said the kindergarten teacher, "and I believe the pretty flowers would make them feel better. If we really want to give our flowers away to make somebody else happy, we could send the hyacinths in the glass bowl to Billy and Dandy, and if we could find a horse to help us, we might send the big window box, just as it is, to the sick people at the hospital—wouldn't that be a nice plan?"

"Yes, yes," said all the children, "let us send them today!"

Now I just wonder if you could really guess what horse it was that pulled those flowers to the hospital? To be sure, Prince Charming was the very horse! Father Gipsy hitched him up to the light spring wagon, and I think Prince Charming must have known that he was helping to do something very kind, because he stepped so very proud and high, and what is more, he pulled the kindergarten teacher and all those twenty children, too, and he didn't seem to be one bit tired. And when all those sick people saw that big box of flowers growing right there in the window of the room where they were sick, why, they said it really did them more good than the doctor's pills, and I believe it did!

What do you think about it?

The Little Worm's Visit

Friday

THERE was something else besides the bulbs that went in the box to the hospital. *We* know what it was, but the kindergarten teacher and the children did not; because they did not know about the little worm that pushed away the stone from baby tulip's head

and plowed the earth soft so he could grow. The little worm still lived in the box, and was as busy as busy could be every day plowing around the creeping rootlets of the bulbs. The Easter lily and the baby tulip knew that he was there—they could feel him as he worked about their feet.

"How very kind of our little friend," they said, "to help us so! Our blossoms could not be half so lovely, if the little earth worm did not help to keep the dirt soft and rich. I wonder why he does not crawl up here to see us some day?"

But, dear me, they forgot that little earth worms do not have eyes—what would you want with eyes if you always lived in the dark, dark earth? The little worm could feel the way to go very well, and he was so busy with his plowing that he did not have much time to go up on the earth visiting. Anyway, the little worm did not like to go up on the earth very much, because that was where the people walked, and he was so very little, he was afraid some of the children might step on him—oh, no, not you; of course I knew you would not, but *somebody* might. But one day the little worm said, "I believe I will crawl up to the earth today, and take a walk in the fresh air and sunshine. I can feel the light, though I can not see the light, and it must be very beautiful. There are some little worms that live on top of the earth, and they have eyes—I like to hear them talk about the things they see. I believe I will crawl over and ask baby tulip to tell me the best way up."

So the little worm crawled and crawled and crawled through the damp earth and tapped on baby tulip's roots.

"Who is there?" said baby tulip.

And the little worm said, "It is I—the little worm. Don't you remember?"

"To be sure," said baby tulip, nodding and nodding his pretty head, "you moved the rough stone away that kept me from growing. Why don't you crawl up here to the light and see my pretty red dress? The Easter lily has a white one and a golden heart within, and there are other pretty colors, too—pink and yellow—won't you come?"

"That is just what I have been thinking I should like to do," said the little worm, "and tapped on your roots to see if you could show me the best way up."

"Of course I will," said baby tulip; "I have been wishing and wish-

ing to see you—ever since you helped me so. Just follow my stalk and crawl upward—you'll soon be on top of the earth."

"Thank you," said the little worm, "here I come."

And then he crawled up, up, up, up, and the first thing he knew he could *feel* the light, and then the little worm knew he was up on the earth.

"My, me!" said baby tulip, "how you have grown! Why, you are ever so much fatter than you used to be. Just see our pretty new dresses the sunbeams brought us. Aren't they pretty?"

"They must be," said the little worm, "though I can only feel them. How do you like it up here?"

"Oh, we like it much better than down in the ground," said the beautiful Easter lily.

"We thank you ever so much for helping us climb. This is not the place we first waked up in. That was at the kindergarten, where the happy children sang to us each day—they loved us so. But yesterday they brought us here to make the sick people happy."

"Oh," said the little worm, "I should like to do that, too, but people say I am very ugly, and then I can not see, you know."

"We don't think you are ugly," said baby tulip and the dear Easter lily.

"We think you are beautiful, because you are kind, and help us so—we love you."

"I am very glad," said the little worm, "but I am afraid I am staying too long. I will just crawl around the edge of the box and then I must go home again and do my work."

And so the little worm went crawling and crawling and crawling around the edge of the box, feeling from side to side. And while the little worm was crawling around the edge of the box, guess who saw him? It was not the hospital doctor and it was not the hospital nurse—but it was something the nurse held in her arms, a little baby that had been sick a long, long time. You see the nurse had carried her up to the window to see the bright flowers, and while she sat there, the dear little baby saw the worm come creeping, creeping so slowly around the edge of the box, and she stretched out her tiny hands to the little worm and said, "Pretty, pretty, pretty!"

"Why, yes," said the nurse, smiling, "a little worm has come to see this sick baby."

And then she held out her pencil and the little worm crawled all the way across the pencil and the little sick baby laughed and laughed until she laughed out loud, and kept saying, "Pretty, pretty, pretty!"—the very first time she had laughed since she came to the big hospital. Then the nurse put the little worm back in the box with the bulbs, where she knew he liked to stay, and he crept into the dark earth again.

That afternoon when the doctor came—the very same doctor that knew Joe-Boy so well, he bent over the white bed where the sick baby slept, and took her tiny hand in his, as he said, "Why, this sick baby is very much better! She'll soon be well, I think."

"Yes, indeed," said the nurse, "why, she's been laughing out loud today, and do you know, I believe it was a little *worm* that has made her better?"

Now, don't you wish the little worm knew?

Program for Sixteenth Week—Bulbs.

The Brown Bulb Babies

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you remember what the big oak tree grew from? Do you know what the morning-glory came from? Who has seen a lily? I will show you what that comes from. (Show the bulb and relate story.)

Game: "My lily bulb moves round and round."

Gift: Modelling, suggested in story.

Instrumental music: "Traumerei." Schuman.

Occupation: Brush work, Bulbs.

Baby Lily

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Reproduce story told yesterday. Relate story for the day. Plant bulbs as suggested in the story. What will help them to grow? How can we help?

Game and Song:

"In the heart of a bulb planted deep, so deep,

A dear little lily lay fast asleep," etc.

Lullaby, "Narcissus." Nevin.

Gift: Fifth.—Closet and flower stand.

Occupation: Water color—Tulip. Show the real flower.

The Little Worm That Helped

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you remember what helped "Baby Tulip" to grow up? What else helped? What kind of beds do tulips like?

Song and game: "In the heart of a bulb."

Gift Period: Work in bulb beds out of doors, planting several.

Occupation: Folding, flower pot. Draw flower in bloom.

The Merry, Merry Blossoms

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Were you ever sick? Did any one bring you anything nice? Do you ever take sick people anything? Did you ever visit a hospital? Relate story.

Song and game: "In the great brown earth."

Gift: Fifth gift B. (Curvilinear.) Build the hospital and window where box of bulbs was placed.

Occupation: Cardboard modelling. Basket.—Fill with flowers for some friend.

The Little Worm's Visit

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Reproduce yesterday's story. Did you ever dig up a little worm? What did you do with it? How do they help us?

Game: All hands joined—play worm.

Gift: Modelling worms.

Occupation: Folding bed where sick baby lay.

Seventeenth Week—Life History of the Butterfly.

The Princess

Monday

I AM afraid the kindergarten children would have missed their pretty window garden very much indeed if it had not been for something they found swinging in the window the very next morning—something that looked just like a big pecan nut, only there were two

brown leaves pressed close around it as it swung fastened tight to a slender twig.

"What is it? What is it?" asked all the children in a breath.

"A pretty brown cradle," said the kindergarten teacher, "and a most beautiful princess sleeps inside—we will guess her name. I found her yesterday, swinging from an elm tree at Billy's house, when I carried him the pretty flowers, and Billy told me to bring it to you. I will let it pass all around the circle before we make our guesses, that our eyes may have a real good look at the snug brown cradle."

Well, they guessed all kinds of queer things. Joe-Boy said: "Maybe Mr. Jaybird hung it there for a nut."

And Charlotte Anne said: "S'pose it was a snake egg?"

But the kindergarten teacher only shook her head and laughed, because you know Mr. Jaybird planted nuts in the ground, he did not swing them on trees, and everybody knows snake eggs are smooth and white, and not brown and woolly like the cradle the princess was sleeping in. So the kindergarten teacher said, "Well, I'll tell you this much the princess that sleeps in this cradle will fly when she wakes up, for she has most beautiful wings."

"Oh, a butterfly, a butterfly!" said all the children. "We know it is a butterfly!"

"You have almost guessed," said the kindergarten teacher, "but not quite. This cradle is almost too large for a butterfly's cradle, but the pretty moth that sleeps inside is so much like a butterfly you can hardly tell them apart. She will be very much larger than a butterfly, too, and instead of flying in the bright sunlight, she will like best to fly in the moonlight, or late in the afternoon, when she flits from flower to flower, searching for the sweet nectar juice, she likes so well to drink. But the queerest part of all is, that this pretty princess, sound asleep in her cocoon cradle, thinks she is still a creeping caterpillar—she does not know when she wakes up and crawls out of her cradle that she is to be a moth with beautiful golden brown wings—that was God's secret—so don't you know she will be full of joy and so surprised when she wakes and finds out she doesn't have to crawl low on the ground any more like the little worm, but fly up, up, high like the birds—won't it be such a happy surprise? Last summer when she was only a tiny baby caterpillar, she lived in the elm tree at Billy Sander's house. The tree was kind to her, and gave her all the tender leaves she wanted to eat.

She ate so many, her pretty green coat would split right down the back, and she would have to have a new and larger one. By and by she grew very tired and very sleepy, and the kind elm tree said, "It is time for you to go to sleep now, and you must spin a cocoon cradle as I have seen other caterpillars do. Wrap yourself snugly within as you spin, and I will hide you among my branches through the long winter months while you sleep and rest."

So the caterpillar spun a silken thread from her mouth, and fastened it to the end of a strong twig where there were two leaves to help cover her cocoon cradle, and as she spun she wrapped the silken thread round and round her body, until she was covered up so close, you could not see her mouth nor tiny feet, and the two elm leaves hid the pretty cocoon cradle from sight, so that not even the birds could tell it was swinging there, and that is just as I found her in the old elm tree. I have brought her here to be our princess, and we will take good care of her and watch for the day when God shall wake her up. Then we will watch her fly away, that she may enjoy her beautiful wings."

"And we will sing to her every day," said Joe-Boy.

"Yes, and we will sing to her right now," said the kindergarten teacher. So they hung the pretty cocoon cradle back in the sunny window, and as the sang, Joe-Boy played that he was the little creeping caterpillar, on the old elm tree, spinning a cocoon cradle just as the princess had done, and by and by he got so very still—as still as still could be—that the other children knew he must have finished his cradle and was fast asleep. So he slept, and slept, until the kindergarten teacher sent a sunbeam to touch him gently on the head, and change him back to a real little boy. Did *you* ever play you were sleeping in a cocoon cradle? Well, as you slept, did you play you were changing into a beautiful moth with golden brown wings, and when you waked up, you could fly and fly and fly? Let's play that now.

Blurette's Babies

Tuesday

THE next morning when the children came to kindergarten, they wanted to know, the very first thing, if the princess had waked up yet.

"No, not yet," said the kindergarten teacher; "I am sure it is too cool for her now. When she wakes she will want to find the weather

very warm and flowers in bloom and especially plenty of leaves on the trees, for I believe she will go back to see the old elm tree. If she should lay any eggs for her baby caterpillar to come out of, why, she will lay them on the elm leaves, I feel very sure, because she will remember how she liked them when she was a caterpillar, and of course her babies will like the same kind of leaves. No, no, it is too early for our princess to wake just yet, but if you will find a golden key and lock your lips, I will tell you a story about a pretty butterfly—how will that do?"

You know these children were always ready for a story, so they locked their lips and folded their hands and sat as still as still could be, so everybody could hear, and then the kindergarten teacher began.

"Once-upon-a-time there was a beautiful swallowtail butterfly. Here name was Bluette, because of the shades of blue on her wings, and she had slept through the long winter months, just as our Princess sleeps now, though their cradles were of a different kind. Bluette waked in June, and she was very happy when she flitted over the stone wall into the old garden, where many flowers grew.

"'Come to us, Bluette,' the roses said, 'we love you so.'

"'Come to us, Bluette,' said the lilies white, 'dip down into our cups, and get you something sweet.'

"'Come to us, Bluette,' said the smiling pinks, 'we will let you kiss our baby buds.'

"'And don't forget us, Bluette,' said the gay nasturtiums; 'we love you, too.'

"So Bluette would flit by to see them all, and sometimes she would carry their golden powder across to other flowers, because that was the way she helped them, you know. But one bright morning when the flowers called, Bluette did not stop, but flew quickly over the old stone wall into the orchard and flitted in and out among the trees.

"'Good morning, Bluette,' said the apple tree; 'see, I have shaken off my pretty pink blossoms, and have my baby seeds wrapped up in tiny green apples—they are my babies, Bluette; aren't they the dearest ones in all the world?'

"'Everyone thinks their babies are the dearest,' said Bluette; 'I am out hunting a place to lay my eggs, and then I'll have some babies, too—the dearest in all the world.'

"So Bluette flitted on through the orchard, and darted over the

fence, and flitted through the sun-lit woods, until at last she came to a tall sassafras bush, and there she stopped.

"I have come to ask you to take care of my eggs for me," said Bluette. "I shall have to go away when I lay them, and can not watch until they are hatched."

"I am always glad to help," said the sassafras bush, "but wouldn't it be best to lay them in the garden on the celery or parsley stalks?"

"No, no," said Bluette, "that would be a fine place for *most* of the swallowtail butterflies, but I would rather leave *my* eggs with you, if you will promise to care for them."

"I will do the best that I can," said the sassafras bush, "though I have never cared for any babies except my own. Just lay them there on my leaves, and perhaps you had better lay them on the under side, where the rain will not wash them away. I'm sure I could not pick them up if they fall."

"Oh, I'll fix that," said gay Bluette. "See, I'll glue them down, and they will stay right where I place them until the babies are hatched."

"And what must I do when the babies are hatched?" said the sassafras bush. "If you are far away, I should know just how to care for them."

"Oh," laughed Bluette, "you need not worry about them in the least! My babies will care for themselves, if you will only give them enough leaves to eat—and I shall thank you ever so much."

"Very well," said the sassafras bush. "If it's leaves they like to eat, I have plenty to spare, and they may eat as much as they please."

"Then pretty Bluette laid some wee, wee, wee eggs—very tiny, indeed—on the sassafras leaves, and away she flitted over the heads of nodding grasses."

"And did the babies really hatch out?" asked Joe-Boy.

"To be sure they did!" said the kindergarten teacher, "but then, that's another story to be told some other day."

Of course, there was a merry butterfly game after that, when some of the children were flowers and some were sassafras bushes and one was Bluette flitting here and there. And before they went home that day, everyone had made a clay leaf, showing the tiny, tiny eggs like what Bluette had laid.

Bluette's Babies

Wednesday

NOW the sassafras bush had never seen any butterfly babies, though she had heard about them, and even knew that different butterflies chose different kinds of plants to lay their eggs on.

"Anyway, I am very glad that Bluette chose me, said the sassafras bush, for I shall watch those eggs and soon know for myself just how a butterfly baby looks. I suppose, of course, they will be tiny dark blue butterflies, just like their mother," she said.

"I know chickens come out of eggs, and always favor their mother. And I know birds come out of eggs, too, for I have hidden their nests among my leaves, and I have seen the eggs and the baby birds and they favor their mother, so, *of course* Bluette's babies will look like *her*."

But, dear me, as you must know, that sassafras bush was very much mistaken, for when Bluette's eggs hatched out only a few days later, guess what came out of them?

"Worms! worms!" said the sassafras bush, "so sure as I am alive, those little crawling things are worms!—who would have believed it!"

And Joe-Boy was almost as surprised as the sassafras bush had been, and so were Charlotte Anne and the other children—they were so surprised they did not know what to do, and they wanted to know what the sassafras bush did.

"Well, Bluette's babies were *not worms*, even if the sassafras bush *did* think so," said the kindergarten teacher. "They were caterpillars, as all baby butterflies are, and though the sassafras bush was very much surprised, she decided to take care of the babies anyway, because she had promised Bluette, and promises should be kept, you know—at least that's what the sassafras bush thought—so she did her best to care for Bluette's queer babies."

"Help yourselves to my leaves, little ones," she said, "but whatever you do, don't fall on the ground. I promised your mother to care for you, though I wish she were here to glue you down. I am not used to babies who are always crawling about. *My* babies stay right where I place them and never do they think of moving unless a breeze swings them."

But Bluette's babies did not wait for the breezes to swing them—at least, not then—and when the sassafras bush told them to help them—

selves to her tender leaves they all began tumbling and scrambling over one another, hunting the leaves they liked best, and they ate so many and got so fat, why, one day they popped their coats right down the back, and it tickled the sassafras bush so, she shook her slender brown twigs in laughter.

"Dear me, little ones," she said, "don't be greedy there are leaves enough for all!—and who will mend your coats, now, that they are torn?"

"But the sassafras bush needn't have worried about those torn coats, because every one of Bluettes babies had a new one right underneath, even newer and brighter than the ones they had ripped, and a better fit, too. Anyway they kept on eating day after day, and at night curled up in little wads on the leaves and went to sleep. At sunrise the next morning, they were always as hungry as ever, and went straight to eating leaves again, and then the first thing you knew, why, they had gotten too big and fat for their coats again, and ripped them open right down the back, and the sassafras bush was very much astonished to see more new coats right underneath for every one. But, do you know, they went right straight to eating again?"

"Look here, little ones, listen to me," said the sassafras bush, shaking them gently on her leaves. "You must not, *must* not eat so much! The first thing I know, you will split those new coats open, too, and how do I know you will have any more? Your mother might be back here any day and I want her to find you neat and clean—do you hear?"

I do not know whether Bluettes babies understood or not, but anyway they soon stopped eating and curled up for a nap, and the sassafras bush drew a long sigh and was happy.

"How large and fine they are growing," she said, "and the blue spots on their fresh green coats makes me think of the blue on their mother's wings—how I wish she could see them now, pretty Bluettes!"

Bluettes Smallest Baby

Thursday

WHEN Bluettes babies waked up the next morning they did what they always did—ate! They seemed as hungry as ever, and by and by one caterpillar said to another caterpillar:

"Let's crawl down to the ground and hunt for another sassafras bush."

So the largest baby started first, and crawled from the leaves to the trunk of the bush and the other babies followed close behind.

"Come back, little ones," said the sassafras bush, quickly; "do not run away. Your mother asked me to take care of you, and how can I if you crawl away?"

But Bluettes babies did not seem to hear, for down the trunk they crawled, one behind the other, until the ground was reached, and through the grass they hurried, never stopping a single minute, while the sassafras bush kept calling, "Come back, little ones, come back!"

One of Bluettes babies heard—the very smallest one—and crawling back up the branches said: "I will stay with you, dear sassafras bush. You have taken good care of me, and I love you; I should like to stay always."

"Thank you, little one," said the sassafras bush; "I promised Bluette I would care for you all, and I am sure I have done my best. I am sorry the others have left me, for when Bluette comes back she will miss them, and think I did not keep my promise."

"But I shall be here to tell her," said the baby, "and then she will know. Tell me about my mother; do I look like her?"

"No, no, no," said the sassafras bush, "not the least little bit! Why, your mother was the most beautiful butterfly I ever saw! She could fly like a bird, and the blue on her scalloped wings was dark and rich—you would think her a stray sunbeam floating through the air. The flowers and the ferns and the grasses all loved her because she was kind and always ready to help."

"Oh, I wish I had wings like my mother's," said the baby caterpillar. "Do you think I ever will?"

"I am afraid not," said the sassafras bush, gently; "I have never seen a worm with wings, though it does seem strange to me that all of Bluettes babies should be without wings, and look so little like her. I have never understood it, and have wondered and wondered."

"Well, I wish I *did* have wings, anyway," said the baby, and then he crawled away to the edge of a leaf and began eating little scallops in it. For many days he stayed on the sassafras bush alone, growing larger and plumper each day, and then all at once Bluettes baby caterpillar grew tired and sleepy, and did not feel like eating any more. His coat was no longer bright green, but was a rich yellow, and there were eyespots of black in buff rings, and a tiny pair of orange colored horns,

which he kept hidden. "This is the prettiest coat you have worn yet," said the sassafras bush, "but if you do not feel like eating, I am afraid you are sick."

"No, I am not sick, but I am too sleepy to stay awake another minute," said Bluettes baby caterpillar; "I feel as if I could sleep forever."

Then, the next thing the sassafras bush knew, why, Bluettes baby had spun a silken girdle like the letter V around his body and fastened it tightly to a twig, and *nowhere* could you see his tiny feet, nor his pretty orange horns as he swung in the slender chrysalis cradle which his coat had seemed to change to.

"Well," said the sassafras bush, "now, wasn't that a sight! Bluettes babies are the most wonderful babies that ever I saw. Why, they seem to have *everything* they need right inside of them—their coats wear out or get too small and split open; but there is another one underneath, all ready. They get sleepy, and want a cradle, and these same wonderful coats seem to change somehow into a cradle and they swing themselves up in it by a strong silken cord—as safe and as snug as you please! Well! Well! Well! I'd just like to know where those other run-a-way babies swung themselves!"

Where do you suppose they did?

The Surprise of the Sassafras Bush

Friday

WELL, I can not tell you just what became of Bluettes other babies, but I know they must have grown too sleepy to eat, too, and when they had found a pleasant place swung themselves up by a silken girdle and slept in their chrysalis cradles, just as the one on the sassafras bush did—because that is about the way all butterfly babies do. I am glad the sassafras bush found out Bluettes babies were not worms, too. Mr. Jaybird told her that. One day he was flying by hunting acorns, and the sassafras bush called to him to come see what a queer cradle Bluettes baby was sleeping in.

"Why, to be sure," said Mr. Jaybird, "I knew Bluette myself—a most beautiful swallowtail butterfly—her eggs hatch into caterpillars, and the caterpillars change into chrysalids—that is the queer cradle you see hanging there."

"Well, well," said the sassafras bush, "how very strange! And how long will it be before this caterpillar baby wakes up?"

"Oh, well," said Mr. Jaybird, "I'm sure I can not tell. Some of them sleep longer than others, but I think the butterflies like Bluettes wake early in June. And when Bluettes's caterpillar wakes up, you will find he is no longer a caterpillar, but something else very like his mother."

"What!" said the sassafras bush, "why, butterfly babies are the most wonderful things I ever heard of! Pray, if this baby of Bluettes's isn't a caterpillar when he wakes up, what *will* he be?"

"Why, a butterfly like his mother, to be sure," said Mr. Jaybird; "a blue swallowtail! Really, it is very wonderful, and I have often thought they must feel something like a fairy to go to sleep a creeping, crawling caterpillar and wake up with a pair of beautiful silken wings, to go waltzing through the air."

"Well," said the sassafras bush, "I grow more and more surprised! And so that is the beginning of all butterflies?"

"That's it," said Mr. Jaybird, "and now I must be going." So away he flew.

By and by the days grew cold, and the sassafras bush dropped her crimson leaves one by one to the ground, and went to sleep herself, for the cold winter months, holding Bluettes's baby snug among her twigs. And they slept and they slept and they slept. When the spring came, the sassafras bush was the first to wake and dressed herself in a robe of yellow blossoms. Then she peeped over, and was glad to see that Bluettes's baby was still safe and lay sleeping in his chrysalis cradle. She watched him swinging there through the early spring months and then decked herself in fresh, green leaves, but still Bluettes's baby slept on, and the sassafras bush said: "I am afraid Mr. Jaybird was mistaken, and this caterpillar baby will never wake up."

But he did. Yes, yes, for it happened early one June morning, and the dear sassafras bush was the first one to know about it. You see, it began to grow warm in the chrysalis cradle, and one morning Bluettes's baby stretched and stretched his tiny self and said, "How warm it is! Somehow I feel hungry again, but I don't feel like a caterpillar any more, and I don't feel like eating leaves exactly. It seems to me something sweet like honey would taste fine, and I feel as if—oh, I feel as if I were out

of this cradle, I could fly away up high, high in the sky! I just believe I'll try!"

So, he pushed right out of that chrysalis cradle, and only guess! Yes, sir, he had a pair of wings! And they were dark rich blue, just like his mother's. And the sassafras bush was so surprised, she did not know what to do! And Bluette's baby was so proud because he was a butterfly like his mother, that just as soon as his wings were dry and strong he fluttered all over the sassafras bush and kissed the leaves, and then flitted through the orchard and over the stone wall into the old garden where the flowers bloomed and they nodded and called to him, just as they had called to Bluette the summer before, and he was glad to taste their sweet nectar juice.

"See, mother," said a little child who was playing in the garden; "see, there is the first blue swallowtail I have seen this summer. What a pretty, pretty butterfly!"

"Oh, oh, I wish our Princess would wake up right now," said Joe-Boy, "so we can see if she can fly, too, and if she looks like Bluette."

Of course you know the Princess will know how to fly, when she wakes up, but then she will not look so very much like Bluette because she will be larger and have brown wings—anyway, moths and butterflies are not *just exactly* alike, are they? To be sure, they're not; anybody with sharp eyes can tell that fact—could you?

Program for Seventeenth Week—Life History of the Butterfly.

The Princess

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Are you tired of hearing of things that grow and change? I don't believe you are, for *we* keep growing and changing, don't we? and so, of course, we love to talk about other things that grow and change. (Show cocoon and ask children to find and bring one like it next day.) Today we will have a story of something that grew and changed. We have talked about it before and it isn't a flower.

Game: "The Caterpillar."

Gift period: Model Cocoon.

Occupation: Drawing, crayons. Cocoon. Preserve for butterfly book.

Bluette's Eggs

Tuesday

I wonder how many of our children have bright eyes for finding a

cocoon? How many have been brought this morning? (Compare chrysalis and cocoon. Instrumental lullaby. Houser.)

Game: Dramatize story.

Gift Period: Modelling, leaf and eggs.

Occupation: Folding, butterfly ("Bluette"). Instrumental music. Grieg's Butterfly.

Bluette's Babies

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Show sassafras and elm leaves, and compare.

Game: Dramatize story.

Gift period: Free cutting. Leaves of sassafras bush for decoration of book cover.

Occupation: Drawing, crayons. Picture of Bluette's babies.

Bluette's Smallest Baby

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Compare again chrysalis and cocoon. Do you know what sleeps in cocoon? Do you know what sleeps in chrysalis?

Game: To instrumental music. (To stress difference between chrysalis and cocoon.) A group of children fly as moths and butterflies. Kindergarten teacher: "We will play that these butterflies and moths can talk to me. Now (touching some child) are you a butterfly or a moth? Where do you sleep? Why do you like best to fly?"

Gift period: Modelling. Chrysalis and cocoon.

Occupation: Drawing—Water color. Bluette's smallest baby in his changed coat of yellow, orange colored horns, etc.

The Surprise of the Sassafras Bush

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Show pictures.

Game and song: "The Caterpillar."

A LAST YEAR'S PROGRAM.

LUELLA A. PALMER, NEW YORK CITY.

APRIL.

Teacher's Thought—Broadening of children's lives by:

1. Observation of changes due to the coming of spring.
2. Planting and caring for plants.
3. Development of appreciation of the mystery and beauty in spring's awakening.

FIRST WEEK.

TOPIC—Farmer.

Picture—(Blackboard.)*Song*—The Chicken ("Small Songs for Small Singers"). Feeding the Chickens ("Nature Songs for Children").*Story*—Go Sleep Story ("In the Child's World"). Farmyard Gate (Mother Play).*Rhyme*—Little Yellowhead (Small Songs).*Game*—Planting. Finger plays—Pigs. Hen and Chicken.*Rhythm*—Highsteppers ("Characteristic Rhythms").*Monday.**Circle*—Farmer's work, sorting seeds and ploughing.*Occupation*—Folding plough. 1. Difficult. 2. Easy.*Gift*—Sand, ploughing.*Occupation*—Peaswork.

During the circle, bird's seed was planted in a long box. This seed was chosen for two reasons: because it germinates very rapidly and because the children can see how impossible it would be to plant each seed. Later they can understand that the farmer must scatter small seeds instead of putting them in the ground separately. The earth was not prepared for the children, and so they were led to think that if they needed to dig so hard to break the caked earth even after it was watered, the farmer would need a large implement with strong help even after the rain had softened the soil. A farm scene was begun in the sand box by building a fence around a toy farmhouse made of boards and by marking off the fields. On Wednesday of this week a wooden barn, with its hay-loft, was placed in the box and toy animals of various farmyard varieties were enclosed within a fence. Later when the grain and

vegetables were planted they were placed in the box until at the end of a few weeks there was a flourishing farm. The nasturtiums and other flowers were kept in another window. The terrarium, with its moss, twigs and anemones, stood in a corner. These city children were thus enabled to gain a vague idea of the difference between farm, garden and woods, or plants for use and plants for beauty, the former being subdivided into vegetables and grain and the latter into wild and cultivated. Practical classification precedes the scientific.

Tuesday.

Circle—Sights and sounds in the country. The experiences of Benny Brown, the farmer's son.

Gift—Third and fourth. Sequence, farmer's house, fence, school-house, trees, bridge.

Occupation—Drawing, rake and shovel.

Occupation—Cutting rake and shovel.

The blackboard picture was changed during this week by rubbing off the remaining snow and introducing the figure of Mr. Brown ploughing a field. Some of the animals were drawn in the farmyard as they were mentioned.

Wednesday.

Circle—Farmer's care of animals. What they eat and drink.

Gift—Seeds.

Occupation—Fold barn, from large stiff paper.

Occupation—Cut animals.

Thursday.

Circle—Bennie's hunt for eggs. Nests in the straw.

Gift—1. Fifth, suggestion, farm and yard; beads used for animals. 2 and 3. Third and fourth suggestion.

Occupation—Drawing chickens. (Several stuffed chickens had been brought by children.)

Occupation—Cutting chickens.

In the circle, corn was planted by the children. During game time, the children were sent out of the room while a few hid imitation eggs; upon the return they all joined in an exciting hunt for the straw nests and their treasures.

Friday.

Circle—Hen's care of eggs and little chickens. Planting of wheat.

Gift—Triangular tablets, row of coops.

Occupation—Folding coop.

Occupation—Pasting triangles.

SECOND WEEK.

TOPIC—Spring awakening.

Picture—Fishes (Mother Play).

Song—The Fish in the Brook (Mother Play). Waiting to Grow
("Song Echoes," fourth verse, "No seed's so small or hidden
so well").

Story—A Surprise ("In Child's World").

Game—Fishes. Frog ("Songs of Child World"). Stream. (The
Brook, "Music for Child World," Vol. I.)

Rhythm—Fishes (Silver Fishes, "Music for Child World," Vol. I.)

Monday.

Circle—Ducks and where they like to live. Planting onions.

Gift—Beads.

Occupation—Clay, modelling onion.

Occupation—Singing.

Tuesday.

Circle—Our fishes, their color, motion, food. Planting potato.

Gift—1. Fifth dictation.

2. Sixth, free.

3. One-third of sixth, free.

Occupation—Drawing fishes.

Occupation—Cutting fishes. Pasting on blue paper.

Wednesday.

Circle—Fishes in brook, where they have been all winter. Planting
beans.

Gift—Shells.

Occupation—Drawing aquarium.

Occupation—Clay, suggestion, seeds and basket.

Thursday.

Circle—Waking of frog and toad. Frog's home in country. Ponds,
brooks, stones. Planting peas.

Gift—1 and 2. Fifth, dictation and imitation, boat (paper for
sail).

3. Third and fourth, imitation, boat.

Occupation—Drawing boat.

Occupation—Folding boat.

Friday.

Circle—All things mentioned that are glad of spring weather.

Gift—First.

Occupation—Clay, free, suggestion ball.

Occupation—Walk around block.

THIRD WEEK.

TOPICS—Birds.

Picture—Barnswallows.

Song—May Song ("Holiday Songs," first and second verses).

Little Birdie ("Small Songs for Small Singers").

Story—The Birdie that Tried ("Boston Collection"). God is good.

Rhyme—April showers.

Game—Spring awakening ("Music for Child World," Vol. I).

Return of birds (Birds in Autumn, "Holiday Song Book").

Nesting (Thy Little Birds, "Holiday Song Book").

Rhythm—Flying.

Monday.

Circle—Our growing seeds; what helped them grow?

Gift—Sand, twigs.

Occupation—Cutting, free.

Occupation—Walk to see birds building nest.

Tuesday.

Circle—Why birds building nest? Where? How?

Gift—Third and fourth, suggestion, objects seen on walk.

Occupation—Drawing, tree and nest.

Occupation—Cutting tree.

Wednesday.

Circle—Care of little birds by father and mother.

Gift—Thread game.

Occupation—Drawing nest of oriole.

Occupation—Clay, nest.

Thursday.

Circle—Growing of little birds, their first flight.

Gift—1. Sixth, free.

2. Fifth, dictation.

3. One-third of fifth, free.

Occupation—Cutting, circle, like snail.

Occupation—Blowing soap bubbles.

Friday.

Circle—Birds in park; what can be fed to them?

Gift—Seeds, suggestion, tree, nest.

Occupation—Clay, apple.

Occupation—Singing.

During the circle period a nest was placed in the top of the Christmas tree. One by one the children climbed up to peep in it. If they pretended that eggs were in it, they descended again very carefully, but if the birds had flown away and the nest was empty they took it away.

FOURTH WEEK.

TOPIC—Pigeons.

Picture—Pigeons.

Song—There was once a little birdie ("Song Echoes," two verses, adapted). The Little Plant ("Song Echoes").

Story—Billy Bobtail.

Game—Travelers. Pigeon's Flight ("Holiday Songs").

Rhythm—(Military commands, To the rear, face, etc.)

Monday.

Circle—What birds see when they fly; where they return.

Gift—Second, sense game. (Other objects also used.)

Occupation—Clay, free.

Occupation—Peaswork.

Tuesday.

Circle—Circling pigeons seen above housetop. Flight, call. Country home, pigeon house.

Gift—1 and 2. Sixth, dictation and imitation, pigeon house.

3. One-third of fifth, pigeon house.

Occupation—Drawing pigeons. (Suggestion, pigeon house.)

Occupation—Folding, pigeon house, fastened to a splint held upright in spool.

Wednesday.

Circle—What children see when they travel; where they return.

Gift—1 and 2. Sixth, suggestion, something seen on trolley ride.

3. One-third of fifth, suggestion.

Occupation—Clay, flower pot.

Occupation—Singing.

*Thursday.**Circle*—What is seen far away in four directions.*Gift*—1 and 2. Fifth, suggestion, trains and boats.*Occupation*—Drawing, something seen on journey or a conveyance.*Occupation*—Peaswork.*Friday.**Circle*—Bunny, his actions and food.*Occupation*—Drawing, bunny.*Occupation*—Clay, bunny.*Occupation*—Painting clay flowerpot.

A little white rabbit had been loaned to us for the last three days of this week. We watched him all during this time, and merely summed up the observations during the circle period. After the clay flowerpots were painted, the children filled them with earth and then planted the seeds that they preferred, choosing by the picture of the flower that the seed was said to produce.

 EARLY SPRING PLAN: APRIL.

CAROLINE W. BARBOUR, SUPERIOR NORMAL SCHOOL, WISCONSIN.

GENERAL SUBJECT: Spring and its wonderful happenings. The signs of the coming of spring all about us, as shown in—

(1) Out-of-door happenings in weather, winds, sun and skies, and upspringing life.

(2) The Easter holiday occurrences, and the children's interest in them.

(3) Changes in children's games.

NOTE: A plan of work which shall try to sound the keynote of children's interests, meets many difficulties at this season. Life is full now of coming things, and many, many interests and activities are appealing to the children. The problem is, to make a plan sufficiently broad and sympathetic enough to *meet and enrich* the vital interests of this wonderful time of mystery, change and growth, while at the same time it serves as an organized basis, offering the right amount of variety in the table-work.

So we will try to present in each week's work some phases of the nature changes, the changes in children's games, and the general Easter interest, as well as continuing with our new doll-house, getting all the decorating done this month.

MOTIVE: To interpret each "happening" as a *sign* of the coming of spring, one more way of saying "Spring is coming; Spring is *here!*" This will present in simple form the idea that everything, no matter how seemingly detached or isolated, is obedient to the law of change and growth, so that even—

"In the snowing, and the blowing,
In the keen and cutting sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing,
Far beneath our feet."

Our Easter Thought: Spring, Easter, is the expression of joyous, renewed activities, of upspringing life and more power to do. The whole of life celebrates Easter, and everything has its own Easter Day. "The seeds and flowers are waking now," but not necessarily on *our* Easter day. The butterfly may not spread its wings on Easter Sunday, and unless the children can get this other thought, there might be a sense of confusion. It is possible for them to understand it, a little, through so many nature illustrations. Our Easter Day, filled with rejoicing, beautiful music and fragrant flowers, comes on such a Sunday. But the caterpillar's Eastertime is when it is a butterfly, spreading wings in the blue air, instead of crawling on the ground; the sleepy buds and seeds have their Easter when they waken to leaves and flowers; and the brown bulb in the "great brown house" celebrates its Easter Day when it lifts a lily blossom to the sunshine for us to enjoy.

Games: (1) Play children's games of marbles, tops, balls, jumping rope, kite flying, etc.
(2) Use them in rhythmic games, to music and to rhyme; i.e., bouncing ball to "one, two, buckle my shoe," and "Jack and Jill."
(3) Interpretative nature games, very simply worked out, relating fall songs of going to sleep, with spring ones of awakening.

Music: For interpretation, group of musical stories about nature, rain, fairies, wind, etc. "Music for the Child's World." For listening: Mendelssohn's "Spring Song."

Songs: *New prayer.* "Hymn," in "Music for the Child's World."

Easter Song: "The seeds and flowers are sleeping sound." Hill. (We adapt last lines to read, "This is *our* Easter Day.")

Game Song: "The Spinning Top," in "Songs and Scissors." Gaynor.
Group of Nature Songs, to be introduced at the *moment of interest*, when the first "pussies" are brought in, or a robin has been seen: "Little Pussy Willow"; "The Tulips"; "Birth of the Butterfly"; "Daffy-Down-Dilly"; "Robin, Robin, Redbreast," Gaynor; "Caterpillar and Moth," Hill (used as a complete game).

Stories: The Sleeping Beauty.

Fable of the Sun and the Wind.

The Sleeping Princess.

The Egg Hunt.

Mother Goose Village Stories, by M. Bigham.

Rhymes: "This is little Yellowhead." Niedlinger. "I saw you toss the kites on high." R. L. Stevenson.

Puzzle:

"I know of a baby so small and so good,
 She sleeps in a cradle, as good babies should—
 Sleep, baby, sleep.
 "I know of a mother, so kind and so warm,
 She covers this baby from all cold and harm—
 Sleep, baby, sleep.
 "When winter is over, the rain and the light
 Are calling this baby with all their might—
 Wake, baby, wake!"

—Tomlins.

Suggestions for Table-Work, classified for topics, but not arranged for the separate weeks' work:

I. General signs of the coming of spring; weather observations, and observation of many things "waiting to grow." Plant boxes and pots for the indoor gardening; plant out-of-doors where such work is possible; care for as many blossoming pots of flowers as we can obtain from the greenhouse.

II. Easter suggestions: (1) A beautiful Easter room-border can be made by the children; just rows of tulips in brown pots, alternating red and yellow flowers and light and dark green stems; by experimenting with folding an oblong and cutting the children can make fine flower pots, and a more or less conventional tulip; then cut a number at once, and mount in border fashion on strips of dark green drawing paper. (2) White cardboard chicken-coops, with little yellow balls of cotton for chicks; a bit of green "grass," mounted on a dark cardboard, will make an Eastern souvenir; or (3) "butterfly" Easter baskets; cut, fold and tie in delicate colors of cardboard and zephyrs; line with soft

paper and fill with candy-eggs. (4) Candy Easter eggs*, cooked and molded by the oldest group for the rest. (5) "Humpty Dumpty" posters, or drawing and paintings.

III. Signs of spring shown through changes in the games children play. Tops, marbles, balls and skipping rope seem to be among the earliest favorites, also bean-bag throwing; then in connection with what the wind can do, kites and pin-wheels.

1. *Ball games*, with first and second gift; hard and soft balls.
2. *Action drawing* in playing ball, flying kites, jumping rope leads to very good results, since interest in the activity makes the effort to express it very definite.
3. *Clay modeling* for tops, marbles and balls, together with decorating in colors and baking to take home.
4. *Sewing* bean-bags and marble bags. Little children can cut holes in a circle of cloth, string a colored thread through and have a very satisfactory marble bag.
5. *Posters* of kite-flying; free cutting and crayoning for kites and tops, developing decorative ideas in color and arrangement.
6. *Constructing* real kites; hardwood slats for frames, with string tied around outer edges to make a firm outline; tissue paper of various colors, decorated with surprise cuttings or with "faces" made of parquetry pasted as eyes, nose and mouth. With a good tail, these fly very well for such little kites. Pin wheels can be made additionally effective by placing in front of the colored square for the pin-wheel, a white or contrasting color surprise cutting. When the pin-wheel is whirled the result is very pretty.

IV. *Work on the doll-house* will be carried on throughout the month, applying decorative ideas in connection with our nature work. For instance, conventionalized tulip or other flower borders can be used

*Recipe for candy eggs. (Can be made on the table, since there is no real cooking to do.)

1 egg yolk.

3 tablespoons orange juice and the grated rind.

Powdered sugar.

Put yolk, orange juice and rind into a bowl and stir in sugar to make stiff enough to mould into the little "yolks" for the candy eggs.

1 white of egg.

$\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoonful peppermint.

Powdered sugar.

Stir as before, coloring if wished, with a fruit coloring paste. Mold this about the yolks.

This recipe will make about twenty little eggs, for the Easter baskets.

in making an "upper third" decoration for parlor or dining room. Surprise cuttings of brown or green tissue pasted on scrim or denim can be used for portieres and curtains. Group-work will be done in weaving rugs of oriental wools, and a raffia "matting" rug for the dining-room.

Since the doll-house is to be a permanent bit of furnishing in the kindergarten room, the teacher's taste should guide the general choice and arrangement of colors, that the *effect* of the painted, papered and carpeted house may be pleasing and harmonious in color. There are plenty of details to be added later on which will satisfy the children's interest in variety of colors. We expect to have the doll-house ready for furniture by the end of April.



FRIEDRICH FROEBEL.

COURTESY C. H. DOERFLINGER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A SUMMER OUTDOOR CLASS.

JULIA E. PECK, MONTPELIER, VT.

FOLLOWING is an account of a summer school for children held last year, with details of its working. It was held four mornings in the week from nine to eleven, for six weeks, beginning the middle of June, and the fourteen children who made up the class averaged seven years.

The first thing done was to start a garden. Beds, 3x4 feet, had been laid out, one for each child, and small garden tools and watering pots were supplied. After the plans were talked over with the children, and all had watched one boy start his planting under the direction of the teacher, each one went to work. The ground was first raked over, then five sticks were stuck in at equal intervals on two sides of the beds, and the rows were made by means of a stick, with a suitable board laid down across the bed as a guide. Two rows of beets, two of radishes, and one of lettuce, were planted, and except for watering, no more gardening was done until the following week. The children were so impatient for the seeds to grow that they welcomed a rain which came the second day, even wishing it would rain "every day"; and on the following Monday when they ran to the garden and found the little green shoots peeping out of the ground, they danced up and down and clapped their hands in delight.

In the meantime and throughout the six weeks, a great variety of pursuits were in progress. The day usually began with a talk on some nature subject, the children eagerly contributing what they knew, and the teacher helping to organize and add to it. Some songs and poems were learned, and subjects were often presented or amplified by means of pictures, stories, or music. The stories were largely myths and fairy tales, the poems were from standard writers. Drawing, painting, paper cutting, etc., served as a medium for expression of the ideas gained, and this work even on rainy days was done out of doors on a large piazza. Several times, paper and pencils were taken, and drawings from nature made by the small artists on nearby hills.

Excursions usually had a special object in view, such as to watch for birds, to gather wild flowers, to take a look at neighboring gardens, but often the incidental discoveries were of as great import. One day

it was a colony of ants beside an old stump, at another time a snail sunning himself on a rock. Butterflies were caught and freed again, and bees at work watched and studied. An introduction to zoology was given when some polished and curious shaped stones in the dry bed of a brook attracted attention, and the question was asked "What makes them so smooth and have such queer shapes?"

One morning, a day or two after the telling of the story "A Lesson of Faith" (by Mrs. Gatty), a maple branch brought in by one of the children, proved to be the habitation of a caterpillar exactly like the nice conscientious green one which figured in the story. The difficulty in locating it because of its similarity in color to the leaves on which it fed, led to the subject of protective coloration. Other illustrations were discovered by, or pointed out to, the children, and pictures of notable instances—where it was a puzzle to distinguish between animal and plant life—aroused great interest.

A number of bird houses on the premises, with their small tenants, wrens, bluebirds, and sparrows, and a robbin's nest in the woodbine vines of the porch, afforded constant delight, as did the dish of water which the birds used for drinking and bathing purposes. The children made a variety of bird houses from kindergarten blocks—the Fifth and Sixth Gifts. "See, mine is made for a bluebird!" one child would say, exhibiting a little box house with opening near the top—the kind which he had learned that bird would select. Another would have a house with a very tiny hole "for wrens," and he explained that the hole was so small other birds could not get in.

After a talk about bees one day the children were given blocks and all went to work making bee-hives, some of them making flower beds adjoining, where the bees could go for their honey. That they played this way was proof of their interest in the subject. Personal interest is the basis of knowledge, and its stimulation along broad lines was the chief aim of the teacher. At the same time there was definite knowledge in view. The plan for gardening was to show—(1) What nature does for the plants, i. e., the influence of sun, rain and air, and the provision of nourishment in the cotyledons and in the earth; (2) what we must do to secure good results, i. e., provide the right kind of soil, plant properly, water, keep out weeds, and keep the soil loose;

(3) different ways of starting growth, i. e., from the seed or by transplanting, grafting, and by cuttings. A few simple experiments were tried, such as planting seeds in sawdust, in wet cotton, in a sponge; excluding a plant from light, attempting to sprout a seed with an insufficient supply of air, etc. A plant with leaves all turned in one direction was placed with its back to the sun, and the slow turning of the leaves toward the light observed.

An outline of what was learned about birds would be: (1) What they can do for themselves, i. e., choose suitable place for nest, such as tree, barn, ground, bush, eaves, bird-houses, sand bank and cliff, in places safe from cats and boys, near water, sheltered from sun and rain; also build nest—variety of materials used and different ways of building, and care for young. (2) What we must do if we wish to have them about, i. e., the provision of houses, water, food, and material for nests. (3) We wish to have them because they delight with their beauty and song, destroy harmful insects, and give us an opportunity for watching their home life.

All that was learned was through actual observation, or the reasoning out of causes from effects produced. Knowledge so gained is, we all know, the kind which is most likely to endure. The aim stated in full was, first, to develop the child's natural interest in nature and quicken his powers of observation; second, to give him some practical knowledge of gardening, and an acquaintance with the names of the common vegetables and flowers; third, to impart a knowledge of bird life, and cultivate ability to distinguish and name a number of the common varieties; fourth, to bring out the relation between different things in nature—bees, butterflies and flowers, birds and trees, etc.—and to make manifest some of the laws of growth.

From the personal experience of gardening on a small scale, it was an easy step to our universal dependence upon the agricultural profession, or the farmer, but right here a curious fact was brought to light. The children had never thought back further than the store as the source of our food supplies, and when asked "But where does the grocery man get his vegetables?" the only solution seemed to be that he must have a garden back of his store. To trace all food back to the farmer proved very interesting.

One day they brought toys from home and constructed a farm in the long box of sand provided for them in the garden. Waving blades

of grass stuck into the sand made a cornfield, while sprays of asparagus with its red berries served to give the appearance of an apple orchard. These were fenced in with sticks, and a pen for the donkey, and yards for the various other animals, built. Near the farm house a small flower bed was laid out, resplendent in its real bachelor button and pansy blossoms. A path from the front door led to a spring, a dish of water formed a pond, and a long road following the course of a river, lead to "town." The people on the place were small wooden pegs, but the ladies, gowned in poppy petals, looked quite proud and unsuited to the hard tasks of the farm. When the work was completed, various activities of farm life were carried out in play, the horses were harnessed to the hay wagon, loads of grass were brought in, etc., etc.

The garden in which the children's beds were made contained nearly every variety of common vegetable and flower, and was the special care and pride of "grandfather," as this kind old man came to be called. It was grandfather who whittled the sticks that were used for the beds, who fashioned small boards for use in the sand box, who was out at sunrise to pick flowers for the children, who was never heard to say "Be careful" or "Don't go there." He trusted them, and not a plant was trodden by careless feet, nor a flower picked without permission; they flitted about as harmless as butterflies.

After the little vegetable gardens were well under way a flower bed was started, all helping in common. Mignonette, candytuft, and marigold were planted, these chosen because of their rapid growth. As for the vegetables, the radishes matured very quickly, and proud indeed were the gardeners when they carried them home. The lettuce was next to be gathered, but the beets were not ready for harvesting until some time after the session ended.

The idea of summer schools for children is so recent that all work in that line must be simply experimental, and this account is only suggestive of what may be done. The joy of the children was such as to give assurance that it was an attempt in the right direction.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Milwaukee promises an exceedingly rich program as will be seen by reference to the pages in the current number. It is to be hoped that kindergartners are sufficiently alive to their opportunities to attend in large numbers. It will be seen that most of the subjects deal with fundamental questions that must be considered by every kindergartner.

What more important at this time when many are inclined to label child-study as a "fad" than to consider seriously what are the merits and demerits of the child-study methods, under the leading of a psychologist of Dr. Angell's standing.

Those who heard Dr. Gulick's lectures in Chicago this winter will vouch for the value of his address on the "Instinct Feelings at Play," though that particular lecture they may not have heard.

A thoughtful and open discussion of games and plays with regard to their real value in meeting the physical requirements of the child and the use and danger of dramatization, rhythm and marches will mean much to the thoughtful and conscientious kindergartner, who wants to bring the best to her children, whether it be old or new, but is perhaps uncertain as to the best because uncertain of her psychological knowledge.

The training-teacher's conferences, too, go to the root of questions vital to the best interests of the kindergartner and the parent's conference will surely bring us much nearer a solution of the many questions which are facing us at present and which assuredly keep us from getting mentally or spiritually rusty.

Let us show our appreciation of this fine opportunity by attendance in person, and by bringing our quota of enthusiasm and our contribution, however small, to the growing fund of experience and knowledge. Do not come alone in the spirit of getting, but of giving also.

It is to be regretted, for the sake of the new insight that comes of contact with those who think radically differently from ourselves that there is not a larger representation of the eastern schools upon the program, but it seems to have been impossible to get the speakers for this time and place.

We trust that the visitors will bear in mind the suggestion made by the president last year of wearing a hat tasteful and becoming, of

course, but still sufficiently appropriate to the occasion to allow of being taken off and if necessary held in the lap, or crushed into a pocket in order not to interfere with our neighbor's point of view. At the present writing it looks as if toboggan caps would be in order. Possibly by April, spring rains may have given place to March blizzards.

Teachers, parents, school superintendents and citizens generally, whether living in the city or the country are practically interested or should be, in the paper we print this month by O. J. Kern, superintendent of schools for Winnebago County, Ill., on the "Industrial Training Best Suited to the Country Child."

Whatever ultra conservatives may say or think, industrial training has come to stay and it now behooves us all to help each other as rapidly as possible to determine by trial by what means and methods to bring to the child this training in its best form.

The three R's will no longer hold the child, nor will they fit him to cope with the new problems arriving at his doors with every turn of the wheels of invention.

As both writers point out in their respective papers, which show the subject viewed from two sides, industrial training can make for both culture and for efficiency.

To be a good workman in one's own line is not enough. One must know something of his neighbor's work and interests in order to be a wise voter and all-round citizen.

To be a good speller, accountant and reader of the daily paper is well; but to be a good citizen we need something else beside the ability to run up a column of figures accurately or read the baseball column, or the stock and bond departments of the paper. We need to be able in any emergency to do at once the thing to be done.

We recall hearing Mr. Tomlins, the wonderful leader of children's choruses, say once that the well-trained and efficient person must be like the skilful fencer, ready to spring in any direction, forward, back, to this side or that, as his opponent's move made necessary, but always in complete possession of and control of mind and body.

The teacher who regards industrial training as an opportunity for development of soul and mind and body will make it a means of putting the child in perfect possession of himself. Then, called upon suddenly to prove his loyalty to his country, whether as soldier or teacher, street-cleaner or worker on a distant canal, whether as farmer or physician, when the test comes he will be equal to it, because the average citizen will then have both skill and insight, sympathy and capacity, judgment and decision. With our boys and girls thus educated we will need no large standing army because the qualities needed in the good soldier will be inherent in all citizens.

We call attention to the culture of the Guild of Play found on another page. A spring festival will offer an excellent opportunity for a beginning.

It is a pleasure to record that the Col. George Walther, who did so much in a quiet way to prove the worth of kindergarten principles, when principal of a Milwaukee public school, is not deceased, as was stated last month in Mr. Doerflinger's article, but is still with us, though he had neglected to announce himself when the general request was put in the Milwaukee papers. We hope he will greet us at Milwaukee.

NOTICE!

In order to simplify matters in our subscription department we suggest that those in arrears for a month or more so arrange that their subscriptions shall extend to and expire in June, 1906. While new subscribers, by having their year begin with September, 1905, can secure all of the serial, "Little Folks' Land." This will put many names in the September, 1906, list which are now scattered through several months, and will greatly oblige the publishers.

AN EXPERIMENT.

HILDA BUSICK, NEW YORK CITY.

We returned to our kindergarten room on the day after Easter. It was a joy to be there in the glorious sunshine which flooded it. The half hour before nine o'clock was spent in looking over our plants to see how well they had been cared for during our absence, to note the new leaves, to see how the buds on the little maple tree, on the horsechestnut, sumach, apple and other branches had burst their tender green leaves to greet us; in measuring the radishes planted before the holiday and now grown two inches tall; in wondering why they grew so much faster than the beans and corn we had planted at the same time; in examining the saxafrage with its sturdy white blossoms; in planting the violets, spring beauty, adder's tongue, and jack-in-the-pulpit brought from the woods; in watering the sweet pea, nasturtium, pansy, and morning glories which the children had planted in individual flower pots. These they brought back to kindergarten after Easter that we might all be interested in each other's success. Twenty-six children went about the room with "Ohs" and "Ahs" and other exclamations of delight. Two lilies were also in bud and blossom, and we must not forget our cocoons in their conspicuous place in the cabinet.

The children had brought their Easter gifts, rabbits, chickens, eggs, baskets; but these were quietly set aside with the remark, "We shall look at them later," so that nothing might draw their attention from the beauties of nature.

When we went to the ring each one was at liberty to relate any of the week's experiences. Some had been to church, had seen the flowers there or in the stores, but very few knew the name of the beautiful Easter lily; some had been down town to buy Easter clothes; some had helped in the spring house cleaning; most had played in the streets; but not one told why the church was decorated, except for the "entertainment," nor spoke of the Sunday-school hymns, nor mentioned the smallest thing that could be associated with the real significance of the day. On the other hand, came repeated requests to "look at the children's things"; and this was not mere curiosity, it was an expression of the fact that five-year-old children want the concrete and understand the present; they do not live in the past, though it were only yesterday; nor in the future, be it only tomorrow. So we looked at the children's Easter gifts. Then came real enthusiasm. There were large and small bunnies, hens and chicks, Easter eggs of many varieties and baskets containing nests. Every ear and every eye was attentive; there was not a yawn, not the least intimation of disinterestedness.

I had prepared a story of the awakening seedlings, that their experience could help them understand, and of the purity of the lily as its color might suggest, and of the butterfly. I recalled a beautiful picture of the Easter lily and butterfly which I had seen upon a kindergarten blackboard. I knew the story that had been told to the children, so I decided to gather together sufficient courage to give the story to my children. This I had planned at home at my desk,—theory; but when I came face to face with the problem,

with twenty-six pairs of glowing eyes, and twenty-six minds eager for a story which they could understand, my courage deserted me, for I dreaded to see those eyes become listless because the subject matter of the story was to them somewhere "in the clouds." So the lily remains to my little ones a sweet smelling flower, its symbolic meaning will be understood later; the butterfly's life history will be complete when it comes from the cocoon. Instead of this story then, we had the story of the Easter bunny, and during the game period we left our room while the good rabbit hid some real Easter eggs for us; then we had an "egg hunt!"

AMERICAN GUILD OF PLAY.*

HOW TO FORM A LOCAL GUILD.

1. Any adult interested in the subject of Play may call a meeting for organization.

Decide on what age children you will include in the group. Set a time and place for regular weekly meetings. Make a temporary organization in which the children may share by selecting leader or secretary for the week or month, appoint monitors, etc.

2. Keep to the typical folk and national games during the first meetings, playing and learning folk *singing* games from the English, American, French and other play lore; Swedish dancing games, schoolroom, public playground and standard street games. For clubs of older boys encourage the athletic games with men for leaders or teachers.

3. When class is well started and new games under way, occasionally have a child show a game played by children of the neighborhood. In this way you can best get acquainted with the current games of the neighborhood.

4. Keep a list of all games played, gradually introducing new types and forms. In this way you can avoid too much repetition and make your plans educational and progressive.

5. Instruct the children in the general points of the games played. (a) as to their content, whether industrial, social, military, etc.; (b) as to their form, whether ring, line, circle or square. In this way the types of thought and form are kept pure and a good deal of the ordinary demoralization of games avoided.

6. As the work advances ask different members to propose games already learned and to lead in playing them. This will encourage leadership and independent play among the children. Rules of the games making for "fair play" and good order should be early instituted among the children.

7. In this work of organized play, after giving a variety of games, notice the choice of the children as to favorite games. Find out why they like them, and make records.

8. All the play of a group or guild should lead up to a climax in a festival of play in connection with the season or other historic or social occasion. This will give objective interest and make for unified effort in the work, and extend the interest in the community.

9. The festivals of the year should be especially studied in regard to traditions and customs of different countries and nationalities. When the games of the special time or country are given it would be well to represent costume and other characteristic features.

10. Keep this plan and present a short report at the yearly meeting of the American Guild of Play at the Summer School at Knoxville, Tenn.

*Organized at Knoxville, Tenn., July, 1905. Mari Ruef Hofer, President
Next meeting at Knoxville, summer of 1906.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL
KINDERGARTEN UNION, TO BE HELD AT MILWAUKEE,
WISCONSIN, APRIL 3, 4, 5 AND 6, 1906.

Headquarters—Hotel Pfister. Place of Meeting—Plymouth Church.

OFFICERS.

President—Mrs. James L. Hughes, 68 Henry street, Toronto, Canada.
Vice-President—Mrs. Mary Boomer Page, 40 Scott street, Chicago.
Second Vice-President—Miss Alice E. Fitts, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Recording Secretary—Miss Mabel McKinney, 76 Olive street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Susan Harriman, 134 Newbury street, Boston, Mass.
Auditor—Miss Ella Elder, 86 Delaware avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

General Chairman—Mr. August S. Lindemann, President Milwaukee School Board.
Vice-Chairman—Mrs. Hannah R. Vedder.
Treasurer—Mr. A. G. Wright.
Secretary—Mrs. Mary E. Hannan, President Milwaukee Froebel Union.

CHAIRMEN OF SUB-COMMITTEES.

Arrangements—Nina C. Vandewalker.
Finance—Mr. A. G. Wright.
Reception and Information—Mrs. M. A. Boardman.
Social Functions—Miss Ellen C. Sabin.
Entertainment—Miss Cora Ramsey.
Press—Mr. R. B. Watrous.
Badges and Printing—Miss Mary E. Hannan.
Music—Mr. H. O. R. Siefert.
Exhibits—Mr. Albert E. Kagel.
Decoration—Mrs. C. B. Whitnall.
Auditing—Mr. Jeremiah Quinn.

The International Kindergarten Union comes to Milwaukee at the invitation of the Milwaukee School Board, the Froebel Union, the Principals' Association, the Teachers' Association, the Mission Kindergarten Association, the College Endowment Association, the State Normal School, and the State Department of Public Instruction. The Milwaukee kindergartners and their friends extend a most cordial invitation to the members of the I. K. U., to the kindergartners throughout the country, and to the educators of Wisconsin to attend the meeting.

PRELIMINARY PROGRAM.

Monday, April 2, 2:30 p. m.—Board meeting.

Tuesday, April 3, 9:30 a. m.—Club-room Hotel Pfister, meeting of Committee of Nineteen, Miss Lucy Wheelock, Chairman.

Tuesday, April 3, 2 p. m.—German-English Academy. Conference of training teachers and supervisors. Miss Bertha Payne, School of Education, U. of C., Chairman. Closed session.

A discussion on the Training of Kindergartners Under Differing Conditions.

I. The Kindergarten Course: (a) In the Normal School; (b) in the University or College; (c) in the specific Kindergarten Training school.

1. The Advantages and Disadvantages in Each Case. 2. Problems of Adjustment, Curriculum, Credits, Degrees, and Diplomas.

Miss Lucy Browning, the University of Chicago; Miss Lucy Gage, Epworth University, Oklahoma; Miss Margaret Giddings, Denver, Colo.

II. How can a higher degree of scholarship and general culture be secured to the student without overcrowding or sacrificing her specific and intensive training?

1. Relation of General Courses in Education, in Psychology and in Philosophy to the Specific and Technical Kindergarten Courses.

2. Relation of Courses in Subject Matter of General Culture Value, as, Literature, History, Science or Nature Study.

3. Relation of Courses in Arts and Handicrafts. Can these courses be made to supplement the ordinary work in kindergarten occupations, thereby lessening the amount sometimes done in the latter?

Miss Alice O'Grady, Chicago Normal School; Miss M. M. Glidden, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn; Miss Amalie Hofer, Chicago Kindergarten Institute; Miss Alice Temple, School of Education, U. of C.; President Charles McKenny, Milwaukee State Normal School; Miss Elizabeth Harrison, Chicago Kindergarten College; Miss Martha V. Collins, Mankato Normal School, Minnesota.

The Frauen-Verein of the Academy will serve coffee to the training teachers and invited guests at the close of the session.

Tuesday Evening, 8 o'clock—Open session of training teachers and supervisors' conference.

Music—Male quartette from the Milwaukee Musik-Verein.

Address—The Value and Function of the Image in Self-Expression.

Symposiums—The Persistence of Play Activities Throughout School Life; Value and Relation to Work.

Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, Chicago Froebel Association; Miss Patty Hill, Louisville Free Kindergarten Association; Supt. Carroll G. Pearse, Milwaukee City Schools; Miss Ada Van Stone Harris, Rochester, N. Y.

Wednesday Morning—Invocation, Rev. Judson Tatworth; address of welcome, Supt. C. G. Pearse; response, Mrs. Ada Marean Hughes; reports of officers and committees; appointment of committees on time, place and resolutions; report of delegates; music, duet, Miss Bessie Greenwood and Mrs. Frances Lyon.

Wednesday, 2 p. m.—Parents' conference; Chairman, Mrs. Mary Boomer Page, Chicago Kindergarten Institute; "The Training of the Non-professional Woman, and the Value of Her Influence," Mrs. Lynden Evans; music, solo, Miss Ruth E. Walling; "How Can the Home and School Co-operate to Secure a Higher Social Standard?" Mrs. Porter Landon McClintock; discussion, President Charles McKenny, Milwaukee Normal School; Mrs. Andrew McLeish, Glencoe, Ill.; Rev. H. H. Jacobi, warden of University of Wisconsin Settlement.

Wednesday, 4 p. m.—Reception at Milwaukee-Downer College.

Wednesday, 8 p. m.—Plymouth Church. Music, organ recital, William H. Williamson; group of songs by the Treble Clef Chorus, Director, Mrs. Frances A. Clark, superintendent music, city schools; accompanist, Mr. Lewis Vantine. Addresses of welcome, President A. S. Lindemann of the School Board, President Charles McKenny of the Milwaukee Normal School, President Ellen C. Sabin of Milwaukee-Downer College, State Superintendent C. P. Cary of Madison; music, solo, Mme. Berthold Sprotti; lecture, "The Instinct Feelings at Play," Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick, director of physical training New York City Schools.

Thursday, 9 a. m.—Music; new songs and games by chorus of Milwaukee kindergartners; Director, Mrs. Frances E. Clark. Round Table. Subject, "Games and Plays."

- a. Do they meet physical requirement of child?
- b. Use and danger of dramatization.
- c. Rhythm and marches.

Miss Patty Hill, Louisville, Ky., and Miss Elizabeth Harrison, Chicago. Music, Children's Songs, by Daniel Protheral, sung by Lorraine Berlinger and Helen Protheral.

Round Table: Subject, "Excursions on Nature Work"; leader, Miss Stella Wood, Minneapolis.

Thursday, 12:30—Luncheon to all official delegates and visiting kindergartners, at Masonic Temple.

Thursday, 2 p. m.—Address, "The Kindergarten Occupations," Dr. W. N. Hailman, Chicago Normal School. Music, Milwaukee Normal Glee Club, Director, Miss Ruth E. Walling, teacher Music State Normal School; address, James L. Hughes, inspector of schools, Toronto, Ont., "Why I Believe in the Kindergarten."

School principals and other interested are invited to meet Mr. Hailman and Professor and Mrs. Hughes at the close of the meeting.

Thursday, 8 p. m.—The Woman's Club of Wisconsin will tender a reception to all local and visiting kindergartners and invited guests, at the Athenaeum.

Friday, 9:30 a. m.—Business meeting; election of officers.

Friday, 2 p. m.—Address, "Merits and Defects of Prevalent Methods of Child-Study," Dr. James Rowland Angell, University of Chicago; music, Milwaukee-Downer College Glee Club, Director, Mrs. Anna M. Hayden; report of committees on necrology, time, place and resolutions; presentation of new officers.

The Hotel Pfister served as headquarters for the N. E. A. in 1897. It is conveniently located, being within five blocks of all places of meeting, with the exception of Milwaukee-Downer College, which is a half hour's ride away. Plymouth Church is on Van Buren and Oneida streets. The east-bound Farwell avenue cars, which pass Hotel Pfister, pass within a block of the place of meeting, and go directly to the college. Rooms or boarding places convenient to the place of meeting can be secured by those who do not wish to go to hotels. Meals can be obtained at the Woman's Exchange, or the Albion Café on Milwaukee street, or the Young Women's Christian Association on Jackson street, all of which are within two blocks of the

Hotel Pfister. A bureau of registration and information will be maintained at headquarters, with branches at the other hotels.

Visiting kindergartners who wish to visit the kindergartens of Milwaukee will be provided with guides, that the visiting may be done with the least loss of time. Milwaukee kindergartens open at 8:30 a. m. and at 1:15 p. m. The first parties will therefore start from the Hotel Pfister at 8 and at 1. The kindergartens will be closed on Thursday and on Friday afternoon, that Milwaukee kindergartners may attend the meetings. Opportunity will be given to visit the penny lunch stations carried on by the Woman's School Alliance in connection with several of the public schools. There will be an exhibit of kindergarten work from several cities in the Seventh District School on Jefferson street, near Martin, four blocks from headquarters and from the place of meeting.

The following are the names of the hotels, with rates:

HOTEL PFISTER, Wisconsin and Jefferson streets. Manager, A. L. Severance. *European plan only.* Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 up; with bath, \$2.50 up; double rooms, without bath, \$3.00 and up for two; with bath, \$4.00.

PLANKINTON HOUSE, Grand avenue. Manager, F. C. Safford. *European plan.* Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 up; with bath, \$2.00 up; double rooms, without bath, \$2.50 and up for two; with bath, \$3.50 up. *American plan:* Single rooms, without bath, \$3.00 up; with bath, \$3.50 up; double rooms, without bath, in proportion; with bath, \$6.00 up.

HOTEL BLATZ, City Hall Square. Manager, Ernest Clerenbach. *European plan:* Single rooms, without bath, \$1.00 up; with bath, \$2.00 up; double rooms, without bath, \$1.50 up for two; with bath, \$4.00 up. *American plan:* Single rooms, without bath, \$2.00 up; with bath, \$3.50 up; double rooms, without bath, \$4.00 up for two.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, City Hall Square. Manager, H. G. Stephens. *European plan:* Single rooms, without bath, \$2.00 up; with bath, \$3.50 up; double rooms, without bath, \$4.00 up for two.

HOTEL DAVIDSON, Third street, near Grand avenue. Manager, F. H. Burke. *European plan:* Single rooms, without bath, \$1.00 up; with bath, \$1.50 up; double rooms, without bath, \$1.50 up for two; with bath, \$2.00 up. *American plan* if preferred, \$2.00 up. Twenty-five to thirty rooms available.

REPUBLICAN HOUSE, Third and Cedar streets. Manager, Alvin P. Kletzsch. *American plan:* Single rooms, without bath, \$2.50 up; with bath, \$3.00 up; double rooms, without bath, \$4.00 for two; with bath, \$5.00 up. Fifty or more rooms available.

HOTEL ABERDEEN, 909 Grand avenue. Proprietor, H. S. Hadfield. *American plan:* Single rooms, \$2.00; double rooms, \$3.50 for two. A few rooms only.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, Jackson street, near Wisconsin. House Secretary, Miss Marie Odiorne. Single rooms, 50 cents. A few rooms only. A list of rooms convenient to place of meeting, at about the above rates, will be kept here.

All the above-named hotels are within fifteen minutes' ride from the

place of meeting. Rooms should be engaged as early as possible. All requests should state whether single or double room is desired, and with or without bath. The probable time of arrival and length of stay should also be mentioned. Those wishing other accommodations than in hotels should address Mrs. Edward Rissman, 503 Terrace place, giving full details regarding arrival, price of room, length of stay, etc. Guests will be met at trains and taken to their hotels if accommodations have been engaged. Call at headquarters at earliest opportunity to register, receive badges, etc. Those who have not secured accommodations will be taken to headquarters where information may be obtained.

Address letters relating to local matters to Miss Mary E. Hannan, 113 Fourteenth St. Sec. I. K. U. Committee.

Address letters concerning exhibits to Miss Nina C. Vandewalker, State Normal School, or to Mr. Albert Kagel, Assistant Superintendent Schools, City Hall.

The Arion Musical Club will present the oratorio of Elijah at the Pabst Theater, Tuesday evening, April 3. Tickets may be secured from Mr. A. N. Love, 426 Broadway.

NOTES OF INTEREST TO KINDERGARTNERS.

Mrs. Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen has had given a course of twelve lessons this winter at the Chicago Free Kindergarten Association on Literature for Children. This is a most helpful course in every way, including discussion and analysis of the short story, a study of old fairy tales, with comparison of the modern ones, and aid in the selection of stories for kindergarten. Students are required to tell stories, to simplify and rewrite the more complicated ones for kindergarten use. Rhymes, poetry and the realistic story of industry, the animal story and the historic story are also studied. Other important points are also considered, making a course most practical in every way.

Kindergartners and mothers who have learned to know Miss Sara E. Wiltse through her books will be interested to learn that she has just invented and applied for the patent on an apparatus for children in the nursery period, whereby their instinct for climbing can be safely gratified with much less fatigue to mothers and nurses than the usual way of following them upstairs and down. The apparatus is a small table thirty-one inches high, with stairs of the usual width and lift, leading up to the table on two sides, all within reach of the mother's arms while she sits by. It can be folded when not in use, and can be used indoors or out. To see the babies go up and down it is, we are told, proof of its value.

TOPICAL SYLLABUS, No. 5 (II).

(Academic Year 1905-1906.)

NERVOUS CHILDREN.

Will the teacher who reads this leaflet think over the children whom she now has, or has had, under her charge, or others whom she may know, and select one, or better, a number of them, which the following may suggest, and describe them and their peculiarities carefully and with detail, always stating sex, age and color?

1. The moody child. What moods? How often do they change? How, and how long last? and describe action when the moods are at their height.
2. Children with peculiar tempers, quick or very intense, etc.
3. The child who laughs and cries easily.
4. The child easily confused or excited.
5. The child with motor abnormalities, hawking, blinking, persistently tapping, and other automatisms.
6. Describe peculiarities, like scratching, uncontrollable slapping, nail-biting, sucking fingers and other things.
7. Perverse and paradoxical reactions and idiosyncrasies concerning color, smell, taste, antipathies to persons, food, clothes, cats, insects, etc. Give child's favorite color.
8. Cases of persistent abstraction, inattention, reverie, day dreaming.
9. Children who have nerve signs like over-intensity, apathy, indolence, to a morbid degree. Cranky children. Tell in what way.
10. Children abnormally bashful or bold, sympathetic or unfeeling, open or secretive, slow or quick in thought or action.
11. Describe any other peculiar cases or traits, features, symptoms that suggest nervousness.

For each child described state any facts you may know concerning heredity, health, history, birthmarks, deformities or other peculiarities, and send returns to Bertha C. Downing, M. D., Clark University, Worcester, Mass., October 16, 1905.

 THE BOY WITH THE UMBRELLA.

In the middle of the garden stood a little boy under a big umbrella. He always kept it spread, no matter what the weather might be; and winter and summer, day and night, he was always in his place. A fountain fell on the top of the umbrella, which was iron, and all around the boy, who was iron, too.

"Oh, dear," thought the boy, "how I hate to carry this old umbrella! I wish I was the stone general over there in the park, and then I could always ride on horseback.

"Then, instead of this ridiculous old thing, I should have a great long sword in my hand; and I'd hold it right over the people's heads, as if I was going to fight them all!" You see, he was a boy, although only an iron one.

Meanwhile the air in the garden was growing more and more sultry, but he did not feel it in the middle of the cool fountain. The people in the hot, dusty street looked longingly at the Iron Boy in his snug little water-house. How they wished that they could change places with him!

At last a great drop fell, and then another, and then it seemed as if some one was pumping water out of the clouds. Everybody rushed home as fast as possible. A little school-boy ran past, and looked up at the Iron Boy.

"Wish I was that fellow!" he shouted. "Hullo, lend us your parasol!" But the Iron Boy only stood still and sulked.

"Oh, may I come under your umbrella!" gasped a butterfly, who was caught in her new spring dress. "How wise you are always to carry one!" She sat on his finger, and dried her blue and gold suit. The rain fell in torrents all around them, but it did not touch her.

At last the sun came out again, and made a great rainbow in the sky and a little bow in the fountain. The butterfly said that she must go.

"You have saved my live, you kind boy!" she said gratefully. "This dreadful storm would have quite washed away poor little me."

"How much nicer to hold an umbrella over such a helpless little thing than to flourish a sword like that big stone doll yonder!" And, waving her pretty wings to him, away she flew.

"Perhaps she is right," thought the Iron Boy. And he held the despised umbrella straight and high, as if he was proud of it, after all.—*Youth's Companion*.

BOOK NOTES.

THE PARENT'S ASSISTANT. By Maria Edgeworth, was a book better known to our grandparents than to us. The unchildlike language, the stilted style are a strong contrast to lively word-pictures found in children's books today and there seems little spontaneity in the drawing of the child characters, but there are incidents in plenty and interest is cleverly sustained in the stories from beginning to end, and two human boys, to whom the tales were submitted, gave their hearty approval. We know, on the other hand, of several people, adults who think *now* that had they read them in childhood, they would have been tempted to throw the book out of the window, for to them the priggism of the children was most obvious. Many of you, too, can but sympathize with little Rosamond when she asks, "Will you tell me, mamma, why you never keep my birthday—why you never make any difference between that day and any other day?" and receives in reply the chilling answer, "And will you, Rosamond, tell me why I should make any difference between your birthday and any other day?" Miss Edgeworth was evidently a great lover of children, and from a line in her preface, a careful observer of them. It would be of interest and value to child study if we could get hold of the register of educational experiments, success-

ful and unsuccessful, to which she refers in her preface. We can readily perceive how the book can be truly a parent's assistant to point a moral when needed. Will not librarians put the book into the hands of the children and ask them how they like the stories? It will be of value to discover how they appeal to the child of today. Some time ago the Macmillan firm got out a beautiful little volume bound in flexible leather, but if the experience of librarians is justified the print of the book, though clear, is very small, and may repel the children.

Flanagan & Co., Chicago, publish in a 5-cent paper edition of Miss Harrison's "How Cedric Became a Knight." Teachers' edition, 15 cents, contains notes and suggestions.

UNCLE SAM AND HIS CHILDREN. By Judson Wade Shaw. This is a book to be in every home and school library. Section I tells briefly of Uncle Sam's childhood. II tells of growth, a concise, historic survey. III describes Uncle Sam's treasures in natural resources, mechanical skill, etc. IV tells of his ailments, due to drink; bad literature, the rush for ill-gotten wealth and its attendant ills. V suggests Uncle Sam's way to health. It is a book which should stimulate love of country and a desire to be worthy of our great heritage and to pass it on the better and nobler for our having lived. Barnes & Co. \$1.20 net.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE CHILDREN, by John Spargo. We can not give a detailed criticism of this book this month. It is a recent publication presenting in manner terrible in its fidelity to truth, the conditions and consequences of child-labor and the awful tragedy of malnutrition and the underfed bodies among the poor and ignorant. It is a book to be read by all teachers, parents, club women—all interested in the uplift of society and the solving of our many problems. The Macmillan Co., New York.

FOOTBALL GRANDMA. Caroline Channing Cabot. The three-year-old baby is supposed to tell how life seems from his point of view. It is really written by the modern grandmother who does not hesitate to risk her dignity in playing football with her wee, beloved grandson. Just the thing for other grandmothers to read to their small relatives. Illustrated from drawings by the small boy. One picture shows the child's idea of how tall he would be if he never ate candy. His head is on a level with the top of the church-steeple. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Received: Two volumes to be read by prospective parents. "Parent-hood," by Alice B. Stockham, and "Pre-natal Culture," by A. E. Newton. Both published by Stockham Publishing Co.

Arabian Nights. Selections from the famous and well-beloved tales edited by E. E. Hale. Good print and good paper. Ginn & Co.

KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVIII.—MAY, 1906. No. 9.

TWENTIETH CENTURY SERIES.

KINDERGARTEN PLAYS AND GAMES.*

PATTY S. HILL.

THE plays and games suitable to the different needs of the kindergarten children seem most easily classified under three main divisions.

1—Plays for physical activity, where the activity indicates no attempt on the part of the child to express ideas or represent dramatically. For example—skipping, running, hopping, etc.

2—Dramatic or representative play, where the activity is unquestionably the child's attempt to express ideas and images of every day life and activities. Example—house-keeping, carpenter and blacksmith.

3—Games with a crystallized form of expression, accompanied by certain rules and regulations. These are mainly the traditional games, such as "Ring around the Rosey," "Pussy wants a Corner," etc.

The plays and games of the kindergarten are peculiarly important from the social and physical points of view.

The gifts and occupations are largely sedentary in their tendencies, and the plays and games should counteract these by emphasizing the larger fundamental muscles which make for freedom and health.

Especially is this true of the first group of plays where the chief consideration on the part of the teacher should be health; movement on the larger scale, rhythm and activity for the pure joy of it. For example—running, skipping, dancing, marching, hopping, jumping, throwing, catching, bouncing, rolling, etc.

Such activities as these get the children away from the tables, out of their chairs and on the rug; or, better still, if weather will permit, out in the open air where greater freedom is possible.

When we realize the hygienic significance of the suggestions concerning the parts of the nervous system with their corresponding large

* Paper read at the I. K. U., Milwaukee, April 5, 1906.

muscles which are supposed to be developing at this period, we dare not shut our eyes to the sacred duty in guarding the child's health and bodily growth.

Moral, aesthetic and intellectual claims are imperative, but they are closely bound up with the physical care, which is so important in these early years. Dr. Thorndike says: "Care of the body is perhaps most rewarded in the case of young children."

Dramatic or representative play is one of the most natural phases of play with children at the kindergarten period. The greatest difficulty about it is that as it tends to throw the responsibility for spontaneous expression upon each individual, it increases the tendency to self-consciousness in the child and makes him feel the presence of grown people as in no other form of play.

This dramatic play is secured best in small groups where the individuality of the child has a chance to manifest itself.

If toys or materials of some kind are given with these plays, they seem to furnish an atmosphere of reality and diminish the tendency to self-consciousness. To be empty-handed often increases the self-consciousness of grown people. Notice the singer who comes out with a roll of music which is never opened, or a fan which is never used. I think a careful observation of children at dramatic play will reveal the fact that they seldom play empty handed. Some bit of broken china, some cast-off garment such as an old hat, or fan, or parasol, or even shavings used as curls, etc., seem to enter into the dramatic and representative plays of all children. If the little mother has a doll in her arms, the housekeeper a real or make shift broom, the washer-woman a bit of cloth or a chair turned around so the back serves as a washboard, self-consciousness takes wings and the children really play self-forgetfully. Miss Blow has aptly said, in the child world "it takes only a ring to make Betty a lady." We have found this touch of reality makes the child forget self and sets free the imagination which is stimulated by it.

In the main I believe that the activities of people stimulate the child to dramatic representation more than animals or nature.

The studies of the spontaneous imitations of children made by Superintendent Russell of the Worcester Normal School seem to point to the fact that from 80 to 95 per cent were representations of human adult activities. Even the animals are rarely dramatized as compared

with the impersonation of people; and as for flowers and trees, and moonbeams and sunbeams and wind, they are almost unknown as subjects for spontaneous dramatization.

When we try to get children to dramatize such subjects as these we easily force their interests into abnormal and unnatural channels of expression which make for sentimentality and artificiality. In other words, I believe that the child's interest in flowers is satisfied best in nurturing and gathering them or in painting them. While human activities are in the lead in spontaneous dramatization, the animals seem to come in second. Nevertheless, even with the animals there is a decided limitation in this direction. Some animals the child naturally dramatizes, say the horse, and possibly the bird and butterfly—but here both the physical and aesthetic results are good. When it comes to getting down on all fours to represent the different quadrupeds the results are decidedly grotesque, with little physical freedom and no beauty. Down on all fours the activities of one quadruped can scarcely be distinguished from those of another, unless the imitation of the voice be added. Imitations of the voices of the animal world is, as every one knows, one of the most natural and spontaneous forms of imitation, especially among very young children.

I would not be dogmatic on this subject, despite the fact that I feel most strongly the poor results gained either in characteristic representation of animal life, or in physical ease, health and aesthetic results. It is questionable enough to urge this with the children, but when we insist that it is also our duty to take these most undignified, ungraceful and unaesthetic movements ourselves—personally, I rebel and draw the line.

When it comes to having children dramatize moonbeams, sunbeams, etc., it all seems unchildlike and forced. After all is not a sunbeam a kind of abstraction? What the child ordinarily sees is the sun and sunlight.

While the dramatization of some of the animals seems both natural and valuable, we should make a more careful study of those which are natural for the child to dramatise in this way, and then measure them by the standard of values physical, aesthetic and ethical.

To my mind there is a psychological distinction between gesture or illustration and impersonation or dramatization. While many phases of nature easily flow into the channels of gesture and sound, they imme-

diately become artificial when forced into dramatization or impersonation. Art—that is, painting, drawing and modeling—seems a much more natural channel of expression for these nature subjects, and when we try to force their expression in dramatic play we get into all sorts of difficulties, which make the uninitiated wonder if we have lost our sense of humor.

There are many problems regarding the introduction of formulated games into the kindergarten which are most worthy of study and solution. There is little doubt that the majority of the traditional games are too mature for the kindergarten. It is so easy to impose some of these on the children before they are ready for them and so difficult to select those only which correspond to the powers developing at the kindergarten period.

Educators as a body are growing to value play more each day, and we kindergartners who have held the torch of enlightenment regarding play, when the rest of the pedagogic world sat in darkness, we, I say, are now in great dangers of falling behind. While the best scientific insight into play has arisen since Froebel's day, he has done more than any other educator to awaken the world to the significance of the role of play in the period of infancy.

It is true that some of his plays and games are open to serious criticism, yet Froebel describes, as no one else, the all-around development and wholesome results from normal play. He says: "Play gives joy, freedom, contentment, inner and outer rest and peace with the world."

Western Drawing and Manual Training Association meets May 1-4, in Mandel Hall, University of Chicago. A fine program has been arranged for.

See article in May *Century* by the plant wizard! Luther Burbank, on "The Training of the Human Plant."

INTERNATIONAL KINDERGARTEN CONVENTION, MILWAUKEE, 1906.

MILWAUKEE has long claimed to be a bright spot alluring to those beyond its city gates. Are we wrong in thinking that that the brightness which has more and more radiated from this city of the West is largely due to the presence of the kindergartner, with "smiling morning face" and all that that implies? A city that can boast a kindergarten in every public school that has a first grade has accomplished something to be proud of. A city brilliant enough to appreciate the merits of the kindergarten to that extent and one with a most successful kindergarten training department in its normal school is capable certainly of illuminating a wide area.

We understand that the committee of nineteen met as planned Tuesday morning, though unable to transact any regular business owing to lack of a quorum. Time was not lost, however, and much was accomplished in discussion that will simplify and expedite the coming conference in 1907, when the convention meets in New York, for be it understood, that the convention of 1907 will be held in the metropolis. Apropos of the non-quorum at the Committee of Nineteen, perhaps we may express here as well as elsewhere our editorial regret that there was not at the meetings a better showing from the East. Being ourselves of Gotham, we can speak quite impersonally. We learn that of the 400 who registered there were representatives from twenty States, as well as representatives from Canada, Mexico and Japan.

Of these, four were from New England, two from Boston and two from Springfield. One can but question what this means. It may be that many were looking ahead to the convention of the N. E. A. in California in July.

In some cases we know illness prevented some of the leaders, whom we greatly missed; and perhaps the obduracy of school boards may have had something to do with the apparent lack of enthusiasm or interest displayed. But in general it would seem to evince a lack of interest in the I. K. Union, its needs and what it stands for, which is lamentable when viewed with reference to the absentees. Certainly there has never been a better program offered by the I. K. U. to its expectant members.

New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey had a better representation, twenty-eight in all, but this is hardly commensurate with the number of kindergartners in those states, nor does it compare with the very many eager kindergartners who have flocked eastward when the conventions have been held in the land of sunrise.

There were four registered from the Southern States, and from the central we find fourteen from Ohio, while Indiana sent but seven. Was this small showing due to shortsightedness anywhere? How could a training school in a city as near as Indianapolis plan to have a course of lectures with as fine a drawing card as Miss Blow during the week of the international convention? Wisconsin had a proud record, 200 of her kindergartners from outside Milwaukee were in attendance.

Three-quarters of the total number of kindergartners in the state were present, many school superintendents, and normal school men attended, and State Superintendent Cary was in attendance for the entire meeting.

We regret that we were unavoidably late at the closed session on Tuesday afternoon and so missed hearing a part of the first paper, but as it was later voted that all the papers be given for publication to the two representative kindergarten journals, we shall expect to later give them to our readers. Miss Bertha Payne was chairman.

The meeting was held in the German-English Academy, and the luncheon served afterward by the ladies of the Frauen-Verein of the Academy was essentially German in character and in every way delightful. Delicious coffee, German cakes and confectionery in shape of Froebellian gifts were served at individual tables, and during the feast (which was given in the charming gymnasium) from the balcony above students of the National German-American Teachers' Seminary, and of the Normal School of Gymnastics and of the North American Gymnastic Union sang in chorus, in English or German, while Miss Louise Leidersdorf and Mrs. Eugene Jahr sang charming solos.

Mr. C. H. Doerflinger spoke briefly of the pioneer work in which this organization played a conspicuous part. Among the hosts were Mrs. Philip Orth, president of the Verein, and among the early pioneers who were present at this meeting were Mesdames John Marr, George Logemann, Ramien, Simon, Wallber, Heyde and Suhm. Two pupils of Froebel, Mrs. Eliza Utz and Mrs. Pauline Fiebing, now of Milwaukee, were present. Thus out-of-town guests had the rare opportunity of meeting them.

There was a small exhibit of children's work, and the pictures on the walls were of special interest.

Mrs. Hannah R. Vedder received the officers of the local committee at a delightful informal gathering in her home Monday evening.

Miss Lucy Browning, of the U. of C., Miss Margaret Giddings, of Denver, Miss Lucy Gage, of Epworth University, Oklahoma, Miss Martha K. Collins, State Normal, Mankato, Minn., each gave admirable papers to illustrate the advantages and the disadvantages of kindergarten training in normals, schools, in colleges, and in specific training schools.

Miss Alice O'Grady, of Chicago Normal School, Miss M. M. Glidden, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, Miss Alice Temple, School of Education, and Miss Amalie Hofer, of Chicago, gave valuable papers, also which we hope to give later. The general topic was, "How can a higher degree of scholarship and general culture be secured without overcrowding or sacrificing specific training?"

Tuesday evening the open session of the training teachers' conference was held in Plymouth church. This large and yet homelike building was rendered still more attractive by the beautiful decorations of ferns and palms and vines, which were so wreathed around organ, column and balustrade as to give an exceedingly graceful, restful and fairy-like feeling to the whole.

The double male quartet of the Musik-Verein gave some delightful numbers.

Then followed a symposium on the Persistence of the Play Activity throughout school life; value and relation to work.

Mrs. A. H. Putnam, veteran kindergartner of Chicago and much loved principal of the Chicago Froebel Training School, gave the first paper. The play impulse needs right nourishment, pure air, and other fundamental physicals of good health to set in rhythm the mental forces.

Play goes out as impulse, she said, and comes back freighted with experience. And then she told a story of what she had observed in a back yard to show how children assume and live up to their responsibilities in play:

There were from twelve to twenty boys from 5 to 12 years old. They first organized rather loosely a fire company, with a wagon to serve as any one of three things, and any fellow could be chief. After awhile came a demand for more wagons and a chief was regularly chosen. Then grew the demand that the wagon should have a boiler and smokestack, leading to experiments with stovepipe and garbage can; but unsatisfactory results led to the having a boiler made. Requiring

money for this, a show was given to raise funds. Then a house was necessary and was made under supervision of an older boy, a "boss" of their own choosing, but submitted to by them. Electrical apparatus was used and papers were raked together to make real fires to be extinguished. This interest held for two years, till the death of one of the group by drowning. Other plays began where this stopped. Such play is a naturally selective process. Such embodiment of the image grows slowly into thought, action, will, so that the difficulties become nothing compared with the desire to attain or achieve.

Miss Hill, of Louisville, made the apt comparison that just as Pandora is accused of letting all the ills of life escape by raising the lid of the forbidden box, so kindergartners are accused of letting the play motive escape, and are therefore responsible for all the ills that follow. She showed that play or work depend much on the attitude of mind, as one may be playing when washing dishes, or working, when mastering a game.

Miss Hill analyzed with great discrimination the differences between play and work, and she emphasized the point that so many forget that the child is a social being and derives the greatest satisfaction when permitted or helped to be of social service.

Superintendent of Schools Pearse compared the East and the West in their attitude or idea of play. The distant Turk or Algerian let others dance and play for him while he looked on. In the more masterful races of the Occident, however, we find a marked persistence in the play activities, especially evidenced in the English race, with all the training of mind and body that comes with such plays as they engage in.

Miss Ada Van Stone Harris, of Rochester, made a plea for play in the elementary school as well as in the kindergarten.

The play period is the fertile period for cultivating standards of taste. Healthy play means healthy tastes, she said. Work need never be irrational servitude. She suggested the need of a series of games for the eight grades.

REPORTS.

Wednesday morning was given over largely to the reports of officers and committees and the reports of delegates.

The suggestions about the disposal of the annual reports which had been given the preceding year were repeated, and we print them again here in case they may have escaped the attention of any reader last year:

First, cultivate the report reading habit, for the information they contain is valuable as well as interesting; then:

1. Circulate the reports as much as possible.
2. Always keep one or two copies on file for the local branch.
3. Place one copy or more in the local public library.
4. Return all unused copies to the recording secretary of the I. K. U.

Dr. Jenny B. Merrill being absent, her report was read. Particularly interesting was the word concerning Japan. We learn that there are there in that wide-awake little island nation 182 public kindergartens and 98 private ones, with 749 kindergartners, and numbering 25,833 children. They are becoming interested in out-door playgrounds and in having lectures for nurses. A plea was made for more kindergarten literature in the language of Japan. Even the Japanese edition of the Mother Play is now out of print. Most of the kindergartens are conducted by native kindergartners, but there is need of more thorough and comprehensive training. The American kindergartners who go there find time and strength so taken up by general administrative and organizing duties that they can not themselves very well conduct the kindergartens, especially as this involves a knowledge of that difficult language. (For further word upon this topic see report of Friday morning's session.)

Miss Winchester spoke for the Propagation Committee. She gave a few words to Froebel's methods of extending knowledge of the kindergarten; his going about the country giving talks and explaining the material he carried in boxes, made for the purpose, and then organizing associations. This report suggested three important means of propagation, viz: publication, demonstration and organization. There should be literature for mothers, teachers and normal schools, etc., especially useful if in the shape of leaflets easily sent through the mails. She told of a summer school in Texas where with borrowed boxes of gifts and home-made tables, 200 students studied kindergarten methods and theories, having an hour's talk in the afternoon. In two weeks enough interest was aroused to plan for permanent organization. Two hundred ministers visited the class and were much impressed, and so would carry the message still further.

PARENT'S CONFERENCE.

Wednesday afternoon with its Parents' Conference was in charge of Mrs. Mary Boomer Page, and was rich indeed in the addresses given.

The first speaker was Mrs. Lynden Evans on the "Training of the Non-Professional Woman and the Value of Her Influence."

We must begin, she said, to train woman to believe in themselves and in God who made them women. We must have a higher education, but that higher education must be co-related with the home. The power must be developed to distinguish essentials from non-essentials. Woman must learn the importance of maintaining order as the servant of usefulness, and that comfort comes not as a right but as the reward of labor. There must be education to a sense of obligation as well as to a demand for rights.

Women have not in America been trained to a sense of contract. The Chicago Kindergarten Institute and the School of Arts and Science of Chicago were mentioned as two institutions in which effort was being made to meet these demands in the education of woman.

The true economic function of the woman who spends is as important as that of the man who earns. To help women in this important work data has been collected and deductions made to show the correct amount to be spent for necessities in relation to income. An account book supposed to assist in this task has been compiled and has proved so successful that young husbands are asking for it.

Mrs. Portor Lander McClintock followed with a fine address on the question, "How Can Home and School Co-operate to Secure a Higher Standard of Living?"

The responsibility of refining and dignifying life lies with the home. The social life must be made simple, though this is always a relative matter. An instance was cited where the children of a class met frequently at one home for a dancing lesson, having all the pleasure of social intercourse without the excitement and dissipation that attends a "party." Children could thus be brought together in happy fashion for listening to stories, the learning of folk dances, showing of collections, dramatizing, etc. We need homes so dynamic that they can not take on contamination. Good is contagious as well as evil. There should be associations of parents for providing these things and clubs of parents who undertake to supplement the work of the schools.

Mrs. MacClintock made the startling but delightful suggestion of a school in which parents could take part. So much of the mother's work, what with the kindergarten and other recent departures, has been taken from the home, why should not the bereft mothers themselves teach in kindergarten, or go in relays to teach some special subject in which specially interested. She spoke of a beautiful father who thus

teaches a class in history. The measure of our skepticism as to the possibility of such co-operation is the measure of our distance behind the times, she said. If the home were right there would be no need of secret societies or fraternities.

"Let me tell you of a home that is not dynamic, the type of a home which must receive the blessing from the kindergartens," said H. H. Jacob, after he had paid pretty compliment to the women and especially to Mrs. Ada Marean Hughes, the president, urging the kindergartners to pass along as their first gift to humanity the cheerful "kindergarten face." Every fourth worker in Milwaukee factories is a woman or a child. The history of the child workers is often repeated. A boy meets a girl who has had the same training and they get married, the girl who doesn't know that the meal is a social function, who does not know how to cook, sew, sweep, or make a bed, becomes the spender, and the boy, untrained to continual, steady purpose under unpleasant difficulty, under the burden of doctors' and undertakers' bills, becomes tired. The job is too big for him, and as a man he does just as he did when a boy and got tired of his job—he quits. This is the type of home which is not dynamic."

Delightfully refreshing after the busy and attentive hours preceding was the reception at Milwaukee-Downer College. This is about half an hour out by trolley, and the beautiful building with its charming bedrooms, its well equipped class rooms, its good-sized auditorium with fine stage and pipe organ, and the most attractive library (books circulated on card system); not to speak of the human element represented by the charming and able president, Miss Ellen Sabin, and her corps of assistants, made one long to begin life all over again. Parents having college-aspiring daughters may well bear Milwaukee-Downer College in mind. The one troublesome question that sometimes arises in a brief progress through such beautiful, if not elegant, schoolrooms, is whether it is possible to maintain the ideal of the simple life with the young people attending. As opportunities are offered, however, to in part work one's way through, undoubtedly the democratic spirit obtains as it should in all places dedicated to the pursuit of knowledge and the formation of character.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Wednesday evening addresses of welcome were given by Mr. A. S. Lindemann, president of the Milwaukee school board. Mr. Lindemann expressed the opinion that no one feature derived from foreign sources

had been so potent an influence for good in American life as the kindergarten.

Dr. Chas. McKenny, of the State Normal School, was brief but to the point, as always, saying much in a short space of time and making his visiting audience feel very much at home.

Miss Sabin, president of the college visited in the afternoon, dwelt upon the marvelous principle of unity that runs through all Froebel's teachings extending its benefits far beyond the limits of childhood; and what the kindergarten had done toward proving that all true culture must be such as can be applied in real living. She hoped to see the application and study of kindergarten methods in normal schools and colleges. As a result of the visit of the kindergartners she expected not only an added interest in kindergartens, and their multiplication as well, but a more vital sense of the value of childhood.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction Cary told of an interest in kindergartens of many years' standing. He stated that eighty cities in Wisconsin have kindergartens, but that there ought to be many more. Wisconsin may happily hope many things of a superintendent thus interested in the good work.

The charming music that rested and refreshed us at every meeting distinguished this convention from all others.

It was a late hour when Dr. L. Luther Gulick, director of physical training in New York City public schools, was called upon to give his address of the evening, and he gave those who wished to do so a fair chance to get away before he began, but no one took advantage of his offer, and never did an hour seem shorter, so full was his talk of things to be remembered and problems to be discussed, and all presented in a way that never let the attention flag for one moment.

Almost his first statement was the cheering information that "we (the kindergartners) had arrived." He then warned his audience that he was not a believer in the culture epoch theory as such, and that the child did not learn in certain ways and in certain order because the race did, but because both depend upon the same logical processes.

Our strongest, most urgent necessary activities come not because we deliberately think and choose and decide to do so and so, but because our deepest instinct feelings urge us to. The mother who plays with her fretful child does not analyze deliberately her own and the child's physical and mental needs, but rises to the occasion instinctively. So too the person who is not honest instinctively, but at each crisis thinks, shall I or shall I not be honest, is on the danger side.

The great problem of the school education is how to save from drifting too much into the mere intellectual life; how to save and make use of these great instinct feelings of courage, honesty, love of fair play, etc. Feeble minded people have few impulses. Thinking is not dynamic; impulse is.

The little child learns to walk not because he decides now is the time to learn to walk, or because he wants to get somewhere, but because he suddenly has the impulse to do so. He can really get to where he wishes to faster by creeping.

The time of early childhood is not the time for inhibition. It is the time of accomplishment.

While the man for ages exercised those muscles and nerves required in running, throwing and striking, woman was developing more and more the domestic qualities expressed in loyalty to home, husband and child. Those who worked steadily and faithfully and were true to these instincts survived; those who were inclined to fight, died. Athletics tested manhood and dolls have tested womanhood. Women who loved dolls as children have taken most naturally to domestic life. High school girls in first and second years have made fine records in athletic games, but this power decreases as they grow older rather than increases. Folk dances are more suitable form of exercise for women.

Psychical characteristics are built upon these physical ones. Conditions in homes have changed since Froebel's day. Homes have changed; they do not stay put. There is not now the opportunity for boy and girl to learn by contact with father and mother those things which made for manliness and womanliness. The girls in kindergartens should have dolls and have doll parties and in other ways play with them to maintain the home making instincts. If you want children, for instance, to become truly courteous, make such courtesy a part of the play with the dolls. Thus it becomes an inner growth rather than something plastered on the outside, just as honesty is developed by playing games.

ROUND TABLE.

Thursday morning once more the kindergartners gathered in Plymouth church to attend the Round Table conducted by Miss Patty S. Hill, the subject being "Plays and Games." Miss Hill's paper will be found in full on another page.

Miss Winchester and Miss Glidden each spoke in discussion of Miss Hill's paper, and Miss Giddings then made a plea for rhythm

carried through the grades. Marching should come when children were ready for something really definite (about 5 years of age).

Miss Barron spoke of the natural difference in children and created some surprise by her statement that children of university professors were very likely to be deficient in imagination.

The second topic of the afternoon was "Excursions," and was conducted by Miss Stella Wood. Her introductory paper was charming in its exquisite word pictures of childhood's memories of scents and sounds of country life, the early spring flowers, birds. We regret that limited space forbids our giving it in full.

Miss Cora Barron, of Menomonie, gave some excellent words about the merits of living and free, as compared with dead or confined pets, in the kindergarten room, disapproving of the confinement of the free creatures.

She had been struck by the ignorance of students concerning facts of gardening and nature in general, ignorance they were trying to combat in their training school through practical work with plants.

Miss Fitts of Pratt Institute also told of being surprised at ignorance of nature among students and lack of appreciation of its beauties and joys. She urged the need of work preparatory to an excursion to induce interest in and observation of the things desired. After an experiment of taking some students off for ten days during the spring vacation and finding how little interest they took at the time in nature sights and sounds, and yet how many impressions they had unconsciously absorbed, as shown by later talks, she decided to plan a course of nature work preparatory to future excursions. This plan embraced seeing, hearing, smelling, classifying, etc. Another thing learned was that the groups must be small and one subject selected for each group, with a leader for each. The training teacher must not try to do it all herself. One time a specialist in shells was taken down and one time an authority on birds. The place they went to was a house put at their service while the occupants were temporarily absent.

Miss Salisbury gave a hint of the wonderful lessons in evolution and adaptation to environment found in study of cell life, with conclusions easily carried over into the realm of psychology and giving in a nutshell knowledge of truths learned otherwise through long processes of time.

A most delightful luncheon was served after this session in the Masonic Temple by members of the Froebel Union and the normal students. Five hundred guests were accommodated. Prettily painted

cards, painted by the normal students, were folded in the paper napkins, and general happiness and good feeling reigned.

Thursday afternoon Dr. W. N. Hailmann, so long a friend of the kindergarten, if not one of the earliest friends in America, gave a notable address which we hope to give in full later, but which is too long to give at present. It should be put where all can read it thoughtfully. We must quote a few words, however. He placed strongest emphasis on the value of teaching the child this spirit of co-operation in his address, and strongly criticised the habit of kindergartners and other teachers in having all the children making the same thing at the same time and then making comparisons.

"The teacher in her desire to commend excellence is busying herself in the cultivation of an anti-social pride and an anti-social despair," he said. "How much better if she had taken into account the varying degrees of skill of the children and given each a part of the work which he was best fitted to do. Then each would have had a full share in the excellent whole. Orchestration, whose shout of triumph is not 'come see what I have done,' but 'see what we have done,' ought to be made a part of all the games and occupation work of the school."

Observe his substitution of the word "orchestration" for the more commonly used "co-operation." Thinking of the relation of one instrument to another and each to the whole, we see how much more meaning the former word carries.

Mr. James L. Hughes, of Toronto, was happily introduced by Mrs. James Hughes, president of the I. K. U., and his delightful address, given in his own inimitable manner, was rich in suggestions also. "Why I Believe in the Kindergarten" was his topic.

"I believe in the kindergarten," said Professor Hughes, "because it has revealed the fact that the study of all problems should be from the child's standpoint. Since the days of Christ, only two great educators have recognized that truth, Froebel and Dickens. All true kindergartners realize that the true center of the co-ordination of studies is the child herself. Even in the universities the selfhood of the student is recognized and we now have options where in former years the course was unalterable. How crippled moral training has been by the old spirit of coercion! By it we made the child the dodger of doing wrong. I have heard 1,000 sermons about my responsibility for wrong to one about the responsibility for the good things I ought to do. Good things acquired by coercion are merely conscious subordination to some one bigger and stronger, and this is the basis of all slavery."

In the evening a brilliant reception was given at the Athaneum,

a woman's club house, by the Wisconsin Woman's Club. The rooms in themselves were very beautiful and charmingly decorated.

BUSINESS SESSION.

Friday morning the business session was held. The president and others made a strong plea that delegates should not neglect this most interesting and educative meeting, even for the sake of visiting exhibits or kindergartens. Despite this urgently expressed hope the attendance was not what it should have been, and the delegates really missed a discussion as interesting and important as any of the conventions. As the president said, the younger delegates should attend in order to prepare themselves for carrying the responsibilities of conventions in the future.

We can not give a very full report in this number. Miss Fitts gave a most interesting report of the Froebel House Committee. Fr. Heerwart is printing as rapidly as possible the Froebel letters and other material, but the process is a slow one as the difficult writing must be studied even by her through a reading glass. It is important that the manuscript be put into print as soon as possible, for once in print it can be easily translated, but Fr. Heerwart once gone it will be difficult to find anyone else who both would or could perform this labor of love. Fr. Heerwart is most conscientious in her disposition of the money forwarded. Both Blankenburg and Eisenach are now anxious to be the seat of the museum. Miss Fitts gave the reasons for preferring Eisenach.

Miss Glidden reported on the conference at Liege concerning infant education, defective children, etc. The papers given there were largely statistical and psychological, with little record of feeling or ideas. The belated local newspapers made fun of the fact that women were present.

It is a pity that these self-satisfied savants could not have had the startling vision last year of a woman making the splendid address of response to the president of the United States at the greatest educational meeting of this country.

Miss Laws called attention to the truly international character of our meeting in that the president, Mrs. Hughes, was contributed by Canada, that Germany was the center of much of our interest, and the international meetings had received so much attention. She then reverted to the needs of Japan, referred to in a previous session, and suggested that Mrs. Topping, who was present and who had lived in that country and was herself familiar with the kindergarten, should be

enabled to gather up the scattered interests and found a branch in Japan. It was proposed that the members stir up sufficient interest in their branches and return next year ready to contribute toward the support of a training teacher in Japan. Miss Howe is in Kobi, but the work is needed in Tokio as well. It was suggested that Miss Laws and Mrs. Topping make a statement about exact conditions and requirements and send for publication to both magazines. A young, intelligent Japanese woman accompanied Mrs. Topping to this country. She has already had experience in kindergarten work, but needs a more thorough training in all particulars. In a few years she could return well equipped to carry on and interpret Froebel's message, but meanwhile there is urgent need of American kindergartners. Such a movement is timely. For ages the education of the heir apparent has been entrusted to a wise and reverend, but aged, tutor of rank. But a radical change was made when the present heir to the throne was put in charge of a young Japanese woman who had had the benefit of a few lectures upon the kindergarten principles. It is a heavy responsibility and all the kindergarten world should be interested in maintaining a high standard of excellence in those to whom this responsibility is given. A wonderful field of influence opens thus before the kindergartner.

As Miss Newman said, so rapidly do events move that we can almost hear them grow. The time is coming when every missionary will be required to have kindergarten training. The Buffalo Training School has sent a kindergartner to Japan and one to China.

Friday afternoon Dr. J. R. Angell, of the University of Chicago, gave an important address on Child Study, which will be found on another page.

Miss Elder now gave her report as chairman of the Literature Committee. A long but carefully selected list has been made of books helpful and necessary to teachers, parents and students, classified much as was the old list. A list for children is under consideration. It was suggested that at a next convention the subject of the comic page in the Sunday supplements be a topic for discussion, and the cheering word was given that the Mothers' Congress also has that subject down for consideration.

The monthly "*Charities*" was recommended to all kindergartners as keeping them in touch with movements relative to the child problem, and "*American Motherhood*" was also recommended.

Other interesting matters were considered, which will be reported in the annual proceedings.

Miss McCulloch, as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, read a gracefully worded appreciation of all the courtesies extended by those who had done so much to make the convention both delightful and profitable.

Miss Johnston, as chairman of the Committee on Necrology, reported the great loss to the kindergarten body in the deaths of Miss Mary D. Runyan of Columbus University, Miss Georgia Allison, supervisor of kindergartens in Pittsburg; Mrs. Z. Adams Cutten, of New York, and Mrs. Jane Amy McKinney, of Cleveland, Ohio.

All of the ex-presidents present were then called to the platform by Mrs. Hughes, and each said a few happy words, as did the new officers. Miss Josephine Jarvis, translator of so many of the Froebel books used in all training schools, was also introduced and presented by the normal students of the school with some lovely flowers, a courtesy which met with the hearty approval of all present.

So came to an end a most successful convention—one that ran so smoothly that it was impossible to “see any wheels go round.” The heavy strain of attention to thoughtful papers was varied by the delightful strains of the music which formed a conspicuous part of every program. As explained by Miss Vandewalker, weather in Milwaukee at this time of year was not to be trusted, and so no excursions had been planned, but instead an effort was made to make music an integral, important and desirable part of all meetings. No one missed the excursions assuredly, but with this convention, as at others in the past, was heard the old cry, “No time allowed for visiting exhibits and kindergartens.” It really was too bad that with such valuable exhibits, representing so many training schools from all parts of the country, as well as the hostess city, it was impossible to study them without playing truant. In a later number they will be described.

It was urged at the business meeting that next year’s session be devoted to exhibits. An hour or so to an explanation by the exhibiter to the points specially to be noted, and then a visit to the exhibit with eyes made intelligent by the previous talk.

We have a vague recollection of some such suggestions at previous conventions. Let us hope that in 1907 this will be kept in mind by Spartan program makers, or else we will be really obliged to cultivate the power of being in two places at the same time.

Unable ourselves to do much visiting, we are indebted to Miss Watkins of Buffalo for these brief words about the penny lunch stations, which are a feature of certain Milwaukee school districts:

"The Woman's School Alliance, to whom appeals for help along numerous lines may be made, has established five penny lunch stations in Milwaukee in the most needy parts of the city.

This means that for a penny a little hungry child may have at noon a bowl of good soup and a bun.

During the five coldest months through which these stations are open, about 10,000 lunches are served.

A visit to one brought out a most interesting effect of the work. Each station is in a home, where the house-mother may not only make some needed money, but may find a channel for philanthropic interests. In one of these homes we found the children playing in an improvised playroom in the small basement, which the busy house-father had fitted up for rainy days."

We have attended conventions when the city wept at our approach, and at Boston the skies wept copiously at our departure, but Milwaukee welcomed and sped with smiles the coming and going guest, giving us just one little taste of snow in the middle of the week that by contrast we might better appreciate her smiles.

Miss Vandewalker and her co-workers certainly more than kept all their promises of what a convention in Milwaukee would be.

May we meet next year in New York all who had so happy a time in this charming city on the lake.

OFFICERS FOR 1906-07.

Mrs. Ada Marean Hughes of Toronto was re-elected, receiving 81 of the 83 votes cast for president, the full list of officers elected being as follows:

President—Mrs. Ada Marean Hughes of Toronto.

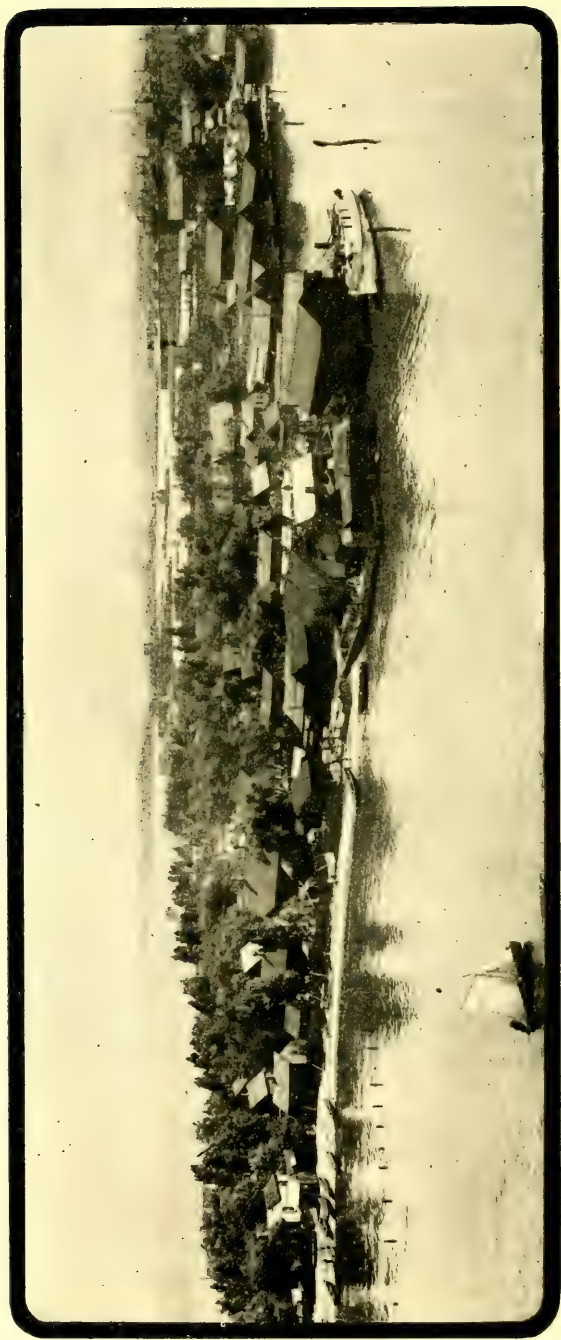
First Vice-President—Miss Patty S. Hill of Louisville.

Second Vice-President—Miss Alice O'Grady of Chicago.

Recording Secretary—Miss Mabel A. MacKinney of Cleveland.

Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Stella L. Wood of Minneapolis.

Auditor—Miss Mary C. Shute of Boston.



JONES ISLAND—QUAINT HOMES OF FISHERMEN—MILWAUKEE.

Little Folks' Land*

The Story of a Little Boy in a Big World.

By MADGE A. BIGHAM, *Free Kindergartens, Atlanta, Ga. Author of "Stories of Mother Goose Village," etc.*

IX.

Eighteenth Week—Vegetable and Flower Study

The Children's Garden

Monday

MOTHER GIPSY knew all about the Princess and Bluette, too—why, she even knew that the Princess was not a butterfly, and that her wings were to be golden brown, and that once upon a time she had been a caterpillar, and had lived on Billy Sanders' elm tree. Now, how do you suppose she knew all of that? To be sure, Joe-Boy was the very one who told her. Every night when Mother Gipsy tucked him away in his pretty white bed they would have the cosiest talks about things that had happened through the day, and Joe-Boy had told her over and over again about Bluette and the Princess.

"And wasn't it nice about the wings, mother?" he said.

"Couldn't you show me the very spot on my back where *my* skin will pop open and *my* wings come out?"

Then Mother Gipsy laughed merrily and said: "Why, you're not a little caterpillar; you are a little boy; and besides, caterpillars take a long, long sleep before their wings grow out. Would you be willing to take a long, long sleep, if, when you waked up, you would have a pair of beautiful wings?"

"Y-e-s!" said Joe-Boy, and his eyes grew very bright; but Mother Gipsy said: "Oh, *please* don't take that long sleep now; I'm sure I couldn't spare you."

Then she tucked him away with another "good-night" kiss, and opened the shutters for the stars and moon to peep through as she said: "Go to sleep, little caterpillar, but be sure to waken when the sunbeams come."

And that is just what Joe-Boy did, and when he went to kindergarten and looked at the Princess, she was still sleeping in her pretty cocoon cradle.

"I do hope she will not wake just yet," said the kindergarten teacher, "because we haven't planted our garden beds, and there would be no flowers and leaves and grasses for her—why, there would be nothing for her to eat!"

* Copyright, 1905, by Madge A. Bigham.

"Let us plant the garden beds today," said Joe-Boy, "because the Princess *might* wake up soon."

"Well," said the kindergarten teacher, "we might start on them today, anyway. The first thing to be done is to plan just how we want to make them. We could go to the sand table and do that, and maybe by tomorrow it will be warm enough to work out of doors. Let me see; there are twenty-one children, counting me, so there must be twenty-one garden beds, because every child will want one for his very own, to dig and plant and care for. We will go to the sand table right now, and see what will be the best way to lay off those twenty-one little garden beds, with walks between them, that no one need ever step on the growing plants."

That was a happy band of children around the big sand-table, I can tell you, and to help them remember how many twenty-one was, the kindergarten teacher gave every child one little oblong block, and she said: "We will play that these are the size of the garden beds; now, let us lay them in the sand, and find the best way, being sure to leave the little walks between."

So, after everybody had tried and tried they found it was best to put three of the little beds in a row, and to have seven rows—that made twenty-one little even beds, you see, and no one forgot about the walks. Then to see just how the pretty garden would look all finished, the children smoothed the sand over the beds, and planted tiny colored sticks and played that they were flowers growing. Some of them had vegetables growing, too—peas and potatoes and onions and lettuce and corn—and the kindergarten teacher said: "There now! Each child will have only one bed in the yard, and which will you plant, vegetables or flowers?"

And everybody wanted to plant flowers and everybody wanted to plant vegetables, so she laughed and said, "Well, everybody can plant both. We will cut the little beds right in two, and plant vegetables in one square and flowers for the Princess on the other square. And when the vegetables get ripe, we will have a vegetable party and invite Mother Gipsy—because she gave us a surprise party one day. Don't you remember?"

Of course the children hadn't forgotten about that party of milk and oatmeal and little dollar biscuits and thumb pones of cornbread. Have you forgotten?

"But," said the kindergarten teacher, "we must keep that for a secret, and not tell anybody yet, so it will be a surprise to Mother Gipsy."

And Charlotte Anne said: "I know Joe-Boy is going to tell!"

But Joe-Boy only jumped up and down and said: "No, I won't, no I won't, no I won't!"

And the kindergarten teacher said: "Of course, Joe-Boy won't tell—he knows how to keep a secret; I am sure he does. Anyway, we will wait and see."

How Prince Charming Helped

Tuesday

IF you could have peeped over the kindergarten fence the very next morning after the children had made their gardens in the sand, you would have seen them all out in the yard, and every child had a spade or a rake or a hoe—at least that is what Father Gipsy saw, when he peeped over the fence on his way to town. The children were digging and digging, and digging, too busy to stop and talk because everybody was trying to get the ground soft and fine for the garden beds. Father Gipsy watched them dig, with a queer smile on his face, and then he said: "That ground looks pretty hard for little people to dig. I know somebody not very far from here that can plow well, and he likes to help, too—somebody with four white legs and a wavy, white mane and a long white tail."

"Prince Charming! Prince Charming! We know it is Prince Charming!"

"That's just who it is," said Father Gipsy, "and Prince Charming belongs to Joe-Boy, so if he is willing to lend him out, I'll just go bring him right away, and we'll have this garden plowed up in a little while."

You know Joe-Boy was glad for Prince Charming to help—he even went home with Father Gipsy to bring him—and soon they came back with the plow and the long plow lines and dear old Prince Charming, with his waving mane, stepping high, as he always did, whether he plowed or carried the painted lady tip-toe on his back. And then, the merry, merry time everybody had plowing! Father Gipsy was very kind and let each one have a turn. He told them when to say "gee," and he told them when to say "haw," and Prince Charming understood

every word and plowed his very best; so very soon the ground was deep and soft.

"I can't tell what we would do without Prince Charming," said the kindergarten teacher; "he is always ready to help us out of our troubles. How can we say 'thank you' before he goes?"

"I'll run get him a piece of my apple," said Charlotte Anne. Then the other children thought about their lunch and ran for their baskets, and when they came back Prince Charming had the nicest lunch! He ate a red apple and a yellow apple and a cake and a sandwich and a lump of sugar—and he ate right out of the children's hands, too, and he didn't bite, and they smoothed and petted and rubbed him until Prince Charming was very glad indeed that he had come to help.

"Now what is the next thing to be done to these garden beds?" said Father Gipsy. "I believe I would like to help some more." Then they told him all about the twenty-one beds, with three beds in a row, and seven rows—and the little walks between. And then Father Gipsy said: "Well, that doesn't seem so very hard to fix, if we will all work together. You children can rake and hoe the ground over, while the kindergarten teacher and I lay off the walks and the twenty-one garden beds."

Then Father Gipsy found a long cord and tied a stick at each end, and stretched the line across the ground, to help him dig even straight rows, and by and by every one of those twenty-one garden beds were fixed just right. And Joe-Boy said, "Oh, oh, it looks just like our garden on the sand-table—only it is a grown-up mother garden."

"And so it is," said the kindergarten teacher, "and we have had so much help today, I believe our gardens will be ready to plant tomorrow—won't that be fine?"

You should have heard those children clap their hands. Then Father Gipsy said: "Well, I know of one more thing that will help to make these garden beds good ones, so when I go up town I am going to stop at the carpenter's shop and send him down here with some long boards and some short boards, and he will fix them tightly around every little bed to keep the dirt from washing into the walks—don't you think that would be a good plan?"

"And we will scatter white sand over the walks, too," said the kindergarten teacher, "and when you pass each day you will see how clean and neat we shall keep them."

Then Father Gipsy told them "good-bye," and sure enough the beds were fixed just as he promised—now, don't you think that was a very kind Father Gipsy? The children thought so, and they said they were surely going to have him in their secret, too, and ask him to the vegetable party—but of course Joe-Boy promised not to tell.

The Vegetable Beds

Wednesday

ALL the children were in such a big hurry to get back to kindergarten the next morning that they did not even want to take time to eat breakfast. You see, they were thinking about those garden beds, and wondering when they could plant the seeds.

"You have come so very early," said the kindergarten teacher, "I think we will have time before nine to go down to the sand bank and get the white sand for our walks—then, when Father Gipsy passes, he will see that we have fixed our garden walks almost as quickly as he had the beds fixed for us yesterday."

I know you would have wanted to go, too, if you could have seen those children skipping down the path to the branch in the woods, and everybody had a bucket or a bag or a basket to bring the sand in—even the hired man went along, too, and he carried a great huge bag in his wheelbarrow—so, all together, they brought enough to the kindergarten to sprinkle in all the walks.

"There now," said the kindergarten teacher, "I believe things are ready for seed planting—I feel as if I would almost like to be a seed myself, to grow in those fine garden beds! Which shall we plant first—flower seeds or vegetable seeds?"

"Vegetable seeds," said the children, "because they must hurry and grow for the party."

"That's true," she said, laughing, "we must remember about that party! Won't Mother and Father Gipsy be surprised when they come to our garden party, and find nice things to eat that we planted ourselves? Now, let us put on our 'thinking caps' and name every vegetable that we know, so we can choose the ones we wish to plant."

So they thought and thought, and everybody named some—first, they named vegetables that ripened in the ground, and looked like bulbs—Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, turnips, beets, radishes and onions.

Then they named vegetables that grew in pods—snap beans, butterbeans, green peas and okra. Then they named vegetables whose leaves were good to eat—cabbage, salad and lettuce. And then they named tomatoes and corn and squashes and cucumbers and egg plant, and, oh! I don't know how many others—anyway, they couldn't think of planting everything they named, because the garden beds were not large enough for them, you know. "Why," said the kindergarten teacher, "we would need garden beds as large as Farmer Green's if we planted all of those vegetables! I think we shall have to choose only those which will be sure to ripen in time for the party."

Now, I wonder if you can guess which those were? You can't? Well, from the vegetables that looked like bulbs, they chose radishes, and from the vegetables that grew in pods, they chose green peas, and from vegetables whose leaves were good to eat, they chose curly lettuce. And I think that would make a very nice garden party, indeed, don't you? Because they could make soup out of the peas to eat first, and then there would be radishes to eat next, and last of all, would be the lettuce—that would be for the dessert, you know. So the kindergarten teacher took three little packages out of her apron pocket, and gave everyone some little, wee, wee radish seeds, and some little wee, wee, wee lettuce seeds, and some fine fat pea seeds, and she said as she placed them in their careful hands, "To think that every little seed, even the wee, wee, wee ones, has a little plant baby, sleeping within—waiting, waiting to grow! Isn't it good that we can help to waken them?"

So they went joyfully to the little garden beds, and when they had made the little rows, every child planted his seeds in his own little garden bed, and covered them gently over. And when they had finished, Joe-Boy was so very happy, that he kept jumping up and down and all around—thinking about that garden party. And Charlotte Anne said: "Don't you tell, Joe-Boy! If you feel as if you are when you see Mother Gipsy, just put your hand over your mouth so, and run to the buttercup meadow as fast as you can go!"

Maybe you think it isn't very hard to keep a secret, but it is—most especially when it is about a party. I believe that is the hardest kind of a secret to keep. Why, that very day, when Joe-Boy got home, he *almost* told! Mother Gipsy said, "Come, tell me what you did at kindergarten today—something nice, I know, because your eyes tell me so."

And Joe-Boy jumped up and down and said, "Oh, oh, oh, mother, we are going to give you a—a—a—!"

And then all at once he remembered about the secret, and put his hands over his lips—and the next thing you knew, why, he was down in the buttercup meadow! Now, aren't you glad he did not tell that secret?

The Flower Beds

Thursday

I NEED not tell you what the children did the next morning at kindergarten, because you know as well as I do, that they planted the other half of their garden beds. They had a merry time in the morning circle, talking about the seeds they wished to plant. They began with the rainbow colors, and first named all the red flowers they could think of, then they named all the orange flowers, and all the yellow flowers, and all the green flowers, and all the blue flowers, and then all of the violet flowers. The kindergarten teacher was the only one who could name a green flower, but the children thought of names for all of the other colors. Of course they could not plant all that they named, though, so the kindergarten teacher said: "We shall have to do about the flower seeds as we did about the vegetable seeds, and only plant those that will grow fast, and bloom in time for the garden party."

In the fall, when the children had first started to kindergarten, they had gathered all kinds of seeds, put each kind in little envelopes, and put them in seed boxes, which they had folded themselves, and the kindergarten teacher had put them away in the cabinet to stay until the springtime, when it was best to plant them. So the children remembered about the boxes, and the kindergarten teacher went and found them just as they had put them away.

"We will open the boxes and see what kind of seeds we have," she said, "and then we will go out to our gardens and plant the ones we choose."

Then the children opened the little envelopes and found morning-glory seeds, and nasturtium seeds, and petunia seeds, and phlox seeds, and pansy seeds, and sunflower seeds, and, do you know, when the kindergarten teacher asked them which ones they wanted to plant, why, those children said they wanted to plant all they had! And then she said: "It is a pity to leave any of them unplanted—they would all like

to grow, I am sure, so we shall have to give them a chance. We can plant the phlox and petunias and nasturtiums in the garden beds, and we can plant the sunflowers by the side fence, and the morning-glory seeds near the porch where they will have room to climb, and the pansy seeds near the violets by the steps—then all will have a place, whether they bloom in time for the garden party or not.”

“I’m so glad,” said Joe-Boy, “because I just must plant all of my seeds—I couldn’t tell which ones *not* to plant.”

So, you may know they were all very happy children when they tripped out to plant their seeds, and when they had finished, the twenty-one brown garden beds looked smooth and soft in the spring sunshine, with the sleeping seeds tucked snugly beneath.

“And only think,” said the kindergarten teacher, “from each tiny seed a dear baby plant will soon awake—how glad we are to help them grow.”

Then they played the pretty game that you have played—some of the children were the sleeping seeds, some were the sunbeams and some were the rain drops that God had sent to waken the seed babies and help them to grow. Which would *you* rather be, a seed or a sunbeam or a raindrop?

Peggy Rose’s Garden

Friday

NOW the very hardest thing you have to do about a garden is to wait for the seeds to come up. But, dear me, real babies can’t walk until they have strong feet, you know, so how could you expect plant babies to grow up until they had strong feet, too? At least, that is what Mother Gipsy asked Joe-Boy one night when they were playing seeds and she had tucked him away in his bed for the night.

“If you are in such a hurry to see a garden grow, and can’t wait for the one you have at kindergarten, why, you’ll just have to make you a garden like what Peggy Rose made, and then you will be so busy watching the little feet grow that you will forget everything else.”

“Well, tell me what kind of a garden Peggy Rose made?” said Joe-Boy.

“And that means a story,” laughed Mother Gipsy, as she gave him a little love pinch on his ear. “Well, anyway,” she said, “once-upon-a-

time, Peggy Rose was cleaning out her mother's button box, and right at the bottom she found three seeds—one was a bean seed and one was a grain of corn and one was a squash seed; though Peggy Rose had never seen a squash seed, and she didn't know what kind it was. Anyway, Peggy Rose said, 'When my beautiful mother comes home from the factory tonight, I shall ask her to give me these seeds, and then I will plant me a garden bed.' Now, Peggy Rose lived in a little room at the very top of a high brick house, and there were steps and steps and steps and steps that you had to go down before you got out into the street. And there wasn't any yard for her to run and play in, such as you have—there was only the brick sidewalk, and beyond, the busy street, where Peggy Rose never dared to go, because the horses and drays might run over her. So how do you think Peggy Rose was going to have any garden bed?

"To be sure, little daughter," said Peggy Rose's beautiful mother, when she came home from the factory that night, 'you may have the seeds that you found in the button box, but we shall have to think about the garden bed, for where have we any place to plant a garden? Only this little square room inside and the busy, busy streets outside. But surely there must be a way,' she said, as she stooped low and saw the little seeds in Peggy Rose's pink palm. 'Poor little seeds, I'm sure they would like to grow—they make me think of the sweet, fresh country, of the green fields and the running water and the blue, blue sky,' and then a happy smile came to the face of Peggy Rose's beautiful mother and she said, 'Oh, I know now, the very way! We will make the little garden bed right this very minute.'

"And then Peggy Rose laughed with joy and the dimples came and went in her cheeks, while her beautiful mother went to the closet and took out a clear glass tumbler, and filled it nearly full of water, and then she cut a circle of pure white cotton, just the size of the glass, and she let Peggy Rose fix the cotton on the water with her own soft hands, and then she said gayly: 'Your little garden bed is ready, Peggy Rose; come and plant your seeds.'

"Then Peggy Rose laughed and laughed, and she dropped the grain of corn on the little white garden bed, and then she dropped the bean seed and then she dropped the squash seed, and then her garden bed was planted; so they placed the tumbler in their one little window and laughed and laughed again. The moonbeam fairies found it there

that very night, and the starlight fairies, too, and they said, 'Such a funny, funny garden bed has little Peggy Rose.'

"And the sunbeam fairies found it, too—the very next morning—and they said, 'Oh, Peggy Rose, Peggy Rose, such a funny, funny garden bed! We'll waken those seeds for you, little Peggy Rose, and how you will smile to see them grow!' So, for two days they shone their very brightest on Peggy Rose's garden bed, and warmed the little plant babies so they just had to wake up. The little bean was the fattest seed of all; his mother had packed his little jacket right full of something good to eat, and when he sucked the water through his soft cotton bed, he grew fatter and fatter, and one day, why, he popped right out of his jacket, and reached one little foot downward and one little hand upward, and he held two tiny little leaves for Peggy Rose. And Peggy Rose smiled and said, 'Oh, you little bean baby, you're getting your feet right wet!'

"And then the little corn baby heard her talking, and he popped right out of his jacket—and the little squash baby, too—and Peggy Rose said, 'Oh, you little corn baby and you little squash baby, you are getting your feet wet, too!'

"And then she laughed and laughed, just as the sunbeam fairies said she would, and that night, when her beautiful mother came home from her work at the factory, why, she laughed, too, at the little bean baby and the little squash baby and the little corn baby, getting their feet so wet—and at Peggy Rose, because she was so happy and proud of her little garden bed."

Why don't you make a garden bed, like Peggy Rose's?

Program for Eighteenth Week—Vegetable and Flower Study

The Children's Garden

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Which would you rather have, a vegetable garden or a flower garden? Why? Which do you suppose the "Princess" would prefer? Why? What helpers will the Princess need to waken her? What helpers will the vegetables and flowers need?

Song and game: "Gardening." Stress preparation of ground.

Gift: Reproduce the lesson at the sand table, as given in the story for the day.

Occupation: Water-color, broad effect. One oblong bed. Other shapes, according to each child's idea of beauty.

How Prince Charming Helped

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Did you ever watch the gardener getting the ground ready to plant his seeds? What did he do? Why? Did you ever try to dig up the hard ground yourself? James has such a large garden at his home, it would take a long, long time to spade it all—what could help him to work more quickly? Yes, the horse and plow. How many of you have seen a plow? How does the horse pull it, and how does the man hold it? Can you show us? Can you plough very straight rows?

Play: Ploughing field.

Gift Period: Make garden beds out of doors. (Let each child do some of the work.)

Occupation: Miniature rake to carry home—the child's own idea.

The Vegetable Beds

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: What vegetables do you like best? Does it grow under ground or up in the sunshine? What vegetables grow in pods? What vegetables give us leaves to eat? What holds the plant in the ground? Which will be the best vegetables for us to plant in our gardens?

Play: Plant garden. Children representing seeds—garden. (Emphasis placed upon choice of seeds.)

Gift Period: Sort vegetable seed.

Song: "In my little Garden-bed."

Occupation Period: Plant seed.

The Flower Beds

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you think all kinds of plants like to grow in the same garden? Shall we plant our morning-glory seeds out in our garden beds? Where then? Why? Can you name

some red flowers?—Orange? Yellow? Green? Blue? Violet?
(Guessing game.)

Songs: "Little Brown Brother." "In the Heart of a Seed."

Game: Planting flower garden. Emphasize arrangement of flowers according to color.

Gift period: Plant flower seeds in the yard.

Occupation: Construct frame for a vine.

Peggy Rose's Garden

Friday

Circle talks, songs and games: Relate the story.

Experiments: Plant seeds in glass, also in egg shells (soil). Watch for root formation and "seed leaves."

Songs and games: Selected by children.

Gift: Building. Peggy Rose's house, long stairway, window. (Use a cylinder for the glass where the flower garden grew.)

Occupation: Folding, "Peggy Rose's Work Box."

Nineteenth Week—Flower Life

Jack's Beanstalk†

Monday

WHEN Joe-Boy told the kindergarten children about Peggy Rose's funny little white garden bed and about the little bean baby getting his feet so wet, why, they wanted to make a garden bed just like it, and the kindergarten teacher said, "That will be a good plan, and I have a bean baby right here on the mantel, so while we are waiting for our garden beds outside to grow, we can watch the bean baby wake inside."

So they fixed the tumbler and cotton, and when they had placed the bean baby on his white bed the kindergarten teacher said, "When I was a little girl I used to hear a story called Jack's Beanstalk—not the one about the giant, though it was a little like that one. While our bean baby sleeps I will tell you about it. Once-upon-a-time, there was a dear little chubby boy, named Jack, and he lived all alone with his

†This tale was first suggested by a child, and the kindergartner told it revised as above.

grandmother, in a little cabin on the country road. They had a big red cow that they loved very much, but they did not have any money; and you know everybody needs money to buy clothes and meal and flour and other things. Well, Jack and his grandmother needed very many things, and the winter time would soon be coming, too, so Jack's grandmother said, "Well, as much as we hate to part with her, I guess we shall have to sell our cow, Jack. You take her to town today, and see if you can sell her to a good, kind master, who will love her and treat her kindly as we have done."

"Yes, grandmother," said Jack, "I shall be sure to find our cow a kind master."

So he tied a rope around the red cow's horns, and started down the big road, walking slowly—cows do not like to walk fast, you know. Every few steps Jack would pat the red cow gently on the head, telling her how much he loved her, and how sorry he was she had to be sold. By and by he met a big boy with a switch in his hand, and the big boy said, "I'll buy that cow."

But Jack shook his head "no"—he did not want a boy with a switch to buy his red cow. Would you? After a while he met a jolly, fat man coming down the road, and he was singing this merry song:

"If I had a cow that gave rich milk,
I'd dress her in the finest silk,
Milk her many times a day,
And feed her on the finest hay."

"Good morning, little boy," said the jolly fat man, when he finished the verse. "That looks like a very fine cow you have there. Wouldn't you like to sell her?"

"Yes," said Jack. "Are you a kind man?"

"I try to be," said the jolly fat man; "I'll treat that red cow kindly, too, if you'll sell her to me. She shall have a house to live in, plenty to eat and plenty to drink—didn't you hear that song I was singing?"

"Yes," said Jack; "grandmother told me to sell her to a kind man, so I will sell her to you. What will you give me?"

"Well," said the jolly fat man, "I will give you a speckled hen and a bag of beans."

"All right," said Jack, smiling. You see Jack was so anxious to sell the cow to some one who would treat her kindly, that he forgot all

about the money part, and sold her for a bag of beans and a speckled hen! My!

Then he patted the red cow good-by, and the jolly, fat man said, "Take good care of those beans and plant them as soon as you get home. They are very wonderful beans." So Jack hurried home, and told his grandmother about his trade with the kind man.

"Jack! Jack! Jack!" said his grandmother, with her hands held high, "whatever made you do such a silly thing! Why, whoever heard of selling a cow for a speckled hen and a bag of beans!"

"Well, grandmother, only think—he promised to treat our cow kindly; to give her plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and a house to live in!"

"You surely are a queer boy, Jack," she said. "But there is no use to fret over spilt milk; go and plant your beans under the window, and we will see what is to become of us."

Well, Jack planted the beans, and the speckled hen made a nest and went to laying, because she wanted to help all she could, anyway. But dear me, she need not have worried, for only guess what had happened the next morning when Jack waked up? Yes, sir, those beans had waked up, too, and you never saw anything grow as they had. Why, they had already climbed to the top of the house, and to the top of the chimney, and then started up the lightning-rod! Now what do you think of that! Pretty soon they had covered the whole house, leaving only a space for the windows and doors—and I tell you what, it was a most beautiful sight! And when Jack saw the white blossoms sprinkled everywhere and the seed pods nestled among the leaves, he laughed with delight. Even his grandmother had never seen such a sight, and people came from all the country round to see the wonderful vine—and of course everybody wanted a seed pod to carry home and plant, too. So Jack sold the wonderful pods for five cents apiece, and as there were a great many, he soon had a bag full of money—enough to buy himself and his dear grandmother new clothes for the winter and plenty to eat.

"Now, grandmother," said Jack, "aren't you glad I sold the cow to the jolly, fat man?"

"Indeed I am," she said, "and you are the dearest boy in all the land!" Then she kissed Jack on both cheeks, and they lived happily ever afterward.

"I guess that is why beans that grow so high over people's porches are called 'Jack beans,'" said the kindergarten teacher, "anyway, when

we see them we will think of the dear little Jack in the story. Now, let us take a walk around our garden beds and see how our plants are doing."

The Pea-Pods

Tuesday

WELL, of course the plants in the children's garden beds did not come up and grow as quickly as Jack's wonderful bean vine did, but it wasn't many days before they began to sprout, and the children found their tiny heads popping up here and there, everywhere all over the beds, saying "Good-morning" to one another, and taking their first peep at the world—and when they did begin to grow, my! how they did grow! It looked as if they were running a race to see which could grow fastest. The pea vines seemed to be ahead, for in a few days the children had to prop sticks for them to climb on, and every day was a busy day. You would see the little gardeners at work every morning before kindergarten, some sweeping and raking the walks, some with bright water-pots sprinkling, and some pulling little weeds away from the roots of their precious plant babies. Even the little earth worms did not forget to help, too—the kindergarten teacher found one crawling across her bed, and she said, "Oh, here is a little earth-worm come to work on my garden bed!"

And then all the children crowded round to see, and Charlotte Anne said, "Oh, I wish I had a little earth-worm to help work on my garden bed."

And then Joe-Boy said, "Oh, I wish I had a little earth-worm to work on my garden bed."

And then every one of those kindergarten children said, "Oh, I wish I had a little earth-worm to work on my garden bed!"

And then the kindergarten teacher laughed and said, "I guess somebody would like to borrow my little earth-worm, but I can not lend him today—see, he has almost gone down beneath the ground. Maybe he will tell the other earth-worms, and I am sure they will be glad to help."

I really believe he did tell them, too, because the plants grew faster and faster, and one morning, only think, the pea vines had little white blossoms on them, and oh, the children were so happy! Joe-Boy tried to count his, but he couldn't, there were so many, and some of the

other children tried, too. A few mornings after that, Charlotte Anne ran out of her garden bed and found, and found—her pretty white pea blossoms scattered on the ground, and before she knew it there were tears all in her eyes, and she said, "Oh, somebody's been pulling my pretty white pea blossoms, and they are lying on the ground!"

And then Joe-Boy ran to his bed, and he said, "Oh, oh, oh! somebody's been pulling my pretty white pea blossoms and they are lying on the ground!"

And then the other children ran to their beds, and each said, too, "Oh, somebody's been pulling my pretty white pea blossoms, and they are lying on the ground!"

Then the kindergarten teacher came hurrying out to see, and she said the very same thing!—"Somebody's been pulling my pretty white pea blossoms, and they are lying on the ground! And I know who has been pulling them, too!"

And then she laughed so merrily, that the children laughed, too, and said, "Who? Who? Who?"

Do you know who pulled those pretty white pea blossoms? Then, I shall have to tell you—the pea vines pulled those pretty white pea blossoms and scattered them on the ground—that's who pulled them. And when the kindergarten children heard, they said, "Oh-o! what for?"

And the kindergarten teacher said, "You just wait a few days, then you'll see. These pea vines are large enough to be little mothers now, and by and by they will show you something else growing, right where the little blossoms dropped off—something that I think you will like very much better."

So the children watched and watched and watched, and sure enough, one morning Charlotte Anne came skipping in and said, "Run, run and see! My pea vines have sure enough little green pea pods growing right where the blossoms dropped off!"

And then when all the children had looked, Joe-Boy jumped up and down and said, "Oh, oh, mine, too! mine, too! And there are little baby peas growing inside!"

And then everybody else found some—even the kindergarten teacher—and everybody was saying at the very same time, "Mine, too! Mine, too!"

The Garden Party

Wednesday

NOW, the pea pods grew fatter and fatter and fatter each day, of their skins, and the kindergarten teacher said, "Don't you until the little round peas inside were almost ready to pop out think it is about time for that party?"

Then everybody's eyes shone very bright, and everybody's lips smiled and smiled, and everybody said at the very same time, "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Well, I think so, too," said the kindergarten teacher, "so we will walk around the garden and see if we have enough vegetables ready for the party."

And if you had gone with them, and listened like the fairies, you would have heard the little fat peas say, whenever the children looked at them:

"Come, come, come pull me,
We're ready for the party,
Don't you see?"

Then the radishes peeped up from the brown earth, their red cheeks wet with dew, and they said, too:

"Come, come, come pull me,
We're ready for the party,
Don't you see?"

And right by their side curled the crisp, green lettuce, with their leaves so fresh and sweet, and they said, too:

"Come, come, come pull me,
We're ready for the party,
Don't you see?"

So you see all of them seemed ready for the party, and the kindergarten teacher said, "I am sorry it is too early for our flowers to bloom, for they, too, would like to help us make a happy garden party. But they need a longer time to grow, you know, so we will have to go to the woods and hunt for wildflowers."

"Right now?" said Joe-Boy.

"Yes, right now," smiled the kindergarten teacher, "for we shall want the party room to look very beautiful when Father and Mother Gipsy come."

And then they tripped off through the woods, and saw so many pretty things on the way. They crossed a log that made a pretty bridge across the clear brook that was singing its spring-time song, and ferns and grasses and white rocks and new leaves, and tiny fishes and happy birds—all singing about the glad new spring. And then the flowers!—dogwood blossoms all in white and yellow, and purple violets, and yellow buttercups, and sweet honeysuckle, and mountain laurel in clouds of pink! Oh, there were so many in bloom, and everyone came back laden down with the beautiful blossoms, and they decorated the kindergarten until it looked almost like the woods, with flowers, flowers everywhere.

"Now, we will write the invitations," said the kindergarten teacher, "and then it will be time to run home to lunch."

So she wrote the note, telling Father Gipsy and Mother Gipsy to come to the kindergarten the next day at eleven—but she did not tell them why—because the party was to be a surprise, you know. Mother and Father Gipsy smiled and smiled and smiled when they read the invitation, and Joe-Boy jumped up and down, as he always did when he was too happy to keep still.

"Why, of course we will come!" said Father Gipsy, "I just wonder what is going to happen at kindergarten tomorrow morning, anyway?"

But Joe-Boy did not tell, though I do believe he placed his hand over his lips—he wouldn't tell, not for anything. I don't know which child got to the kindergarten first, the party day, but all of them got there very much sooner than ever before, and the kindergarten teacher gave each child a basket or a tray, and they went into the garden to gather vegetables. They pulled the radishes first, and washed them clean until their red cheeks glowed, and then they pulled the lettuce next and washed it clean and put it in dishes of cool, fresh water. And then came the time for the little fat peas—but they did not pull all, because some must be left for seeds, you know, and when they were dry, they would be ready to be gathered and put away to plant another year. All good gardeners remember to save some seeds. But dear me, there were more than a plenty for the soup, I can tell you, and when they were pulled, the children had the jolliest time, sitting in the grass shelling them from the little pod cradles, and then they followed the kindergarten teacher into the kitchen and helped to make that soup

themselves! Now, what do you think of that? And they put water in it and milk and salt and pepper and butter—and everybody tasted it to see when it was just right, and at last when it was all finished they carried it to the table where the other good things were—that steaming hot soup with peas floating round in it! And there was a bowl for everybody, too—and radishes and lettuce and crackers—for there were the twenty-one places all fixed, and two extra ones, and right at that very minute, the door bell rang, and though the children were standing behind their chairs, they couldn't keep still, but kept whispering, "They've come! They've come! Oh, goody, goody, they've come!"

And sure enough, in walked Father and Mother Gipsy! And they were so surprised they did not know what to say, when they saw that fine, steaming hot soup, with peas floating round, and that lettuce, and the rosy radishes, and the beautiful wildflowers on the party table and everywhere. And when they sat down to the table and began to eat, why, they said it was the most delicious soup they ever had tasted, and Father Gipsy said he could hardly believe those peas and radishes and lettuce came out of those garden beds that he and Prince Charming fixed! But they did, didn't they? Of course, they did!

So the party lasted until the twelve o'clock whistle blew, and then everybody went home, carrying a bunch of flowers as souvenirs of the party. Do you know what a souvenir is?

The Red, Red Nasturtium

Thursday

AFTER the garden party, the children's plants grew faster than ever, and in a very short time they began to find buds on the nasturtiums that bloomed into beautiful blossoms of red, orange, yellow and striped. By and by the petunias and the phlox shook out their gay dresses, and the garden grew brighter and brighter as the days went on, while the children grew busier and busier caring for them. Every day fresh flowers were pulled for the kindergarten vase, or given to sick people, or carried home, and still there were many left growing on the plants. Sometimes the children would spin their color tops to see how many tints and shades they could find among the bright blossoms and then they would take their water colors and paint them—to look at when the real flowers were gone.

"Now is the time to watch for seed pockets, too," said the kindergarten teacher. "We will make our seed boxes early this year, one for each kind of plant; and when we find a flower that has dropped its pretty skirt, but holds tight to a little green knob, why, we will know that is the cradle where the seed babies sleep—snugly tucked away—and when the pocket turns quite brown, the seeds are ripe, and the mother plant will be glad to have us pull them and take care of them to plant some other time."

Did you ever look for any little brown seed pockets? Well, it is great fun—so these children thought—and Joe-Boy and Charlotte Anne and all the others could tell as well when they were ripe enough to pull. They watched very closely and whenever they saw the petunias or the nasturtiums roll up their pretty skirts, why, they would watch closer than ever, so they might pull the seeds before Mr. Wind did. You see, they could take better care of them than he could. But there was one red, red nasturtium that had a sad time about her seed pocket. I must tell you about it.

One night the moon looked down and saw her crying softly to herself, and sent a moonbeam fairy down to see what was the matter. And when the moonbeam fairy hurried down on her silver wings, and asked the Red, Red Nasturtium why she wasn't happy, she said, "Because I don't know how to get my seeds ripe. I've made a nice little seed pocket for them, but the children who always come to the garden beds, shade their heads when they come to me, and will not pull my seeds—they say my seed pocket is so green, they know the seed babies are not ripe enough to put in their boxes—and I don't know how to get them ripe."

"Why," said the moonbeam fairy, "haven't you any golden dust?"

"Yes," said the Red, Red Nasturtium, "I have plenty of golden dust."

"Well, then," he said, "why don't you send some across to the yellow nasturtium, and ask her to send you some of hers in return—I'm sure she will be glad to send you some—then sprinkle her dust over your seeds, and they will soon grow ripe and brown. All flowers do that to ripen their seeds."

"But I don't know how to send my golden dust to the yellow nasturtium," said the Red, Red Nasturtium. "nobody will carry it for me."

"Why, where are your friends the bees and butterflies? Don't they ever come to see you? They will carry your golden dust, I am sure."

"But the bees and the butterflies don't come to see me," said the Red, Red Nasturtium, bending her head low.

"Well, that's very queer," said the moonbeam fairy, "maybe you have forgotten to give them any nectar juice—have you?"

And then the Red, Red Nasturtium hung her pretty head lower still and said, "I have nectar juice, but I keep it all for myself, and when the bees came I told them I did not have any to spare. I wanted it all myself."

"Well, well, well!" said the moonbeam fairy, sadly, "whoever heard of a sweet, beautiful flower, keeping all of her nectar juice for her own self, and not giving a drop to her friends, the butterflies and bees—most dreadful! Why, how can you ever expect the bees to carry your golden dust for you, and bring you more from the yellow nasturtium, unless you are kind enough to give them a few drops of nectar juice for their baby bees in the hive? How could they even make honey for the children, if none of the flowers gave away their nectar juice? Everybody helps in this beautiful world, you know—even flowers, my dear."

And then the Red, Red Nasturtium hung her head lower and lower in the moonlight—she felt so very sorry that she had kept all of her nectar juice and had not given even a drop for the bees to make honey for their babies or for the merry children who had planted her, and helped her to grow.

"What shall I do," said the Red, Red Nasturtium, "I am afraid the bees won't come now?"

"Oh, yes they will," smiled the moonbeam fairy; "I'll take my tiny silver pencil and draw a few lines on your two back petals, leading right to the nectar juice, and you can just tell the bees to follow that road and they will find something nice at the end."

Then the moonbeam fairy and the Red, Red Nasturtium laughed merrily together, and while the moonbeam fairy was drawing the lines, the Red, Red Nasturtium said, "Oh, oh, you tickle!"

And then they laughed again.

The next morning the Red, Red Nasturtium was the very first

flower to wake, and she looked so happy and bright, I wish you could have seen her. She was singing a soft little song—

“Come this way, come this way,
I’ll give sweet nectar to all today;
Come, come, come this way,
Butterflies and bees so gay.”

Just at that very minute a busy bee buzzed by, and the Red, Red Nasturtium called out quickly:

“Come here, Mr. Bee, do you see these lines drawn on my two back petals? Just follow them, and they will lead you to something nice.”

“I believe I will,” said Mr. Bee; “I wonder what it is.”

So he crawled slowly along the lines that the moonbeam fairy had drawn, and sure enough they led right to the little nectar jar of the Red, Red Nasturtium, and he found the nicest, sweetest juice.

“Take all you wish,” said the Red, Red Nasturtium, “I hope it will make nice honey.”

“That it will,” said Mr. Bee; “it is the nicest I have ever tasted, and if you will just sprinkle a little of your golden dust over my wings, I will take it over to the other nasturtiums and bring you back some of theirs—isn’t that what flowers like bees to do?”

“Yes, indeed,” said the Red, Red Nasturtium, “you see, that is the way we ripen our seed, and I would be so glad to have you help me.”

“Well,” said Mr. Bee, “I have some gold powder with me right now, from the yellow nasturtium—we bees gather it for bee bread, but if it will do you any good, you shall have it.”

So he sprinkled it over the Red, Red Nasturtium, and she sprinkled some of hers over him, and then out he crawled, and away he buzzed. You know what the Red, Red Nasturtium did just as soon as he had left, too. She carried all of the golden powder that Mr. Bee dropped on her pistil, down, down, and sprinkled it over her dear baby seeds. Then she sang her pretty song again, dancing back and forth in the sunlight:

“Come this way, come this way,
I’ll give sweet nectar to all today;
Come, come, come this way,
Butterflies and bees so gay.”

And as she finished the verse, a pretty white butterfly stopped by her side, and the Red, Red Nasturtium said, "Good morning, pretty butterfly; follow those fairy lines on my petals, reach down and you will find something nice."

"Thank you," said the white butterfly, "I was just looking for some nectar—and here is some golden dust for you—I got it from another nasturtium across the way."

So all the day the Red, Red Nasturtium called to the bees and butterflies, and many of them came to see her, sipping her nectar juice, and giving her golden dust from other flowers in return, which she carefully sprinkled over her precious seed babies. By and by, they began to change, and grow large and brown, and then the Red, Red Nasturtium dropped her beautiful skirt—because she knew her seeds were ripe, and she wished the children to gather them. I think Joe-Boy was the very little boy who gathered them, too, because the Red, Red Nasturtium grew on his bed. The next time you have a nasturtium, look for the fairy lines that lead to the sweet nectar juice—all nasturtiums have them now.

The Lady Petunia's Story

Friday

IT was at night, long after the children slept, that the flowers did their talking. If you had only been there, late one moonlight night, you would have heard the Lady Petunia, all dressed in white, tell such a wonderful story that even the dewdrops nestled among her leaves to listen. "Once-upon-a-time," she said, "when the world was new, all flowers were white, and none wore the beautiful colored dresses like what you see these days. The queen of the flowers was an exquisite white rose. She grew in the center of the garden, and grouped around her were flowers of every kind—pinks, nasturtiums, poppies, dahlias, lilacs, hyacinths, phlox, daisies, daffodils—and, oh, every kind—but all like the queen were dressed in pure white."

"They loved the rose queen, because it was she who had taught them all of the wonderful secrets about a flower. She had shown them how to send out their slender roots under the ground for something to eat, and how to carry it up the stalks to the leaves, and she had shown them how to make the wonderful golden dust, and even how to make the little seed pockets, with the wee baby seeds tucked inside—

but they were green, and the rose queen did not know how to get them brown and ripe. Of course you know; but then, you were not there to tell her. So, for many days the rose queen bowed her head and wondered and wondered about it. What should she do? It would be too bad if the baby seeds of none of the plants would ever ripen—by and by there would be no flowers left growing in the beautiful garden—no seeds ever to plant. So you see that was enough to make her sorrowful.

"At last, one day, she said to a little breeze who was fanning her softly, 'Say, little breeze, couldn't you tell me how flowers ripen their seeds?'

" 'I know how trees ripen their seeds,' said the little breeze; 'they exchange their golden dust with one another—I have often helped the wind blow it from one tree to another. Maybe that is the way for flowers to ripen their seeds, too. I would help you if I could, but when the wind blows it is so rough and strong, I am sure it would blow the dainty flower cups all to pieces—why don't you ask the bees to help you—or the moths and butterflies—they would be the very ones to help you out of your trouble, and carry your gold dust to and fro.' Then the little breeze flew away. Now, the rose queen had often seen the bees and butterflies flitting through the garden, but they never came near any of the flowers, so how could she ask them to carry their golden dust from flower to flower?

" 'I must get a message to the bees somehow,' she said; 'what could I do to make them stop?'

"And then a happy smile came to her face, and she said, 'Oh, I know, I guess bees like good things to eat, so we will all make sweet nectar juice and tuck it away down in our flower cups, and then the bees will be sure to come to us for it, and we can ask them to carry our dust to and fro.'

"But though all of the flowers made the sweetest nectar juice, none of the bees stopped to get it, and the beautiful rose queen was more sorrowful than ever.

* " 'I'll tell you,' said the little breeze, when he came back, 'you flowers are all white, and the bees can not see white; you will have to put out little signal flags of red, violet and blue and other bright colors, and then the bees will be sure to see you, and when they come and taste the sweet nectar you have made for them, why, they will keep

on coming, and then while they eat, you can tell them about your golden dust, and when you have sprinkled it over their wings, they will be only too glad to carry it to and fro for you.'

" 'But where am I to get any little red and blue and violet flags?—I haven't any,' asked the rose queen.

" 'Why, the sunbeam fairies will bring you every color of the rainbow,' said the merry little breeze, and then he flew away. Then the rose queen called to the very next sunbeam fairy that danced that way, and asked if he would bring them the bright colored flags, and the dear little sunbeam fairy smiled and said: 'I haven't any flags to bring you, but I can bring you beautiful dresses to wear, in all the colors of the rainbow—so bright and gay that the bees will be sure to see them.'

"So, he left the rose queen very happy, and hurried off to the sun, and when he came back many other sunbeam fairies came with him—and, oh, the beautiful, beautiful dresses they did bring! Flowers were decked in red and pink and yellow and blue and violet and orange and stripes, and tints and shades of every color in the rainbow, and the rose queen's cheeks were flushed with a delicate pink when she thanked the sunbeam fairies. They had hardly gotten away when the butterflies and bees came fluttering to the flowers and visited everyone. They tasted the sweet nectar juice, breathed their delicate perfume, and hurried on to other flowers, carrying the precious golden dust on their wings. From day to day, the seed babies ripened, until they were large and brown, and the heart of the rose queen was made very glad. So now you know why the flowers wear bright colored dresses. A few of them still wear white in memory of the fair rose queen, but the bees have learned that they ever keep sweet nectar for them, and visit them just the same. Some flowers bloom only at night when the bees have gone to bed—they wear white, too, but the little gray moths that flit about in the starlight, know how sweet they smell, and go to them often, sipping their nectar and carrying the golden dust from flower to flower—and that is the end of my story," said the Lady Petunia.

Program for Nineteenth Week—Flower Life

Jack's Beanstalk

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Children reproduce the story of "Peggy

Rose." Each observe closely the bean that was placed in water, and the one in the egg shell.

Game Period: Plant Jack bean under the kindergarten window.

Gift: Modeling, Jack's cow.

Occupation: Drawing, Jack's Beanstalk.

The Pea-Pods

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Relate the story first. Have you looked at your garden beds this morning? Are any of the seeds awake and growing yet? Which ones? Did you see any earth-worms?

Game and Gift Period: Observe growth of garden. Look for earth-worms. Gather brush and sort for pea vines, ready for use when needed.

Occupation: Water color, pea pods.

The Garden Party

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Relate the story first. Lucy has brought us a surprise this morning. If you will close your eyes, and hold out your hands, Lucy may give you something, and see if your fingers can tell you what her surprise is. (Peas from market, one pod to each child.)

Game: Sense, Feeling. Shell peas for cooking.

Gift Period: Fold salt cellars, and make other necessary preparations for the party.

Occupation: Serve the lunch.

The Red, Red Nasturtium

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Anne may pass to each child one of these nasturtiums. Now, let's each look into our flower and tell what we see. Yes, mine has pretty lines on one side, too. Yes, they do look something like paths. What do you suppose they lead to and who walks there?

Game: Dramatize story.

Gift Period: Select nasturtium seed from the seed boxes and go to garden and plant same.

Occupation: Cutting or water color picture of nasturtium.

The Lady Petunia's Story

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Some child who knows what helps flowers to make seed may show us what she is thinking about by the way she comes over to this petunia I hold in my hand. (Many hands are held up.) Susie may be the first one. Children, can you tell what she is thinking of? A butterfly? Archie may show us a bee.

Game: Play bees and butterflies in garden.

Gift Period: Modeling. Flower pot (to be burned in kiln if possible, that it may afterwards hold plant).

Occupation: Cutting. White flower; color with crayon or paint.

A LAST YEAR'S PROGRAM.

LUELLA A. PALMER.

MAY.

Teacher's Thought—Broadening of children's lives by:

1. Observation of changes in outdoor life.
2. Sharing of outdoor pleasures in walks and May parties.
3. Realization of the universal joy in the return of spring.

FIRST WEEK.

Topic—Changes due to warm days.

Picture—(Blackboard.)

Song—Song of Sewing Machine (Song Stories). Little Lamb (Small Songs for Small Singers).

Story—Polly Flinder's Apron (Mother Stories). Shepherd and the Lost Lamb.

Game—Boy Blue. Catch pony. Finger play, Sheep.

Rhythm—Jumping rope (Swing Song, Beker).

Monday.

Circle—May day custom of surprising with beautiful gifts. Saturday experiences in the park.

Occupation—Folding May baskets.

Occupation—Drawing, apple blossoms.

During the first table period the children folded baskets for the higher grades. The whole class tiptoed through the halls of the school, knocking hastily at each door and leaving a basket of flowers to surprise the one who answered the knock. At the last period they made another basket to surprise some one at home.

Tuesday.

Circle—Sheep in Park.

Gift—1 and 2. Sixth, suggestion, park fence, benches, etc.

3. Two of fourth, suggestion.

Occupation—Drawing, hyacinth.

Occupation—Construction, baby carriage.

When the park sheep were sheared in the spring the children noticed that they looked "funny" and it was then that the children could understand the shearing process, giving relief to the sheep and benefit to people.

Wednesday.

Circle—Our spring clothes. Why worn and how made.

Gift—Choice of seeds, rings, sticks or tablets to make design for cloth. (Laid on large sheet of colored paper.)

Occupation—1 and 2. Painting design for cloth.

3. Drawing, design.

Occupation—Drawing, hyacinth and pot.

Thursday.

Circle—Where cotton grows. Patterns, cutting and fitting.

Gift—Choice of building gifts.

Occupation—Cutting dress from painted paper according to pattern. Cutting outlined doll.

A walk was taken to the nearest park to see the daffodils and crocuses that the gardener had planted. The morning talk grew out of questions that the children had asked before school; they wished to know if cotton grew on any animal.

Friday.

Circle—Airing of winter clothes, packing away. Spring cleaning, why.

Occupation—Drawing, illustrative, house cleaning.

Occupation—Folding trunk; cutting clothes.

During the first table period the children helped to dust the closets and cabinet and to wash playthings and everything washable.

SECOND WEEK.

TOPIC—General awakening accomplished.

Picture—Spring.

Song—May Song ("Holiday Songs," third verse). God's Love (second verse, Song Stories).

Story—Little Goats Bruse.

Game—Merry-go-round (Wild Horseman, Music for Child World, Vol. 1).

Rhythm—See saw (Songs of Child World).

Monday.

Circle—Saturday experiences. Caged animals, their winter and summer quarters.

Occupation—Drawing violets.

Occupation—Construction, cage, with box and sticks.

Occupation—Cutting animals.

Tuesday.

Circle—Birds in parks. (Pictures of sparrow, robin and sea gull.)

Gift—1 and 2. Sixth, dictation to illustrate story.

3. Fourth, dictation.

Occupation—1. Fold cube (lunch box).

2 and 3. Cutting.

Occupation—Pasting chains (for decoration of room).

Wednesday.

Circle—Flowers, winter sleep and waking.

Gift—1. Fifth, free.

2. Third and fourth.

3. Fourth.

Occupation—Drawing, carnation.

Occupation—2. Folding cube.

1 and 3. Cutting.

Thursday.

Circle—Butterflies, food, flight.

Occupation.—Cutting butterflies.

Most of the morning was spent in playing in a nearby park.

Friday.

Circle—Ants and squirrels, what to feed them, their homes.

Gift—Choice of gift to build some house passed on way to park.

Occupation—Drawing, jar, carnations.

Occupation—Painting, green grass.

THIRD WEEK.

TOPIC—May parties.

Picture—London Bridge.

Song—Around the Maypole (Holiday Songs). Lovely May
(Merry Songs and Games).

Story—The Minstrel's Song (Mother Stories).

Game—Dance around the Maypole—Orchard (Holiday Songs).

Rhythm—Hop (Music for Child World, Vol. II).

Monday.

Circle—Saturday experiences. May parties.

Gift—1. Sixth, suggestion carousel, etc.

2. Fifth, suggestion.

3. Fourth (two), suggestion.

Occupation—Drawing, buttercups.

Occupation—Cutting tissue flowers for hoops on pole and for
wreath.

Tuesday.

Circle—Detail of May party.

Occupation—Painting blue for sky.

Occupation—Clay, free.

Occupation—Singing.

Wednesday.

Circle—Parties in the country.

Gift—1 and 2. Large and small fourth.

3. Large or small third.

Occupation—Drawing Maypole.

Occupation—Blowing soapbubbles.

Thursday.

Circle—Games at summer and winter parties.

Occupation—Clay, cube, stand for Maypole.

Occupation—Pasting colored strips for Maypole.

Occupation—Chains for room.

Friday.

Gift—Third and fourth, free play.

Mother's party and Maypole dance.

A KINDERGARTEN BY THE SEA.

BY ANNA IRENE JENKINS.

"Flowers are cousins to children,
So Frederic Froebel thought,
When he planned the Kindergarten
Where the children might be taught
To grow like the beautiful flowers
Under the gard'ner's care,
Removing the harsh and ugly,
Keeping only the good and fair."

—*Francis Cook.*

TURNING to Southern California we discover San Diego bay separated from the ocean by a narrow neck of land. Leaving the mainland from the southwest the long curved arm runs in a northerly direction some ten miles, spreading when opposite the city of San Diego like a huge right hand palm downward. On the tip of the thumb spreads a second hand, called North Island. Just at the base of the first hand, overlooking wrist and arm is the Hotel del Coronado; ocean, bay, cities, fields, mountains, spreading out before it in one vast panorama, matchless in its beauty. There Mother Nature, the artist, revels in colors, tints and shades which the human hand can never reproduce. Down on the wrist is Tent City, a delightful summer resort, where thousands of people every summer, in tent and palm cottages, live "the simple life" under a cloudless sky, in a climate where the temperature winter and summer varies scarcely ten degrees.

One sunset here is priceless. Look to the west, where the great solar orb is settling into a sea of gold, gorgeous and glittering enough to satisfy even a Midas. Up on Point Loma the huge glass domes of the Theosophical Temple catch the golden beams and shine as so many miniature suns. San Diego turns her myriad window panes to hold the last glad light; a monster fan against the hillside with delicate green tracteries spangled with gold, facing the mountains which are rapidly changing their rosy garb for a gossamer robe of purpling haze. East and south of us they stretch, their rugged outlines softening as our gaze wanders to the bay at our feet. Beautiful, silent, motionless, the resting metropolis lies, as though scarce fallen asleep, while evening slips down to her from the neighboring mountains with a slumber robe of purpling haze. Seaward the Coronado Isles, swathed in mist, are already

blending with the impalpable horizon, while twilight suffuses the intermediate expanse with mother of pearl.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

It is universally conceded that a hotel is not the best place in which to raise children. It is not good for the child because it gives him the wrong idea of living, consequently the wrong attitude toward life. With the young energetic child, one of two things must result. Either the child's natural vivacity must be constantly repressed to the final injury of the child, or the colony of older childless folk are driven to desperation and at times even departure, by the noise of the "dreadful children" whose existence is merely tolerated. The fact remains, however, that children *do* live in hotels and will continue to live there as long as some domestic problems continue and the human body is affected by disease and climatic conditions. To the parents with the physician's ultimatum hanging over their heads, the closing of the home, the flitting to rest and change, in such a way as to minimize the evils for the child, is a serious matter.

Facing this condition, the management of Hotel del Coronado, the leading all year round resort of Southern California, determined to find some means of supplying the needs of child life. Of all desiderata this was the only one lacking. Climatic conditions were perfect; location ideal; scenery beyond a parallel; accommodations of the very best; healthiest place in the world for children. A place must be made for them, their very own, to meet their needs, so that in this hotel they need not only be simply endured, but they should be actually welcome. Sublime suggestion! There was one logical answer—a kindergarten! Then, the kindergartner having been secured, the problem was handed over to her, and after a time the Hotel del Coronado Kindergarten was opened.

Come friends and visiting tourists! Take a walk with me. It is a glorious day and there is no need of a wrap. The temperature is perfect. The beautiful Pacific seems truly an "ocean of peace," presented in the mood we love and know best. Only a murmur rises from the surf, and as the eye takes in the miles of sandy beach sloping to bay and ocean, it likens it to a graceful curving arm gleaming through its gossamer sleeve of haze, with the two lines of shallow breakers answering to dainty frills of lace extending from shoulder to wrist, lying upon the deep blue satiny gown. Nothing in the picture to suggest the

storm tossed ocean of the week ago, when the heavy surf thundered in one's ears, and the path we trod was flecked with foam tossed from the "breakers shattering against the bulkhead."

Follow this bulkhead now, past the monkeys, seals and bathhouse, on down into the Tent City (principally tent floors in the winter season), until we come to the row of palm thatched cottages, on the ocean front. Only a narrow drive separates them from the bulkhead. Presto! to us the sensation is like a transition to the gold coast of Africa, but our blithesome chaperone, who is supposed to be the kindergarten herself, says sweetly, as she nods toward the front:

"We will stop at the very first cottage, and you may peep inside while I run the flag up onto the flag pole to let Mr. Ross know we are 'in.'"

Find anything more artistic than this school interior if you can. The ceiling, which constitutes the roof of palm leaves, the walls green denim panels inserted between the "ribs," for the cottage is simply a frame thatched, roof and sides, with the fan palm leaves; the two doors rough planks stained green. There are two windows, each about two and a half by three feet, hinged on the side and swinging inward. The windows and division curtains are dark red denim. So far it is a counterpart of all the other palm cottages used as residences. For the kindergarten, however, the division curtains are pushed back against the wall, converting into one room what would be four compartments if occupied as a dwelling. But across one corner there is curtained off a three-cornered retreat for work table, washstand and "quelque choses." In addition to the kindergarten tables and chairs there are grown up straight backs, a rocker, desk, tables with books and professional magazines on hand for waiting mothers and nurses, and cheery rugs. There are a few, very few pictures, and across the east wall is draped a large American flag "to which," one small boy (my lady says) impressed upon Admiral Goodrich that "it was more important to say good morning to than to say good morning to each other."

[Seven U. S. war vessels are lying in the bay.]

"This is my office," the teacher explains, "and the children's rendezvous; but unless the wind be raw, or the sun too dazzling for the eyes, the school is always out of doors. Some unappropriated tent floors have been put together where they best catch the morning sun, and there we play, though the beach sometimes coaxes us, and nature beckons all around. At no time have we felt the need of artificial heat."

It is certainly an unconventional sort of kindergarten whose program varies with the day!

"Nature subjects," she says, "are being constantly presented at our very door for investigation. The linnets are our most familiar bird friends. They perch on the sills of our windows, and one venturesome pair has had the temerity to tuck a nest behind a palm leaf stem, up close to the eaves of the house. There father bird and children vie with each other to cheer the brooding mother with their sweetest songs. Wild flowers and blooming trees are on every hand. Gulls, ducks and pelicans teach the children their games. The little surf snipe scamper before the breakers and show the children how fast they can run and what sharp eyes they need to get their breakfast, and still not get their feet wet! Some rare shells torn from their fastenings far beneath the waves are already finding their way to our cabinet, and the game of 'snail' is a universal favorite. The playthings are large, simple and sometimes crude, the finer and more elaborate things being laid aside to give place to the materials which nature furnishes at first hand. The children revel in these delights and it has proven quite a treat for even the migratory child of only a few days' stay to have a taste of outdoor kindergarten."

So great a success has been this kindergarten beside the breakers! So intimately involved is the menage of this greatest of all seaside caravansaries with the moral welfare of its swarming guests! Hotel del Coronado was the first of all to consider the needs and proper development of the growing child within its precincts. But better things are yet to be provided. *A child's home* is promised which will be designed and especially adapted for kindergarten work.

More than this, too, there will be quarters for the older children, that they, too, may learn their lessons near to Nature's heart. A room will be assigned for reading and recreation, where books, papers, magazines, and games which appeal to and stimulate youthful life, may be enjoyed. Once a week the kindergarten will be "at home" to the boys and girls, and unique parties are already under consideration. Once a month there will be an "at home" for the mothers. Then there will be the Mothers' Council, and an evening hour for the children to keep them out of the lobby and parlors after dinner, so that their elders can enjoy a quiet siesta. These innovations will engage the co-operation of the beach cottagers, as well as the hotel guests. At the conferences

there will be exchanges of views regarding child life and a mutual help all round.

"Advice," says Fra Elbertus, "is something we have small use for ourselves, so we give it to poor relations, colored people and children." But advice does not educate. The kindergarten does. And mark how soon the tutored bantlings come to reflect the soul of the devoted teacher! They obey because they love the person who first loved them. Love supplies them with an ideal, which they worship. When parents have won the love of their children, they are honored; but the mother who cares more for society's favor than she does for her babe, may win society's smile, but she will never possess the complete and lavish love of her child. It is in this vein that President Roosevelt appeals to the Mothers' Congress. But without some such practical intervention as the child garden, the injunction is not likely to carry far. God bless its work, and give the palm-thatched cottage baptism with the spray that is tossed up betimes by the breakers.

Verily, we have come to the even of an enviable new departure in the realm of sociology when hotel life, once soundly deprecated by the straight-laced and ultra virtuous, can be made the stepping stone to respect for parental obligations and the amenities of every day intercourse. And that is what the installation of this kindergarten means.

C. H. and A. I. J.

RECIPE FOR A SUNSET.

CAROLYN TEBBETTS.

Take some gold from a buttercup's heart,
Some blue from the heavens free,
Some green from a crest of curling wave
That's filched from the changing sea.

Mix well with a flush of the coral's pink,
Add a bit of the pansy's hue,
Then hang it up in the western sky
And let the sun shine through.

MERITS AND DEFECTS IN PREVALENT METHODS OF CHILD STUDY.*

JAMES R. ANGELL, HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

The kindergartens are now so well established in the confidence of the public that there is no longer need for a defense of their cause. Like all other parts of the school system, however, they require to keep constantly in touch with the best and most progressive educational thought and investigation. One of the sources from which they must inevitably look for much of valuable criticism and suggestion is the child study movement.

Child study properly includes a much broader range of interests than is commonly recognized. It embraces every scientific form of research into the peculiar characteristics of children and the laws of their development. Psychology, physiology, sociology and medicine all converge at this point to produce the knowledge employed by the child study expert. It will be seen at once from this fact that the not infrequent impression that child study is a polite and harmless fad for unemployed ladies is quite beside the mark. There is nothing to prevent persons of this description from entering upon the work, but to do so with any success they must possess a very special form of training.

It is impossible within the limits of a paper of this kind, even were it otherwise desirable, to attempt to catalogue in minute detail all the contributions which child study has made to educational practice and theory. A few of the more general results which it has achieved may nevertheless be mentioned.

It has made it clear in the first place that we can in course of time have a real science of childhood phenomena. We can ultimately hope for a reliable knowledge concerning the normal forms of growth, both in body and mind, and in the light of such knowledge we can treat the individual child confided to our care with a degree of intelligence which formerly was impossible. We can, moreover, test with a far greater measure of certainty than formerly the results of specific modes of teaching, because the methods of child study give us a tool by which we can

* Outline of an address delivered before the International Kindergarten Union at Milwaukee, April 6, 1906.

check up the effects produced. It will oftener than before be possible to decide between the merits of conflicting principles of education by an unambiguous appeal to fact.

The statistical studies of child study experts have called attention to the generally fatal consequences of neglecting early education. This is a doctrine to which we all as a rule give a mild assent. But when extended observations are made upon the subsequent lives of children deprived of early training, the moral pointed is too plain for disregard and too distressing to permit of calm acquiescence in the conditions which produce this robbery of children.

Furthermore, child study has immensely augmented the emphasis laid upon the educational treatment of children as individuals with peculiar personal traits, rather than identical members of a homogeneous mass, all capable of being dealt with in just the same way. The investigations which have been made in recent years show not only that children vary tremendously as regards their mental capacities and methods of thinking, but also as regards their bodily vigor, their senses, their nervous stability, etc. Under such circumstances to treat them all alike is both stupid and cruel. Much new and interesting material has also been gathered touching the cases of children slightly sub-normal in one or another particular. Many of these children are struggling along in the schools with other children of normal organizations. The results are often lamentably disastrous both to the normal and the sub-normal child. Child study has done few greater services than that of calling attention to this class of problems.

The literature of child study has exercised a most illuminating effect upon the narrowness of view concerning the general characteristics of child life to which the individual teacher is exposed, who has simply to rely upon her own experience. From reading the reports of children living under other conditions than those with which one is personally familiar, one gains an unsuspected breadth and flexibility of view as to the richness of childhood phenomena.

Among the more specific and concrete contributions which have ensued from the child study movement may be mentioned such things as improved methods of seating, ventilation, exercise, etc., and the prevention and cure of diseases of sense organs.

The defects which attach to the child study accomplishments are for the most part such as inevitably accompany pioneer scientific work of any kind. We find thus that many persons who have labored

in this field have been deficient in scientific training, so that their results while often suggestive and interesting are quite as often impossible to accept as wholly reliable. In the same way many of them have worked with an imperfect psychology, or with no psychology at all. Again, we find that their results are frequently presented with no appreciation of the scientific treatment of figures. Their reports fail, therefore, at times to show what they assert that they show. But time will heal all these defects.

The kindergarten affords a peculiarly fine opportunity for a thorough study of children's games, their appreciation of music and beauty of all kinds and the development of their moral sense. The kindergarten may give in this way to the child study movement as well as receive from it.

The Chicago Women's Clubs and their friends supported eight vacation schools in Chicago during the summer of 1905 and gave later an exhibit of children's work in the Municipal Museum of the city. Supt. William J. Bogan offered the following interesting statistics about these schools including average of nationalities:

Total enrollment	6,583
Total cost of eight schools for five weeks.....	\$10,335.63
Cost per capita based on average daily attendance..	2.60
Cost of excursions	913.75
American, 5.66; Norwegian, 4.10; Swedish, 4.10; Danish, .12; English, .63; Scotch, .25; Irish, 6.59; German, 16.31; Russian, 3.73; Polish, 3.25; Jewish, 21.38; Italian, 21.63; Greek, .03; French, .33; Austrian, .29; Bohemian, 10.17; Dutch, .22; Belgian, .10; Canadian, .07; Syrian, .03; African, .36; Japanese, .01; Hungarian, .16; Swiss, .12; Romanian, .09; Chinese, .03; Arabian, .01; Finnish, .13.	

The curriculum was made a very practical one by providing manual and industrial training to an extensive degree. One school had ten weaving looms; three made a special feature of pottery; two had housekeeping made realistic by the caring for a flat home daily. The schools were all overcrowded and the eagerness of parents to have them entered was very urgent.

The Chicago Board of Education contributed \$5,000 to the fund for teachers' salaries.

The Chicago Kindergarten Club gives every year a large sum to this much needed work. Efforts are being made to do better work this year.

PROGRAM FOR MAY.

CAROLINE W. BARBOUR, SUPERIOR, WIS.

GENERAL SUBJECT: Spring activities in our homes and in nature.

Preparation for the coming of summer shown in:

I. Our homes.

II. Out in our gardens, on the streets, in the parks.

III. Nature happenings; how plants, insects, birds and animals are getting ready for summer. How changes in weather help us all.

MOTIVE—To put the child in touch with different types of activity going on about him, so that he may see in each a common and obedient response to the same law; preparation for the season's conditions, that he may appreciate not only *people's* work, how we are all getting ready for new conditions, but also that birds, flowers and insects, too, are obedient, each in its own way, to nature's law of orderly growth.

I. Phase: Getting ready for summer by moving, or house-cleaning, and settling. Mother's work in the home and her helpers.

II. Phase: Work in the gardens; work on the streets and in the parks (emphasizing simple civic ideas). Father's work and his helpers.

III. Phase: Nature's work, to be carried along with the work in the homes, keeping analogies as close as possible, since the child must interpret all life by his own life and experiences. Everything is getting ready for summer. Out-of-doors flower seeds are sprouting in our garden beds; trees are putting on their summer dresses, and the birds are coming back. They, too, have moved, and must choose a place, build a nest and settle down for the summer. The warm sun stays with us so much longer to help us work and play; the rain comes often to help growing things, and the winds are becoming warmer and blow more softly.

Games: (1) Continue with sports, adding seesaw, playing with real seesaw, and also imaginatively, to rhythmic music. May-pole movements, simple skips about a Maypole hung with bright-colored streamers or ribbons.

(2) Play gardening with "This is How We Plant the Seeds in Our Garden," etc., "Children's Singing Games" (Hofer).

(3) Imitative and dramatic games of housecleaning.

(4) Nature games, interpreting bird-life, flight, nesting and feeding. Use group of simple bird-songs in connection. A game, the return of the birds, can be very prettily developed with "All the Birds Have Come Again" (Smith No. 1), having children's singing and birds' response by whistling after they have flown back to us. Repeat second and last four measures for whistling. Birds flying and hopping (contrasted movements), Characteristic Rhythms No. 1 (Anderson), and Music for Child's World (Nos. 1 and 2, Hofer), offer suggestive nature music for rhythms and interpretation. Introduce cricket and grasshopper movements.

Songs: Continue with nature songs for April. "Little Green Frog in the River," in "Songs and Scissors" (Gaynor). Group of bird songs, "All the Birds Have Come Again," "The Birds' Nest" (Gaynor No. 1); "Wake, Little Bird" (Gaynor No. 2); "When Little Birdie Goes to Sleep," "I Think When a Little Birdie Drinks," "One Little Sparrow Had Learned to Fly" (from Niedlinger's "Small Songs for Small Singers").

"Seesaw" (Gaynor No. 1).

"In My Little Garden Bed" (Poulsson).

Stories: Choice of favorites—"Mother Goose Village" stories; continue with April stories; Beauty and the Beast; Dobbin and the Sparrow in "Through the Farmyard Gate," by E. Poulsson.

Narrative stories about birds, etc. ("Ways of the Kentucky Cardinal," in March Harper's Magazine, could be developed into a good story of bird habits.)

Rhymes: "Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary."

"Four little birds all flew from their nest,
Flew north, flew south, flew east, flew west.
They thought they would like a wider view,
So they spread their wings, and away they flew."

"Under the Window," (Kate Greenaway); "Singing" (R. L. Stevenson); "The Seesaw," in Lollipops (O. M. Long).

Suggestions for Table Work: Constructions. May baskets of all kinds and sizes planned on the regulation cardboard modeling forms, in squares, triangles and hexagons. The children can make these in various dainty colors, having zephyr cords come from each corner, strung with violet, pink and green tissue paper scraps, which, when all tied together at the top, make very flower-like effects. Inside of baskets

lined or painted in corresponding tones. Seesaws can be made very simply of box-corners for the bases and a strip of cardboard fastened to balance across the points, three paper dolls, one erect for "candlestick," and the others sitting on each end complete the toy. Garden tools can be made of wood, tin and nails; crude but very satisfactory rakes are made with just the wooden pieces and sharp nails.

Furnishing the doll house: Many permanent articles of furniture can be made by older school groups, who always wish to assist. Some pieces of furniture, a really stove, etc., can be bought, since they are of so much interest in playing in the house. Cruder furniture, but very childlike and interesting, can be made with boxes, soft wood blocks and spools. Blankets can be woven of zephyr for beds and baby's cradle, and dollies dressed for occupancy. The more truly the furnishing and finishing is shared by all the school, the more valuable will be the service of the doll house to all.

Picture-Work: Nature drawings, "taking pictures" of flowers, budding twigs, and so forth, as they are brought in; drawings of this kind are quite good in result if done on a soft, gray paper. Sometimes wrapping paper can be found of this color. Painting, crayoning and blackboard of children out of doors, playing seesaw, etc., and working in the garden. Because of the child's interest in life and movement, the drawings should be "stories," for their art-activity in this line belongs to the "picture-writing" era of primitive man. Poster work, "Mistress Mary" in her garden with little silver watering pot, background two tones of spring green. A night-time poster of owls asleep on a tree branch in the moonlight can also be very simply made. Designing garden beds with parquetry.

•*Building:* Furniture with different gifts, and with floor blocks, outlining rooms and furnishing characteristically. Designing with tablets 5th and 6th gift, plans for garden, arrangements, beds, sidewalks, and so forth.

Clay: Modeling nests, eggs and birds nesting and in flight; action modeling of children on the seesaws. Making clay dishes like those in our doll-house.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

All hearts are turned toward San Francisco and other California cities now suffering under a calamity of almost unexampled horror and distress. Amidst all the anguish and terror there is at least the consolation that in this fearful and awesome tragedy, this destruction is not the result of human carelessness or neglect of duty. All the human forces engaged represent those of service and desire to succor. Whatever the feelings of helplessness and despair there are no emotions of hate or malignity such as comes when death and pain follow because man has been lax or purposely destructive.

Fearful as are the results, human faith and hope are still stronger, and construction will follow at once in the wake of destruction. When tempted to accuse Providence for permitting cataclysms involving such suffering, it is well, perhaps, for us to ask ourselves why man deliberately as in the case of war, should create with bomb and battleship even more anguish and horror with all the bitterness and hate that accompanies deliberate warfare. Horrible as is the disaster, at least man is not responsible. The distress at San Francisco is not so great as that caused in a single battle occasioned by man's greed.

Let us rejoice as kindergartners that it is our privilege to be allied with all the beautiful, constructive forces of man and nature. That we are helping by education and training to gradually eliminate all the fearful passions of man of which the earthquake and its consequences is but a terrible symbol.

May we not hope that the noble, constructive work the soldiers are engaged in is prophetic of the use to which armies will be put in the future. Why can not military training in schools assume this character of life saving rather than destruction?

The National Educational Assn. was to hold its annual meeting this year in San Francisco. That, of course, is now impossible. It has not yet been decided whether the convention will be abandoned or whether the meeting will be held in some other California town. It will not take place till July; we ask our readers to be on the lookout for notices in other papers and to be ready if the meeting holds to take advantage of it and bring their inspiration and their dollars and cents to the stricken State. California is a glorious State, and the rates there, under the auspices of the N. E. A., will be phenomenally low.

The editor spent a memorable hour with Miss Amalie Hofer, former editor of the KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE, and with Dr. Hailmann, in the delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Doerflinger. Mr. Doerflinger and Dr. Hailmann published, in the 70's and 80's, *Onkel Carl*, a magazine for German-American children. He early advocated the kindergarten cause. Mr. Doerflinger and Miss Hofer's father were among the 48-ers who came to this country for love of liberty and then offered their lives in the Civil War for the country of their adoption.

The Chicago Normal School had its formal dedication exercises April 20-21. The class rooms of the school were thrown open to visitors Friday morning and the dedicatory exercises were held in the beautiful auditorium in the afternoon. If but D. S. Wentworth, Col. Parker and Arnold Tompkins could have seen before their eyes their visions thus accomplished! They were all present in the hearts of those who had worked with them to make the ideal real. Miss Cora Lewis gave reminiscences of Mr. Wentworth. Mrs. Emmons Blaine recalled the services of Col. Parker, and Miss Jennie Jenkinson spoke in memory of Dr. Tompkins. The keys were formally presented by President Tilden, of the Board of Education, and accepted by the principal, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young; Jane Addams. Dr. White and others spoke at the evening reception. Saturday morning there was an important conference, subject, "The Relation of the Kindergarten to the Elementary School." Recent changes in method, principle and subject-matter were illustrated, as to literature and language work in the grades, by Miss Eckhardt, of the Alcott school; in the kindergarten by Miss Harrison. "Arithmetic and Mathematics in the Elementary School," were treated by Dr. Meyers, and "In the Kindergarten," by Miss Payne.

"The Spirit and Aim of the School" was stated by Miss Wygant, and "Of the Kindergarten" by Mrs. Mary Boomer Page.

"What is the Organic Relation of the Kindergarten to the Elementary School in the Light of Modern Education?" was discussed by Mrs. Crouse, Mrs. Putnam, Miss Whitmore and others.

We call special attention to the article, "A Kindergarten by the Sea," in this number. It is a happy day for the children doomed to live in hotels when a kindergarten becomes an integral part of such a home (?).

EDUCATIONAL GYMNASTIC PLAY FOR LITTLE FOLKS, by Fanny L. Johnson and Jennie M. Colby. This little volume has been awaited for some time and would seem to justify all expectations. It is planned with reference to the physical needs of the child in the first two years of the primary grades, as a connection between the play of the kindergarten and the regular gymnastic exercises of the primary school. The authors have had fully in mind the laws of mind as well as of body in compiling the helpful little book. With each movement is given its technical name, a detailed description of the movement for the teacher's guidance and the name of some animal, bird or action which will present a picture to the child's mind so that in performing the movement he does not think specially of his body but his mind is centered on the thought to be illustrated. Thus he gets the benefit of the exercise with a happy state of mind, free from the undue mental strain which accompanies the usual gymnastic exercise. The exercises are classified for the teacher but there is much freedom of choice allowed so that the teacher is in no way restricted, but can vary the movements as necessity requires. Pictures are many and the book, we are sure, will prove exceedingly helpful to teachers in all grades. Educational Publishing Company. Price 60 cents. A number of games are given at the end, also suitable for use in the school room.

COLLEGE SONGS, new and enlarged edition. The college songs, jolly, nonsensical, touched with pathos or sentiment, will always be in demand, whether one is college bred or not. This new edition just published by Oliver Ditson & Co., contains twenty-eight new numbers, in addition to the old favorites. We would suggest that as, in the corresponding German book, it might be well to classify the songs, putting the plantation melodies in one division, grouping together those of purely student origin, and making separate groups of the sentimental, the patriotic, etc: Price fifty cents: New York:

THANK YOU

Say the publishers to those who have so promptly responded to their special request by mail and MAGAZINE, to, as far as possible, square subscriptions with ending of present volume, that renewals may begin with September number. There are yet a few whom we would be glad to include in our vote of thanks.

Remittances should be by money order, or New York or Chicago drafts.

KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVIII.—JUNE, 1906. No. 10.

TWENTIETH CENTURY SERIES.

THE PERSISTENCE OF PLAY ACTIVITIES IN THE SCHOOL AGE, AND THEIR RELATION TO WORK.*

BY MRS. ALICE H. PUTNAM.

IN Working out his plan for human development, Froebel constantly found processes in human life which ran parallel with those written in nature, and he often tested the worth of his ideas, by comparing them with nature's methods of growth.

I think we may find a hint in the same great text-book which may be suggestive in our discussion tonight, for we need a knowledge of systematic and abiding processes, as well as of those which are plastic and expansive. Just as the body grows, one might almost say is constituted, by the life current sent out by the heart, seconded by the subtle energy of the brain, we find that the instincts, impulses and motor reactions of a child's spontaneous play, are coming to be recognized by educators as having vital import in the upbuilding of an all-sided human being, and through a right evolution of the principles which underlie free play, we find there has been laid a foundation which, when strengthened by reason and will, becomes equally efficacious in true creative work. Whenever and wherever we find in the human body that the blood is of the right quality and quantity, there we find a living energy prompting the whole organism to a right action; while, in proportion to a lack or excess or impurity of this most necessary factor, is there a departure from strength and satisfaction in life. The child who, as Froebel says, plays from "inner necessity and impulse," is the one in whom there is a feeling of the at-one-ment of life and the initiative and self-determination thus joined, are not lost when childlike play ceases.

In his remarkable chapter, "On a Certain Human Blindness," Mr. James says: "Wherever a process of life communicates an eagerness to him who lives it, there the life becomes genuinely significant." Surely this was also the idea of the old German child student who had such a deep appreciation of a little child's play. In play as in our analogue we begin to find that "all flesh is not the same flesh," although a casual observer would note few differences, yet those who have eyes to see find in both the inmost seat of all variations, each on its own plane.

*Address delivered at Training Teachers' Conference, Milwaukee, April, 1906.

Again, a play impulse needs nourishing and purifying if it is to be a habit builder, and to lead to intelligent work, and here we find a likeness to the blood, for this nourishing and cleansing comes in an indirect way. The child inhales and exhales the atmosphere of that environment in which his lot is cast, and the result of the respiration sets the rhythm of the higher mental and spiritual pulses.

A great writer has said: The cardinal life of every organ, the excellence of its life, lies in the fact that whatever it has of its own in a still wider sense belongs to the community, and whatever afterward results from the community to the organ, is the only individual property which the latter can claim. How true this is of play! It goes out as an instinct, it comes back freighted with experiences, conscious or unconscious, leading directly or indirectly to more feeling, clearer thought and ever deepening purposes.

To illustrate this I will tell of some play ground experiences (in my own yard) where for nearly fifteen years I had the privilege of watching a group of twelve or twenty boys who gathered there almost daily before and after school hours. At the time of which I speak the children were from 5 to 12 years of age.

The first really organized play that I recall was a "fire company." Indeed, it can hardly be said that there was much organization. One wagon served as the fire engine, and it was the "chief's" wagon, the fire patrol cart, or the hose cart, as the case might be. Any fellow might be allowed to be chief, and there were often several in one day. But after a time more wagons became necessary—to be used for *specific* purposes, and the chief, as well as other officers, were regularly chosen by the company.

Next, the engine must have a boiler that would "smoke" and make steam. Smoke seemed of more importance than steam at first. This was not easy to attain, and after experimenting with an old garbage can and a piece of stove pipe, the result was condemned and they decided to have one made at a hardware store. But this needed capital, and while the corporation was a monopoly, it wasn't wealthy. So "a show" was planned and tickets of admission placed upon the market, at these rates: Adults, one nickel; children of 12 and under, 2 cents; children under 5, two for a cent."

Meantime many, many visits were made to the nearest fire station and the paraphernalia and rules of the firemen were studied at close range. The strictest voluntary attention was given (not "paid!") to what "McKim" said that "Chief Sweeney" said concerning various situations.

Then a real engine house was demanded, though hitherto no fault had been found because the carts were kept under the porch, but now that place was no longer satisfactory. The wood of which the house was built was from an old toboggan slide. Limitations were reached here quite soon, and a 16 year old boy from Dr. Belfield's Manual Training School was engaged to come to superintend the work, and

was at once installed as "the Boss" (and I think he spelled it with a big "B"). These children would never have easily submitted to such domination from a teacher or parents as they then endured, and I momentarily expected a "strike," but none came. They realized their own deficiencies and recognized the skill of the older fellow. After the house was finished, it was cleverly fitted up with electric appliances, bells, gongs, and buttons, and in one corner was a desk, and books for records and expenses, etc. Almost every afternoon the boys might be seen astride the ridge pole, or with chairs tilted back, with corncocks in their mouths (I don't think they were smoked, though it might have been so) awaiting an "alarm."

All dead leaves, sticks, papers, etc., in the many vacant lots were raked together, then unaccountable fires broke out, but were soon extinguished, water being obtained from a garden hose.

Now, was this play? Yes, surely, and very *genuine* play in its freedom, spontaneity and delight. Was it work? Yes, creative work, with a definite social idea struggling for realization. Was it any the less work because it was not carried on inside of the walls of a school room? Had you seen the responsibility which those children assumed in all of the elaboration of the details which went into the scheme, you would not question the living character of the work. Was it persistent? The company held together for two years, and was ended by a tragedy. One of the children was drowned while swimming with an elder brother. But never from the day the little body was brought home was the engine called out, and soon after the house was demolished, that the lumber might be used otherwise.

Other plays followed, a "Buffalo Bill show" was worked out with even more attention to detail, one interesting thing being that its realistic effects began at about the level at which the others had stopped.

While this particular experience was carried on by the children quite by themselves, I have seen exactly the same play-to-work-progression, carried on in a school room in American history and literature classes. The children were truly "in it," as Glory McWirk would have said. They were veritable Colonial folks in full industrial vigor, and the same is true of a play of "Horatius at the Bridge" which I saw, though in the latter case I felt that more opportunity for realizing the situation should have been given, but bless their hearts, in the words of an old Bailey Island fisherman, the children "don't take what they can't get."

The true relation of play activities to *work*, will depend on the child's apprehension of the value of either. The play satisfaction is a changing one, from the nature of the case. If the pleasure in it isn't at once apparent, the child will take measures either to make it agreeable or he or she "will take her doll rags and go home."

There is in both play and work a sort of "natural selection" process which seems to seize upon and appropriate such elements as the occa-

sion demands, rejecting all others and this fact again suggests the circulatory idea. It is in both cases the bodying forth of a form or image, which slowly grows into an organization which expresses thought, action and will.

A young high school girl said to me not long ago, "I like geometry, it's as real to me, and I'm as much at home, so far, at least, as if I could see the problem with my eyes." Why shouldn't she have been "at home," for from the time she could sit in a high chair she had the stuff to play with out of which she built definite mental pictures. She had never had to make bricks without straw. Blocks and papers, enclosed spaces and embodied lines were to her tools for image making.

The author of a recent little book, "The Preparation of the Child for Science," herself a teacher of mathematics, says: "I believe there is hardly any mistake in education that is more disturbing to normal brain action, more likely to induce nerve storms in delicate children, or more dangerous to the future brain power of *all* children than the attempt to convey a new thought by means of a process still artificial, i. e., inadequately co-ordinated." This Mrs. Booth (the author) illustrates by the old adage, "Fingers before forks," and says that "none of us teach a child the use of a fork until after he has acquired the art of holding a bit of bread, and carrying it to his mouth. He should not be given artificial tools (and words are often such) until the movements for performing the necessary action at its more elemental stage have been not only learned but co-ordinated in practice."

Psychology teaches that there should be a long interval between the first suggestion of a new idea, and the use of the tools which will carry it into its ramifications. For example, there is as much difference between a mathematical idea and the formula in which it is registered as between a loving message and the paper on which it is written.

In what this writer says concerning the preparation of the unconscious mind for its later conscious experiences, we have a direct assent to Froebel's idea of the function of play activity and its place and relation to work—it is the thing which he calls "presentiment" which is a real scaffolding by which the child may be able to reach any part of the building which the school or the home or society or church desires to construct. But it is essential to the utilization of these elements that we know not only what they are, but how to make right use of them.

But there is another side of the subject. If until recently all of this valuable stuff has lain waste for lack of use—if the school has failed to bring into requisition the unconscious deposits of valuable material for image building, the kindergarten in its past has often erred by striving to drive in with hammer and nails every conscious process which could be planed or cut down to a child's level. If this method is questioned by the psychologist we are told that "Froebel did it." If he did, and we find a good deal which appears *on the surface* of his writing to be of this analytical character, we also find passages *almost*

without number where he protests against forcing the consciousness of children and the fact that sometimes he appears to do the thing he would not, can only be accounted for by noting that the psychology and pedagogy of his day bound him unconsciously.

A mathematical writer of the last century says: "To listen to the voice of the Eternal Teacher, we must make silence from conscious learning for in these days (and how doubly true this is of our own generation) we need repose more than we need work, for we are sterile for lack of repose far more than for lack of work." Let us as teachers and as parents take this home, and have more faith in this phase of child activity and allow unconscious tuition to have its full share in the kindergarten where it so naturally belongs. We need not cease for a moment to believe in the child's power to grow through such action, but we do need more wisdom in seeking for the really living truths which the child needs at each stage of its growth, and more self-restraint in holding back those knowledges and experiences which will have more value later on.

A little story which went the rounds of the eastern press but which I found in that delightful book, "Parents and Pedagogues," illustrates the attitudes which I think should be ours in the matter of ceasing to do evil.

Two little girls on their way to school found that they were going to be late. "Let us kneel down," said one, "and pray to God to forgive us." "No," said the other, "we'll skim right along and pray as we go."

A few words as to the relation of will, to this other aspect of training. Many people believe that a child's will does not grow rightly unless it constantly meets its limitations, and the more disagreeable these are, the firmer the will becomes.

That there must be a conscious effort at overcoming, no one will deny. Neither Froebel nor the true psychologist of today believes in a "soft education." What they do want, however, is to develop in the child's heart and mind such a sense of his *need of the truth* he vaguely gropes for, that he lays hold on it with a zest and eagerness to *acquire* and accomplish, that difficulties become as nothing compared with his desire.

A living, loving sense of the *worth of the thing to be attained* is the true tonic which will carry us through life, no matter how great the price we have to pay for it. Why should a child be denied that? As I said before, touching playing, it is the *content* which gives worth to the activity—and in conscious work it is the same soul which must be felt.

This side of the question, however, will be more fully brought out in the discussion which is to follow.

IDEALISM AND THE KINDERGARTEN.*

AMALIE HOFER (CHICAGO COMMONS).

THE kindergarten movement may be said to have reached a happy plateau in the course of its evolution from which the advance guard may survey the line of march—and I take it that the majority here present belong to that class.

The movement as we know it today has been three-quarters of a century in its making, during which time it has found its exponents more or less among the idealists and optimists of the day. The name itself "Kindergarten," contains a whole *Weltanschauung* and may for this very reason have allured those profounder minds which were the first to respond to its call in our own country—the Alcotts, Peabodys, Emersons, and that group of German idealists who emigrated for love of constitutional freedom in '48, '49 and the early '50s. It is my impression that it is relatively the same grade or quality of citizen which has furthered the idea in the various communities where the kindergarten has struck root and which has given itself with such fine chivalry to the furtherance of the new education as a cause.

Froebel and his co-workers set a new ideal of education before the eyes of their contemporaries, and they pursued it with such zeal that it was counted among the revolutionary tendencies of the time. This ideal still shines before us, and when we look for the genesis of the radical, new attitude which was so fearlessly and zealously taken by them, we come upon the larger, even more inclusive movement known as "Modern German Philosophy," and we find that these initiators of the new point of view drank the whole cup of it, from doubting DesCartes to the romantic Novalis with his symbolism of the Blue Flower. And the idealists have continued to contribute to the growth of the kindergarten "*Idee*," as Froebel and his contemporaries were accustomed to name it, before it had grown to the proportions of a movement, as such. We need recall only a few names here: Henry Bernard, the Hailmanns, Madame and Dr. Kraus, Miss Blow, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Putnam, Mrs. L. W. Treat and Frances W. Parker.

The unmistakable romanticism of the *Idee* and of those who espoused it, has been the source of its dangers as well as of its vital power. From time to time it has been necessary for pedagogues of authority to point out the Don Quixote-like adventures of the ardent ones and recall them to actualities and existing conditions.

For every period of idealism, history records a practical and utilitarian reaction to counterbalance it, for the psychological world, as the natural world, demands its equilibrium. The long middle age followed

*Paper read at Training Teachers' Conference, Milwaukee, April 3, 1906.

the introduction of Christianity, as night the day, and with the same benefices. After the Reformation came two or more centuries during which the inner and outer world of man sought its adjustment to a new program which was necessitated by the new moral attitude. In Germany after the Thirty Years' War there was a season of living in the clouds in order to live at all, when Kant, Schleiermacher, Fichte and the Romantics sought a new orbit, even a planetary system, as it were, for the moral order, and today Germany is making her counterpart to this fine idealistic period by expanding her industrial and commercial world until the motto "Made in Germany" is significant in the remotest regions.

This alternating current of the ideal and the practical may even seem to divide human beings into two classes—some going so far as to hold that there are two kinds of minds, the metaphysical and the scientific. Even in the kindergarten ranks there has come about a certain dual groping, which in itself proves that there is vital progress and evolution present and that the equipoise of mind is insistently maintaining itself.

As I understand it, a Professor of Philosophy and a Professor of Science may be two very distinct specialists, who may be even over-developed each in his own direction, but a pedagogue is one who must needs look to the "all round development" of the mind as it is, or as he believes it to be.

Among educators none aims more consciously than the kindergartner to develop the whole boy, the whole being, demanding for the least of these little ones both sensory and motor development, both manual and artistic, yes, idealistic and musical development, holding that all of these are the birthright of each one. But when it comes to supplying all these opportunities to the full grown teacher-students who come to our training schools from every plane of inheritance—we are confronted with the greatest responsibility. Under the limitations of a two-year course, and at the average private expense of from eight hundred to one thousand dollars, this responsibility assumes grave proportions. How to make the least pretentious student of the group rise to efficiency is a problem that is ever with us. A varied experience has brought me to a few working conclusions which I offer in all good faith as well as humility. In addition to being well grounded in what makes a certificated kindergartner, the pupil-teacher should be so equipped that she may use her knowledge of technique and theory in a self-active way. She should have a basis for discrimination in the case of burning questions, and such will ever recur, with some genuine power with which to consider, if not to settle these questions, instead of being merely a trembling believer. Should occasion demand of her that she differ from so-called leaders or even her own training teachers in professional matters, which is always possible for the natural reason

that she belongs to a younger generation, she should be free and strong enough to differ with these and to escape being merely a grateful imitator.

Among the conditions which I have found effectual I would mention: First, that the training school program itself should be vortical, showing a progressive plan throughout the two years. Second, that kindergarten theory should first be given to new students in a more or less undifferentiated form, and that the practical work should proceed from the less to the more specialized treatment, beginning with folk games and leading toward dramatization, beginning with choral music and leading toward harmonics, beginning with modeling and free hand work and gradually leading toward the finer technique. The sincere debating of the questions which naturally arise in the classroom should be encouraged, and all along the way there should be full verbal expression of those more philosophic ideas which arise in connection with the study of Froebel at every point. The more and more specialized forms should be presented gradually, both in theory and practice, the highly developed student being given the full advantage of her gifts and acquisitions. The discussion of the following question has been a favorite class exercise in the beginning of the senior year, having been found thoroughly stimulating: "Is it of importance for a teacher of young children to have a philosophic basis for her work, and, if so, how may it profit her?" Some altogether earnest as well as delightful answers have been volunteered by class members, such as: Having a philosophic basis secures order and quality to the program; it gives direction and perspective to the work; it makes for originality and preserves the enthusiasm in spite of the daily grind; you give up "playing by ear," as it were, in your pedagogy and are willing to study the science and the art of teaching, etc. A philosophy in your work serves as an anchor. It is as the constitution to the state; the dynamic of daily procedure.

In the line of studies which I have conducted during the past fourteen years I have found some such program as the following thoroughly profitable although the purpose was reached indirectly so far as the students were concerned: Beginning with the new students a three months' course in Mother Play Study, noting general principles as underlying all educational work, whether in the home or in the school, and illustrating these fully and graphically from the play experiences of children. This is followed by a second three months' study of the "Mother Play," during which time the psychological and child-study values are emphasized, both in class and written exercise. Beginning with the senior year three months are spent in earnest study of race history, searching the parallel developments common to undeveloped peoples and children, and culminating in modern history of education. This is followed by a comparative study of several of the great educational documents, one of which is Froebel's "Education of Man," which is considered in its historic setting and studied as a philosophy of

human education. This is followed by three months' work in advanced "Mother Play," during which time such great thought movements as Rousseauism, symbolism and Gliedganzen receive open-minded consideration. So much for a philosophic training during the first two years. This may serve as a preparation for a third year's work consisting of History of Philosophy and original work on some philosophical problem, which calls for independent study and thinking. The above treatment of these subjects has been followed only with a view to the permanent efficiency of students and is most fruitful when all the other lines of work are well co-ordinated with it. I would not wish to be understood as saying that this efficiency can only be reached through these subjects, but I do believe that without some progressive course of study there is no self-active pedagogical power possible. A natural and inevitable result of such a course of study should be a line of reading which would forever save the teaching soul from ennui. The whole world of pedagogical literature would be open to the individual student and she would not fail to pursue the pedigree of modern education until she had read her way back through the masterpieces which mark twenty centuries as mile stones. She would then be as rich as a king, fresh and sound, with abundance and assurance, ready to give royally as from a brimming cup.

The following line of reading has served this purpose of pedagogical self-culture:

Plato's Republic, 427 B. C.

Aristotle's Ethics.

Quintillian's Institutes of Oratory, 35 A. D.

Dante's Divine Comedy.

Luther's Bible, 1535.

Comenius' Magna Didactica, 1650.

Rousseau's Emil, 1762, Social Contract.

Goethe's Autobiography and Wilhelm Meister.

Wordsworth's Prelude, 1799-1805.

Pestalozzi's Swan Song.

Hegel's Philosophy of History, 1820.

Rosenkranz's Philosophy of Education, 1848.

Froebel's Education of Man, 1826 (Novalis) (Richter).

Alcott's Memoirs.

Harris' Psychologic Foundations of Education.

Blow's Symbolic Education.

Hall's Adolescence.

The incident has recently come to the public ear of an able young professor of pedagogy who has had all the modern opportunities of equipment as well as prominent success, leaving his profession of pedagogy for public library work because there is more *chance to grow* in the latter than in the former occupation. This were a startling commentary on the old adage of "Learn through doing," if one were not only too

familiar with the teaching which ceases to be educational, with the teacher who has ceased to grow. The normal training should equip a teacher with a wellspring of power which gradually supplants the enthusiasm of youth and which may become a permanent insurance against that sapless, impoverished condition suggested by some who move about the school room with an ozoneless spirit, who are only kept going because of the routine which props and supports their steps. It has often been said by the social settlement workers, who of all people most continuously confront the awful realities of poverty, injustice and undevelopment, that Miss Jane Addams is always a comfort and inspiration because she is so philosophical.

The fading and vanishing of our favorite interpretations is always wholesome, providing that the ultimate verities are brought nearer and clearer thereby. It is the soul's privilege to discard forms of its own making when they become static and lifeless, for it is the very nature of the soul to be making new and ever more new forms. Whenever a time-honored notion is challenged, the soul is at work bringing the ultimate principle into view, for there is an ultimate and a principle, at least the people of years and experience assure us that things always "work out right." When certain kindergartners questioned the old notion of sequences, as such, a new moment of self-activity came into the profession, because this challenge made it possible to rediscover the secret of the sequential nature of all law, and to re-establish its primal meaning as a phenomenon of human experience; yes, as first fruit of the very logic which we call common sense. So when one expresses sincere hopes and fears over such technical questions as the use of symbolism or the too exclusive use of domestic work in the kindergarten, one is on the road to high discovery, and in proportion as the seeking is sincere, one surely will mount a new turn of the spiral, and one is entitled to the glow and the joy which always accompanies genuine, first-hand self-activity. The best work of the committee of nineteen (it has been so stated by several members of the privileged body) is in the finding how near the differing view-holders really can come together at the center.

When one has had Froebelian training one thinks and works in perspective, or as the class room phrase used to put it, one has an "underlying thought." One follows the stream, as it were, up to its source, and one finds that whether the source is in the lap of a noble mountain or in the crystal spring of the valley, the stream moves on to the same great ocean—the "aggregate thought of all humanity." Nor can I see this in any wise to be contrary to evolution.

It is because of this faith within the educator that he is pleased to go back to the myth, folk-song, primitive industry, yes, race symbolism, and as he sees the greater glory of modern thought there foreshadowed, he is gladdened by the sensation, or, if you please, the immortal dream, that it is all one story. Having thus reached the "philosophic

mind," the educator will read Wordsworth's *Prelude* or Goethe's *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, or Froebel's *Autobiography* with profound satisfaction, yes, keen delight, for he finds in each the tracing of a great life pattern which was already set in early childhood.

As I look back over the kindergarten movement I find that idealism ever has stimulated and still continues to stimulate it to enterprise. There is no greater contributor to the current educational program than Dr. John Dewey, now of Columbia, and it is interesting to note how he first looked out from the *Welt-anschauung* of Hegelian philosophy, and then coming into the time and heritage of the succeeding great movement called evolution, as did all of us here present, his interpretation took on the sociological aspect, and because we all belong to this evolutionary current we find ourselves with him in a congenial, natural pedagogical atmosphere. The more specialized form of psychology represented by Professor James, of Harvard, and which is being so ably applied and expanded by Thorndyke, of Columbia, and our Chicago University Professor Angell, who is himself a master teacher, is just beginning to embrace Child Study in earnest as a special department for investigation. And this has been largely necessitated by the special requirements of the Kindergarten Training School, and so again I observe that the more idealistic and the more scientific aspects of thought are being brought together and that the little kindergarten itself stands as a uniting element between the two.

I can not close these few words without expressing my debt of appreciation for what Miss Blow has ever done to deepen my personal comprehension both of Froebel and of general philosophy, thereby securing nourishment for that idealism without which I should never have survived the storm and stress attending my kindergarten experience. Also, I wish to record a word of appreciation for the direct stimulus which your own Milwaukee Normal School Kindergarten Professor has given to me through her well-balanced and genial scholarship.

What all men covet, and that which commands the best of salaries, is good common sense, and I believe that this is achieved only by the right proportionment of idealism, tested in everyday practice, chastened and healed of sentimentality but never eliminated.

"That haunting dream of Better,
Forever at our side!
It tints the far horizon,
It sparkles on the tide.
The cradle of the Present
Too narrow is for rest;
The feet of the Immortal
Leap forth to seek the Best."

Little Folks' Land*

The Story of a Little Boy in a Big World.

BY MADGE A. BIGHAM, *Free Kindergartens, Atlanta, Ga.* Author of
"Stories of Mother Goose Village," etc.

NOTE.—This Kindergarten Program will run through the succeeding numbers of THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE and later be published in book form under the title, "Little Folks' Land," by Messrs. Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, Chicago and Boston. Cloth, 6x9; about 400 pages. Advance orders will be accepted by them at \$1.50, postpaid. After publication the list price will be \$2.00 net.

X

Twentieth Week—Flower Life

Baby Dandelion

Monday

BABY DANDELION grew on Joe-Boy's garden bed, and nobody knew how she got there. At first, Joe-Boy thought she was a little weed, and was just about to pull it up—root and all—when the kindergarten teacher said, "Wait, I think I see a tiny green bud."

And sure enough, when they had looked closer, nestling close to the earth was a soft green baby bud, and Joe-Boy said, "Oh, maybe it wants to bloom."

And the next day, just as if the little bud had heard, you could see tiny bits of yellow shining through, and the stem grew taller and taller and taller, and by and by the pretty baby dandelion burst forth into glorious bloom, wearing her golden crown, that every dandelion wears so gracefully. She nodded to all the flowers around her in the garden beds, called to the sunbeams and the breezes, and waved to the singing birds—all day she liked to play, when the sun was bright, but on

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cloudy days and late at night she closed up her bright yellow blossoms and went to sleep. Baby Dandelion heard the flowers wondering where she came from, and she laughed with glee—because they could not tell.

"Ho, ho, ho," said Baby Dandelion, swaying in the sun, "I know! I know! I know! Baby Dandelion knows where she came from—ho! ho!"

"And where *did* you come from, you pretty Baby Dandelion?" said a sunbeam fairy.

"The children did not plant you, I am very sure; I heard them say so."

"No, no, no," laughed Baby Dandelion, shaking her head, "the children did not plant me, the birds did not plant me—you must guess who planted me."

But the sunbeam fairy guessed and guessed, but he could not tell—could you? Then, I will tell you—at least, what Baby Dandelion told the sunbeam.

"One day," she said, "when I was very, very small—only a little brown seed—I lived with my mother by the woods. She grew on a sunny bank, and her root was large and strong, and traveled very, very deep into the earth, hunting food for me. I had white wings then, beautiful wings, and oh, so many little brothers and sisters—and they all had white wings, too. We longed to fly away, but our mother held us tight, and would not let us go—because she said it wasn't time. She told us we were little seeds, that some day when we were quite ripe we would fly away and leave her—that we should take a long nap, that we should sleep beneath the ground, but that we should wake again, and should wear a golden crown, if we were brave and grew our very best. So, after that, I longed more than ever to fly away—I wanted to see more of the world before I went to sleep—but still, my mother said:

"Wait, there is a time for all things.' One day a little girl came into the woods; her hands were full of wild flowers, and when she saw my mother's silver crown of children, she stooped low on the bank, and said: 'Tell me, Lady Dandelion, what time it is?' Then she puffed out her cheeks and blew, counting between each puff—one, two, three, four. And then she laughed and I heard her say, 'It is four o'clock—thank you, Lady Dandelion.' Then off she tripped, and when I looked around, every one of my white winged sisters had flown away;

I could see them flying merrily through the air, and I alone held close to my mother's hand. I missed them very much, and kept wishing the little girl would come again and puff me away—I longed so to fly. She did not come, 'but some one else did,' laughed Baby Dandelion. "I knew they would, because my mother said so. It was a swift little breeze, and when he saw me, he said gaily, 'Ho, ho, ho, Baby Dandelion!—you little white-winged seed. Are you left all alone? Come, go with me for a frolic.'

"Then with a great strong puff—stronger than the little girl's—he carried me high in the air, and spreading out my white wings I sailed away with him! Oh, it was very fine—I felt like going forever—over fields and hills and meadows and fences; but by and by, the breeze said merrily, 'We've traveled far enough now, little seed; I believe I will plant you here in the children's garden. Go to sleep, and when you awake grow your very best, and some day you will wear a golden crown'—just what my mother told me, too.

"So the next thing I knew, I fell gently to the ground, and I was so very, very tired, why, I went to sleep on the spot, and I must have slept a long, long time. But now—oh, I am wide awake! And see my golden crown. Isn't it pretty? The children tell me so; and the little boy with brown eyes, who so often jumps up and down, says I belong to him. He says some day I will wear a silver crown, like the one my mother wore—I hope I shall, and that I shall have many brown seed children, with white wings—just as my mother had. Do you think I shall?"

"Yes," said the sunbeam fairy, "if you keep on growing your very best, your golden crown will most certainly change to a silver crown—

"Goldenlocks to silverlocks,
Silverlocks to gold—
So the change is going on
Every year, I'm told."

Well, that is just what happened to Baby Dandelion—her golden crown was changed to a silver crown, because Joe-Boy saw it, and he said, "Tomorrow I shall gather the little white-winged seeds."

But only guess, the next day when he went to get them, why, there were not any—Baby Dandelion was bald-headed! Now what do you think of that?

"Ho, ho, ho! little black-eyed boy," she said, "you are too late! The wind came for my seeds, with their pretty white wings, early this morning and carried them off for a frolic—they are so fond of flying!"

And just then Joe-Boy looked up high, and what do you suppose he saw sailing above his head? One of Baby Dandelion's white-winged seeds!

Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy

Tuesday

DID you ever see a *real* little boy, who poked out his lips, and shook his head, and just would not have his face washed in the morning?

Well, there was a little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy who grew in the kindergarten yard that did that way, every single morning, when the dew fairies came to wash his face. He bobbed his head down so low that even the smallest dew fairy could not get to him to wash it! And the butterflies told him he'd better look out; and the bluebirds told him he'd better look out; and Mr. Bumble-Bee told him he'd better look out; but that little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy only shook his head and said, "I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!"

"What a pity; he will be sure to dry up," said the butterflies.

"And his cheeks will turn brown," said the bluebirds.

"And his leaves will shrivel up," said Mr. Bumble-Bee; "what a pity! What a pity!"

Now, as I told you, the little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy grew on the clover bed in the kindergarten yard, and, oh, the children used to have heaps of fun, playing out there in the shade. Some days they would hunt for four-leaf clovers—they are very hard to find, you know. If you don't, just try to find one and see, because nearly all of them have three leaves, and not four. So, the children were very proud when anybody found one, and down would go all the heads in a ring to see it. And the kindergarten teacher would say, "How fine, another four-leaf clover to press in our plant book—found by a pair of very sharp eyes."

And then everybody would smile, especially the one with very sharp eyes, and the little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy would watch them and wish they would find a four-leaf clover on his plant. But then I don't think one would be apt to grow on a clover plant, whose Rosy

Clover-Blossom-Boy, just would not let the dew fairies wash his face—do you?

One morning when the children came out to play, they seemed very happy indeed—they were singing and talking about a good, kind man who had lived many years ago, and who had loved little children so much that he made the first kindergarten for them across the sea in Germany. It was his birthday now, and that was why the children were singing about him so happily together.

"Let us gather the freshest, sweetest clover blossoms that we can find," said the kindergarten teacher; "we will make a beautiful clover chain of the blossoms he loved so well, and twine them around the picture of our Froebel, who thought so much about little children. We will do this on his birthday, because we love him so."

Then the merry children scattered in little groups over the clover bed and began making the birthday chain, which grew longer and longer and prettier and prettier as they busily worked away. Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy heard them talking and watched them working, and he hoped and hoped they would choose him for one of the blossoms in the pretty chain. But I do not think they would choose a clover blossom that had not had his face washed, do you? Well, anyway, Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy kept on watching and hoping—and one time he thought sure he was going to be chosen. A dear little blue-eyed girl, with sunny curls, ran over to the place where he was growing and began pulling the fresh, sweet clovers. Her face was very clean and white, and made the Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy think of a lily; and her dimpled hands were white and clean, too—so white that the Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy wished *his* were like hers. Just then she saw him, and reached out her hand, but she did not pull him for the chain—oh, no. She stopped right still and shook her sunny head, and said, "Oh-o! here is a little clover blossom that has not washed his face! He will never do for the birthday clover chain!"

And then she skipped away. Don't you know how dreadful that little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy felt! But what do you think he did the next morning when the dew fairies came around? Why, he held his head away back so they could wash his face real well, you know. And, oh! you can't tell how fresh and sweet he looked when they had finished. Don't you think it feels fine to have a fresh, clean face?

"See," said the Lady Petunia, as she peeped through a crack in the

fence, "little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy has a clean face—how fresh and sweet he looks."

Pretty Daisy-Fair

Wednesday

DAISY FAIR was a little country flower. She lived away out in Grandfather Ray's meadow, four miles from town. All daisies are pretty, you know, but Daisy Fair was very, very pretty, and everybody loved her. Maybe it was because she always wore a pretty hat, with a yellow crown and a white frill all around; maybe it was because she was always smiling; maybe it was because she always said kind things about everyone—I really do not know. Anyway, I know she was beautiful, and she had many, many friends—I guess you could name some of them; the rain, and the sun, and the bees, and the butterflies, and the wind and the birds. I believe it was the sun, though, that Daisy Fair loved best of all. Each morning she watched for him at the very peep of day; all day long she smiled up at his shining face, and at night she turned her head to the west, that she might catch the last glimpse of his golden light—then, when she could see him no more, she closed her pretty white petals and went to sleep. Now, the big road ran right by the side of Grandfather Ray's meadow, you know, and Daisy Fair often saw the carts and wagons and buggies going by to town, and by and by she began to wish she could go to town, too! So she asked the bees how far it was to town and if they could tell her how to get there.

The bees said, "Maybe the wind will blow you there as they do the dandelion seeds."

But Daisy Fair said, "No, I do not want just my seeds to go to town—I want to go there myself, root, stem and all!"

Then she asked the birds if they knew a way she could go, and the birds said, "We don't know why any flower wants to go to town, when she can live in the country—it is fresher and sweeter in the country. But if you really want to go, you can do as the cuckleburs do—just hitch yourself in the tail of a cow or horse. How would you like to go to town that way, Daisy Fair? You would get a fine ride!"

Then Daisy Fair threw back her head and laughed until the

white frill on her yellow hat shook all the way around, and she said, "No, no, no, you funny birds! I should not like to go to town hitched in a cow's tail, or any other tail, I am sure."

Then she asked the white butterflies, and they said, "There is a deep river, that runs from the country through the edge of town—we see many chips and leaves and seeds floating with it—the river would take you, we are sure."

"But then, how am I ever to get to the river, you see?" said Daisy Fair. But of course the white butterflies could not tell that, so Daisy Fair smiled and said, "I guess the birds are right, and the country is the best place for me. I will stay right here in the meadow with all my friends; the town couldn't be any better, I am sure."

Then Daisy Fair stopped thinking about the town and got so busy making her seeds, that she forgot everything else. But one day, who should scramble over the meadow bars but Charlotte Anne and Joe-Boy, and they both saw Daisy Fair at the very same time, and both of them said at the very same time, "I claim her! I claim her, Oh, isn't she pretty in her yellow hat, with the white frill all around? Let's take her to town! Let's take her to town, and plant her in our garden! Oh, won't the children be glad!"

Then they knelt on the ground by her side and looked at her bright crown and her frill of pure white petals.

"Oh, I wonder, I just do wonder, if they are really going to carry me to town with them," said Daisy Fair to herself; "I think I should like to go with them."

And that is just what she did, for Charlotte Anne said, "Oh, wait a minute; let me run to the house for the little spade." And when she came back Grandmother Ray came too, and they dug Daisy Fair up carefully, with the brown earth clinging to her feet, and wrapped damp paper around her that she might not get hot and thirsty on the way to town. Then they climbed into the buggy and started down the big road, and *then* Daisy Fair knew she was going to town—root, stem and all! And she wore her pretty hat, with the yellow crown and the white frill all around—and it bobbed up and down all the way to town. They planted her in the garden bed, in the kindergarten teacher's garden bed—because they both saw her at the same time, you know—and the next morning, Daisy Fair looked as fresh as ever—just as if she had always lived in town, and she kept nodding her head to the

Lady Petunia, and to the Red, Red Nasturtiums, and to the gay phlox, with the star-like faces, and to little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy, with his fresh, clean face. The town flowers loved Daisy Fair, just as her country friends had; they thought she was very beautiful—especially her hat, with the yellow crown and the white frill all around.

Why the Sunflowers Hang Their Heads

Thursday

ONE night, soon after Daisy-Fair came to town, the moon was very, very bright, and of course you have not forgotten how much the flowers liked to hear stories on moonlight nights. So, when they asked the Lady Petunia to tell them one, she smiled and said, "I will tell you why the sunflowers hang their heads. Once-upon-a-time, when the earth mother was busy taking care of her seed children—long, long ago, when the world was very new—a redbird brought her two small brown seeds and told her to take good care of them. 'If they are brave seeds and grow their best, they shall have blossoms like the sun and almost as beautiful,' said the redbird, and then flew quickly away.

"Now the earth mother loved the sun, because he never failed to send the sunbeams to help her care for her seeds—he even drew water-drops from the rivers and made clouds of them, that the raindrops might help her, too; so she felt very glad that these two little seeds could bear blossoms that would look like the sun, and she covered them over very gently near the tall fence and left them to grow. Each day she whispered to them, 'Wake up, little seeds, wake and grow, higher and higher, to the top of the fence. Wake, wake and look first for the sun—your blossoms will be large and bright like him—wake, wake, I say.' By and by the sleeping seeds heard and stirred in their brown beds. 'Come,' said the little sister, 'don't you hear?'

"Now the little brother seed was very fat and very lazy—he wanted to sleep all the time, so when he heard the dear earth mother calling to him, he rubbed his eyes drowsily and said, 'I don't want to get up! I'm not going to try to grow; it's too much trouble to reach the top of the fence; I don't believe any plant can grow that high, and I don't believe we will have blossoms to look like the sun, either; no, I don't!'

"'Why-y,' said the little sister seed, 'I believe what the dear earth mother says, and I am going to try my very best to grow—try, try, try, try—try to climb even higher than the fence! You try, too, little brother; there is always somebody to help, you know'—

"'We'll help!' said the sunbeams.

"'We'll help!' said the raindrops.

"'We'll help!' said the dewdrops.

"So, you see, all were ready to do their part, if the little brother seed would only try. But he would not; he just turned over in his soft bed and lay right still, night and day, night and day, sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, sleeping. But the little sister seed began at once to grow; she stretched her tiny roots down, and her tiny hand up, and pushed and pushed until she pushed right through the brown earth covering, into the light of the bright outside world—with the blue sky and sailing clouds overhead, and the grasses and flowers below. Then she remembered what the earth mother had told her about the sun, and just then he came from behind a gray cloud in all of his glorious splendor, and shone down on the little sister seed, making her feel warm and glad. 'Oh, you wonderful sun,' she said, 'to think that I, a little brown seed, will some day have a blossom to look like you! Oh, joy, joy, joy!'

"All day she kept her face turned to his golden light, and longed for her blossom which was to be like him, and she thought of the little brother seed asleep in the earth and felt so sorry that he, too, was not with her to see and grow. She kept calling to him as she climbed higher and higher:

"'Come up, little brother, wake and grow; such beautiful things I see up here in the light! Come out of the dark and climb with me.'

"But the fat little brother seed would not, though she begged him so; he only stretched himself, and turned over for another nap, forgetting about his beautiful blossom and all. Higher and higher and higher against the tall fence climbed the dear little sister plant, reaching out her broad leaves for the sunbeams to flit across, and one morning she was so tall, why, she peeped right over the fence!

"'We told you so!' said the sunbeams.

"'We told you so!' chirped the birds.

"'We told you so!' said the raindrops.

"But the little sister plant, though she had reached to the top of

the fence, did not stop trying, but grew still taller, as she kept watching the sun and thinking of the beautiful blossom which had been promised her—yellow and bright like the sun. By and by, a green bud came, growing larger and rounder each day, and again the little climbing sister seed whispered to the little fat brother under ground, begging him to come, but he would not try. Another bud came to the little sister—and another and another, until there were a cluster of buds tucked away in their green shawls, waiting for the time to open. Then, one happy, happy morning, when the flowers in the old garden waked, there stood the glorious sunflower plant, bearing high her cluster of wide-open blossoms—each one beautiful and yellow like the sun—but, though they often smiled at the sun, they kept their heads bowed towards the earth—watching for the little brother, calling for him to try. And so, today you see them still,” said the Lady Petunia, “ever bending, ever watching for the little brother who would not come.”

The Awakening of the Prince

Friday

OF course the flowers knew all about the Princess who was sleeping in her cradle in the kindergarten window. They had heard the children talk about her many times, as they worked on their garden beds, and they always said, “We do hope there will be fresh blossoms and plenty of sweet nectar juice when the Princess flies out—she has been sleeping such a long time!”

And so she had; but only that very morning, the kindergarten teacher had let the children hold the cocoon to their ears, and they could hear her stirring gently inside, so they knew it would not be very much longer before they really saw her.

“Oh, I hope the Princess will come to see me,” said little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy.

“And I hope she will come to see me,” said Daisy-Fair.

“I hope she will come to see me, too,” said the Red, Red, Nasturtium and the starry-eyed phlox.

“Perhaps she will come to see us all,” said the Lady Petunia, gently; “let us stop talking and get the nectar juice ready; we should not like the Princess to find us without any.”

Now, right close down by the front steps, grew little Miss Pansy,

and Violet-Blue, and little Johnny-Jump-Up, three little cousins, and they wanted to see the Princess very much, because they had seen butterflies, but they had never seen moths, and they wanted to see if they looked alike.

"Oh, me!" said little Miss Pansy, smoothing out her velvety skirt, "I do hope the Princess will come this way."

"But we are so very little," said Violet-Blue, "I am afraid she will never find us."

But Johnny-Jump-Up said, "Maybe she will see us, though; my stem is long and I will wave my yellow flag and then when she passes this way to the tall morning-glory vine, why, she will surely see the flag and stop."

Then little Miss Pansy and Violet-Blue and Johnny-Jump-Up—all three—made sweet nectar juice, and waited and waited for the Princess, just as the other flowers did. Early the next morning, very early, when the first sunbeam fairy peeped into the kindergarten window, what do you suppose she saw? Why, the Princess to be sure—and guess what color her wings were? A most beautiful golden brown, with black spots and scalloped all around. The sunbeam fairy almost lost her breath, they were so pretty. "I'm just in time," she said; "let me help you dry your wings, they are still damp."

"Thank you!" said the pretty moth Princess, "I haven't been awake very long, and did not know I had wings until just now. Aren't they beautiful? I thought I was a caterpillar and lived on a tree—it is all very queer. I don't quite understand, and——"

"Oh, never mind," smiled the sunbeam fairy. "No matter what you used to be, you are a moth now. Crawl over on this rose geranium, while I dry your wings off, and when the window is opened you can fly away. The flowers are waiting for you outside."

The pretty moth could hardly believe that she could really fly, but she crawled up on the rose geranium, as the sunbeam fairy told her, and that is just where the kindergarten teacher saw her when she came into the room an hour later. She smiled and smiled when she saw the Princess because she knew how happy the children would be, and she surprised them, too. She went out to the clover-bed, where they were playing, and said, "There is a little visitor in the kindergarten, who has come to see you. Let us tip-toe and see who it is."

And you see, not one of the children knew it was the Princess

until they were all in the room; and when they had looked and looked and did not see any little boy or girl, then Joe-Boy looked over on the geranium and began to jump up and down and say:

"Oh, oh, oh!"—that was all he could say; and then the other children looked on the rose geranium, and then they knew, and they clapped their hands and said, "Oh, the Princess! the Princess! the Princess! the Princess has come to see us!"

And everybody was so very glad! They all peeped into the hollow of the empty cocoon where the pretty moth Princess had slept and then at her exquisite silken wings, and wondered how they could have grown.

"God knows," said the kindergarten teacher, "and now we will sing to her, and open the window and let her fly away into the wonderful world, where the flowers are waiting to give her something nice to drink—she surely must be hungry after such a long sleep."

"Maybe she doesn't know how to fly," said Charlotte-Anne. But of course, you know she could. She stood in the open window a moment waving those pretty golden-brown wings over her head very slowly, and then the next thing they knew, the Princess was gone—out into the fresh, pure air. Of course you know where she went to—straight to the flower beds; but I can not tell you which flowers she stopped at first—maybe it was the little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy, because his face was so fresh and clean; maybe the Red, Red Nasturtium, or the Lady Petunia—I can not tell; I only know she flitted from flower to flower throughout the long day, sipping sweet nectar juice, and carrying golden dust from flower to flower. It was almost sundown, when little Miss Pansy sighed and said, "I am afraid the Princess has passed us by, and we shall not see her after all."

"Because we are so *very* small," said little Violet-Blue. "I've waved and waved my yellow flag," said little Johnny-Jump-Up; "I think she visited the blue morning-glories today, but she did not see us—I'll just wave it again."

So he waved and waved his yellow flag, and then something sailed lightly over their heads and dropped lower and lower and lower, until a pair of golden brown wings touched softly little Miss Pansy's cheeks-- and there was the Princess, come to spend the night.

Program for Twentieth Week—Flower Life

Baby Dandelion

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: Is there anything else you can think of that helps the flowers make seed except bees and butterflies? Have you ever seen it? Have you heard it? Have you felt it?

Song: "Down in the fields where the wild flowers grow."

Game Period: Go out to find dandelions.

Gift Period: Cutting (white circles for dandelions). Song: "Pretty Little Dandelion."

Occupation: Color the cut circles, prepared at gift work, with crayon or brush, and mount. (Draw stem and leaf.)

Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Reproduce "Baby Dandelion." Relate story for the day.

Song and game: "Clover Blossoms." "Dew Fairies."

Gift Period: Spend in yard or field gathering clovers and making chain for some little friend.

Occupation: Water color: Clover blossom.

Pretty Daisy-Fair

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Reproduce Clover Blossom story. Song and game: "The Daisy."

Gift: Sticks and beads for meadow-bars.

Occupation: "Daisy Grandmother." Mark face in center of daisy, remove part of white petals, leaving only sufficient to represent frilled cap.

Why the Sunflowers Hang Their Heads

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Relate story first. I see many little children here, who, from wee babies have grown taller and taller, and their faces look so glad. I wonder if any of them have little

brothers to help? I know of a dear little brother in our kindergarten whom I think we all might learn to skip—and another whom we might help to march well. Let us try.

Game and songs: Selected by the children.

Gift: Fourth. Enlarged board fence, where sunflowers grew.

Occupation: Cut sunflowers, or fold basket in which to carry home sunflower seed to plant.

The Awakening of the Princess

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: Relate the story. Which would you rather be, the Princess or Bluette? What color was "Bluette"? Where did she sleep? What kind of a cradle? When did she like best to fly? How did she hold her wings when sipping nectar? What kind of a cradle did the Princess have? When did she like best to fly?

Game: Caterpillar; its transformation to moth.

Gift: Modeling. Caterpillar, cocoon, moth.

Occupation: Folding, a moth. Or, water color Johnny-Jump-Up and Violet.

Twenty-first Week—Life History of the Bee

The Queen of the Bees

Monday

THE Queen of the bees, one day, took a notion she would like to go to housekeeping. So she said, "All you bees who would like to keep house with me, may follow me."

And then she flew and caught hold of the rotten apple on the apple tree in the kindergarten yard. And then a great swarm of bees said, "We will! We will! We'll keep house with you!"

And so they flew to the rotten apple, too, and when there wasn't any more room for them on the rotten apple, they just clung to each other's backs—until they looked like a big brown knot as large as your head—clinging to the rotten apple. And that is just where the kindergarten teacher and the children found them. But you know a rotten apple isn't any place to keep house, and the kindergarten teacher knew it, too, so she called to the hired man to bring the bee-hive quickly;

there was a swarm of bees that wanted to go to housekeeping. So the hired man came hurrying around the side of the yard with a bee-hive under his arm, and he opened it and held it right under that big brown knot of bees, and then the kindergarten teacher shook the rotten apple, and tumbled all of those bees right down into the bee-hive, and the Queen bee seemed very much pleased with her house, indeed. The children peeped through the little glass window and saw her crawling about, talking to the other bees. They could tell she was the Queen, because she did not look like the other bees; her body was longer and she had short wings.

"I am so glad we found them in time," said the kindergarten teacher, "because if some one had not brought the Queen a little house to live in, she would have flown away to the woods, and found a hollow tree, and maybe we could not have watched how she keeps house."

Well, the Queen bee certainly knew all about it, because she began to give orders right away, and all the bees listened to what she had to say, because they wanted to do just as she told them.

"Now," said the Queen bee, "first of all, I do not want any lazy bees in our house—everybody must work and keep busy in a bee-hive. I shall give each one of you your own special work, and I shall expect you to do it, and to do it well! You papa bees, there, hang yourselves up on the wall, and keep out of the way until I call you to go out visiting with me later."

Then when all of the papa bees had crawled up on the wall out of the way, the Queen said, "Now, part of you bees must be carpenters, and stop up any little cracks you find about the house; part of you must make wax for the honey-comb—you must make just as many little rooms as this house will hold, and all of them must be six-sided, you understand. I do not like four-sided rooms like people so often have. Part of the small bees must be my nurses to take care of the eggs and nurse the babies when they are hatched. Part of you must be chamber-maids and clean up the hive every morning; part of you must stand by the door and fan in fresh air if it gets too warm inside. Part of you must gather pollen dust from the flowers, so the nurses can make bread for the babies, and all of the others must gather nectar juice and make honey to store away for the winter time."

Well, by and by, when she had talked and talked, everybody knew just exactly what they had to do, and everybody went to work just as the Queen had told them to. The little carpenter bees crawled all over

the walls of the hive—over the top and down the sides—and sure enough they found some little cracks that the rain or the little robber ants might get through. So away they flew to the poplar trees and to the hollyhock plants, and gathered some of their sticky gum, to stop up the little cracks with—which they did so nicely that not even a drop of rain could get through. While the little carpenters were at work, the little wax workers were doing their part. Each one of them had eight little pockets full of wax, and they bit it and worked it and worked it, until it was just right; then they began the little six-sided wax rooms, by pasting a long bar of wax along the wall, and then another and another, with little halls between. When they had used up all of their wax, why they went out to the flowers and made some more from nectar juice, and when they had filled their pockets, they hurried back to the hive with it, to build more wax rooms. As soon as they would paste a bar of wax up, the little nurse bees came right behind them and helped to punch the little six-sided rooms—some for the Queen to lay her eggs in, some for the baby bees to sleep in, some for the bee bread and some for the honey—enough for the people and enough for themselves.

"Well, well," said the Queen bee, "I am very glad to see you all are such busy, good workers. I thank you very much. Things are getting on so nicely, if the papa bees will go with me, I believe I will fly out in the fresh air a little bit; then when I get back, I must get to work myself—you know I said there must be no lazy bees in this house."

So out she flew, and all of the papa bees with her, and they flew high up in the air and back again, and when they flew past the children's garden beds the Queen said: "See the pretty, pretty flowers—how could we ever keep house without them? I hope my bees will help them, and I hope they will help my bees."

Do you know how bees help flowers? Well, do you know how flowers help bees?

The Queen's Eggs

Tuesday

AS soon as the Queen had gone out into the fresh air, the little workers in the hives said, "Let us work harder than ever, now that the Queen is away. Let us clean up the whole hive, fresh and clean, so when the Queen comes back she will find the house in good order."

So every bee did his part, and cleaned and dusted and aired the hive, until it was as clean as clean could be, and when the Queen came in it made her very happy indeed to find that her bees knew how to be busy workers, even when she was away. But you need not think, just because she was a Queen, she did not do any work herself. Why, she did more work than anybody, and just as soon as some of the little wax rooms were ready the Queen began her work. And oh, the eggs that she did lay! Eggs and eggs and eggs—tiny little bluish white eggs, that you would never think were eggs at all—and yet there was a tiny baby asleep in every egg. Some days the Queen would lay two hundred of these little eggs—one in each little wax room—so you may know how busy she was, when she was the only one of the bees who knew how to lay eggs. That is why the other bees loved her so, and called her their Queen. It was the little nurses who took care of the eggs after the Queen laid them. They knew baby bees slept in the eggs, and as soon as they were hatched out, they would want something to eat. So they took very good care of the eggs, and in two or three days, wee baby bees came out of them, and they looked more like baby worms than anything else.

"Hurry, hurry," said the little nurses to the worker bees; "some of our babies have hatched out, and are *very* hungry."

So the little workers hurried away to the flowers and gathered some pollen dust and brought it to the nurses and they mixed some of the dust up with honey, and made bee bread, and fed the little babies until they grew fat and strong. Then, what do you think those baby bees did? They spun little silken cocoons round and round themselves, and went fast asleep, and the nurses shut them up in their little wax rooms, and hurried away to see if the Queen had laid any more eggs. How would you like to be a little baby and go to sleep and then when you waked up find yourself a grown up person? Well, that is just exactly what those baby bees did! While they were sleeping in their little wax rooms, they were growing and changing into bees, with strong wings; and as soon as they waked up, which was not very many days, why, they opened the little wax doors to their rooms and walked out into the hall, and as soon as the nurses saw them, they ran up to them and told them "good morning," and gave them some honey to eat, and smoothed out their wings and said, "How glad we are that the Queen has another little child to work for her. Go out into the

flower garden and see how pretty everything is, and then you will find some work to do."

So all the little bees that were ready flew out of the hive, and I guess you know what they found to do. Well, the Queen bee kept on laying eggs day after day, until she had laid enough eggs for new worker bees, and new papa bees, and then she went into a queer little wax room, longer and larger than the others, and she laid a little egg in it, and went away. It was the most wonderful egg she had laid yet, and the little nurses hurried up quickly to care for it, for they knew it would never do to let anything happen to the Queen's wonderful egg. Now, what kind of a baby bee do you suppose was coming out of that egg? Why, a baby queen, to be sure, and the nurses said: "Let us feed this dear little baby queen on something better than bee bread. We will feed her on sweet jelly, and when she is grown up she will know how to lay eggs, as our own Queen Mother does."

So, sure enough, when the baby queen was hatched out, they gave her all the jelly she could eat, and when she grew sleepy and spun her silken cocoon the nurse bees watched the room where she slept, so they might be ready to go to her the very minute she waked up. The Queen laid two more of these wonderful eggs, and then every day she would ask the nurse how they were getting on, and how long it would be before the first baby queen would be awake. She was very, very anxious to know when she would come out of the little wax room.

"We are sure she will be out by tomorrow," said the little nurses; "we listened near her door today, and she was singing softly to herself."

"That is a sure sign that she is ready to come out," said the Queen. "Now go and tell all of the bees to come to me; I wish to tell them something."

So all of the nurse bees and the carpenter bees and the soldier bees and the housemaid bees and the worker bees who gathered the pollen and nectar, came crowding around the Queen to hear what she had to tell them.

"I just wanted to say," said the Queen, with a smile, "that our house is getting too small for us; and some of our household must leave. I have laid so many many eggs that our home is quite full of bees, and tomorrow a new Queen comes out of her room. Even if we were not so crowded, it is never best for two Mother Queens to live in the same home; so I will fly away today and find another home and

leave this one for the new Queen. Those who wish may go with me, and the others may stay here to show the new Queen what good house-keepers you are."

"Suppose you fly away, and the new Queen does not wake up?" said one of the papa bees; "what would we do then? We could not live without a Queen to show us how."

"I have laid more than one Queen egg," said the Queen, "so I am sure there will be another one to take my place. But remember, if both of them wake, only one of them must stay in this hive. The other will fly away, as I shall do, and begin a new home. And now, I must say good-bye. You have all been good to me, and worked hard, and I thank you very much. Those who have chosen to go with me may fly up on the wall, that I may see how many there are."

Well, if you could have seen how many there were, you would have known how much those bees loved their old Queen—almost all of them wanted to go—but the Queen smiled and said, "That will do now; we must not forget our new Queen, you know."

And then, as the day was bright and warm, every one said good-bye, and one by one followed the Queen out of the hive, to hunt for a new home. If you had been one of those bees, which would you have done—stayed with the new Queen or flown away with the old Queen?

Busy-Wings

Wednesday

IT was after the new Queen came out and began to keep house in the hive, that Busy-Wings was hatched. He was the dearest little bee that I ever knew, and just as soon as he came out of his little wax room and found that he was a grown up bee with wings, he ran up to the nurse and said, "Do tell me something to do! I want to work."

The nurse stroked his wings and gave him some bee bread to eat, and then she said: "I believe I shall have to name you Busy-Wings, because you love to work, and wanted some to do just the minute you got out of your cradle. What kind of work would you like to do?—nurse the babies or clean up or fan in fresh air or be a soldier to take care of the Queen, or gather nectar for honey and wax or pollen dust for the bee bread?"

And Busy-Wings thought a minute and then he said—you guess

what he said—he said, “I would rather go out among the flowers and gather nectar and pollen to make bee bread for the babies.”

“Very well,” said the nurse, “you may begin right now! Slip through that little outside door there and you will be in the yard. You will find some tiny baskets on your hind legs to put the pollen dust in, and the little pocket by your throat is for the nectar juice. Be sure you bring the things right to me, when you come in. I need some very fresh for the youngest baby; hurry, and be sure to be kind to the flowers, and also carry some pollen dust for them, from flower to flower.”

“All right,” said little Busy-Wings, and then he slipped through the door of the hive, very happy because he was going away to work. When he first got outside, though, he almost forgot to work, he was so busy looking at things, for you must remember he had never seen the beautiful outside world before, and as he looked he kept saying over and over:

“Oh, how pretty,
Pretty, pretty, pretty
Oh, how pretty
Everything is!”

Then he smelled something very sweet, and he saw many bright colors, and Busy-Wings said, “Those must be the flowers the nurse told me about, and I will get to work.”

So he bobbed into the red nasturtium and got some nectar juice and then he bobbed into a pink phlox and got some nectar, and then he bobbed to the clover bed and got some more nectar, and he bobbed to the morning-glories and got pollen dust, and then he bobbed to the petunias and got some pollen dust, and he got some more from the daisies. Then when he had filled his baskets quite full of pollen dust and had filled his pocket full of nectar juice, he flew quickly back to the hive and carried it to the nurse, as she had told him.

“Let me see,” said the nurse, “pocket and baskets all full! Why, you have been a real busy little bee. But let me taste it before I give it to the babies, to be sure it is all right.” And when she had tasted some—a wee little bit—right on the very end of her tongue, why, she made a most dreadful face, and screwed up her mouth and said, “Perfectly h-o-r-r-i-d! My dear, it tastes like all kinds of flowers mixed

up together! Where did you get it? I could never give this to the babies!"

And Busy-Wings said, "Why, I got it out of the flowers. I went to the nasturtiums and to the phlox and to the daisies and to the clover, and——"

And then the nurse threw back her head and laughed and laughed; she could not help it, and she said, "Why, of course, the honey tastes bitter, my dear! It was all my fault, though, and I should have told you to go only to one kind of flower each trip—if you go to the clover blossoms first, don't gather nectar juice from any other flowers but *clovers*, until you come to the hive and empty your sack. Then the next trip you may choose some other flower."

"Oh, yes," said Busy-Wings, nodding his head, "I know now. Of course, it isn't best to mix up so many kinds of nectar; I'll try again."

"That is the way," said the nurse, "go empty that out in the yard, and bring me some more for the babies, and when you come back we will see if I can guess where you got it."

Busy-Wings thought that would be great fun; he thought he could fool the nurse, and she couldn't tell *where* he got his nectar juice, so he flew quickly away and emptied his pocket and basket. He was just wondering which flower to go to, when he saw little Rosy Clover-Blossom-Boy, and his face looked so fresh and clean, Busy-Wings flew right straight down to him, and got some of the sweetest nectar juice, and then he flew around to the other clovers on the bed, and filled his pocket right full, and hurried back to the nurse.

"Now," said Busy-Wings, "guess where I got it?"

"All right," laughed the nurse; "wait until I taste it." So she took some on the end of her tongue and tasted and tasted, and then she said, "Perfect-ly d-e-l-i-c-i-o-u-s! It came from the clover blossoms! Just the very thing for the babies!"

Then Busy-Wings laughed and laughed—he was so surprised that the nurse could tell where he had gotten it, and he was so very glad, too, that it was perfectly delicious. Then the nurse helped him empty his pocket and baskets, and Busy-Wings watched while she mixed honey and pollen dust, and made the bee-bread for the babies.

"Now, I think I shall go and get another kind," said Busy-Wings; "I want to see if you can guess again."

So he did; and he chose the petunias that trip, and Joe-Boy saw him flitting from one petunia to another, singing,

“Oh, how pretty,
Pretty, pretty, pretty,
Oh, how pretty,
Everything is!”

Busy-Wings in Prison

Thursday

“WHO will go and bring me my breakfast?” said the young Queen, early one morning. “I wish it fresh from the flowers, while the dew fairies are washing their faces.”

“I! I! I!” said little Busy-Wings, “I will go and bring it! I can fly very swiftly!”

“Very well,” said the Queen, “I will thank you, but remember, I do not like *mixed* honey—it does not taste so well.”

But of course, you know Busy-Wings better than that—he would not bring his dear Mother Queen mixed up honey, because he loved her so. Glad to work for her, he hurried away, and little Miss Pansy and Violet Blue and Johnny-Jump-Up heard him buzzing by the porch as he sang his little song:

“Oh, how pretty,
Pretty, pretty, pretty,
Oh, how pretty,
Everything is!”

But he did not stop as he passed; only nodding “Good morning” as he flitted about the morning-glory vines. He knew honey made from their nectar juice was very delicate and sweet—just the thing for the Queen’s breakfast. So he buzzed in and out among the fresh morning-glories—first the blue and then the pink and then the white—until he had his nectar pocket almost full. There was one large morning-glory bluer than any of the others, and Busy-Wings said, “I’ll just fly in there before I go, and get the last sip, and then I will hurry home with the Queen’s breakfast.”

And so he did, but only think, just as he started to fly out, the blue morning-glory shut up tight, and there was Busy-Wings, shut up

in a blue bag, and though he tried and tried, he could not get out, and even got one of his legs hitched, too—and that was worse than ever! What should he do? Now, if you were tied up in a little blue bag and couldn't get out, what would *you* do? Would you cry? Busy-Wings did not cry, but oh! he felt most dreadful. He knew his Mother Queen was waiting for her breakfast that very minute and wondering what had become of him. He was afraid she would think he was a lazy bee, and you would not like any one to think *you* were lazy, I know; so little Busy-Wings worried and worried because he could not get out. The sun grew warmer and warmer, and I am sure it was almost dinner time when he heard the kindergarten teacher and the children coming around the walk by the porch. They were looking to see how the morning-glories were coming along with their seed pockets, and Charlotte Anne put her hand right on the very blue morning-glory that Busy-Wings was locked up in, and he was buzzing away inside, calling very softly:

“Please, oh, please, let me out,

Buzz, buzz, buzz!

Won't somebody please let me out?

Buzz, buzz, buzz!”

“Ouch!” said Charlotte Anne, “somebody's locked up in this blue morning-glory! It might bite, too.”

“Why, that sounds like a little bee,” said the kindergarten teacher. “Sure enough, he is locked up in this blue morning-glory! I guess he did not know that morning-glories shut up their doors as soon as the sun begins to get hot. Poor little fellow, we will turn him out.”

So the next thing Busy-Wings knew, somebody's kind hand turned him loose, and you know he was happy! Away he sailed home, just as quickly as he could go, and when the nurse saw him she said, “Why, Busy-Wings, where *have* you been? The Queen waited and waited for her breakfast and when you did not come she had to send another little bee off for her fresh nectar. Did you forget and stop to play?”

“No,” said Busy-Wings, “I do not play when I am working. I had gathered the Queen's nectar, and went into a big blue morning-glory for the last sip, when the morning-glory shut up tight and I just couldn't get out, though I tried ever so hard. But just now, while I was buzzing softly, asking some one to let me out, I heard some chil-

dren talking, and they came to where I was, and then I guess one of them turned me out, and, and, and——”

“You flew home as fast as you could!” said the nurse, with a merry laugh. The Queen heard everything Busy-Wings said, and she thought it *was* very funny, and she laughed, too, and then she said: “I shall have to excuse you this time, Busy-Wings, and I guess next time you will be more careful about going into flowers that shut you up in a bag. Come, let me see if you have any nectar left in your pocket for me—if it didn’t get here in time for breakfast, maybe it will do for my dinner.”

And it did, too, for when the Queen tasted it she said, “Thank you, my dear; it is perfectly delicious!” You know that pleased Busy-Wings.

Busy-Wings’ Color Lesson

Friday

“O H-O!” said Joe-Boy the next morning, as he stood by the kindergarten window, “here is that very same little bee that was locked up yesterday in the blue morning-glory. I do believe it is!”

“Yes,” said the kindergarten teacher, “he certainly does look like that bee. He has come to see our rose-geranium—such a busy little fellow he seems to be—I guess his name is Busy-Wings. Anyway, we will claim him for our own, and have him for a pet—maybe he will come to see us every day.”

I do not know whether Busy-Wings heard what the kindergarten teacher said or not, but I know that he seemed to like the rose-geranium a great deal, and came to the window every morning to see it.

The children learned to love him very much, and said: “See, Busy-Wings has started to kindergarten; he comes every morning, just as we do.”

“Well,” said the kindergarten teacher, “if Busy-Wings has really started to kindergarten, and is coming every morning, I suppose he would like to learn something. Let us begin now and give him some color lessons—I am sure that is a very beautiful thing to learn about. What color shall we teach him first?”

“Red! Red!” said Joe-Boy, because he remembered that was the first color he had learned. So the kindergarten teacher got a pretty

piece of red glass, and put a drop of sugar water on it, and then placed the glass in the window where Busy-Wings would find it. By and by Busy-Wings came buzzing by and as soon as he saw the bright red color, he stopped, and crawled up on the glass and tasted the sugar water, and he liked it so well, why, he put it all in his honey pocket and took it home to the Queen. And when the Queen tasted it she liked it, too, and she said, "Where did you get it—not out of flowers?"

"No," said Busy-Wings, "I did not get it out of any flower; I found it on a red spot in the kindergarten window."

"Go and bring me some more," said the Queen; "it is nice."

So Busy-Wings hurried back to the window and lit right straight on the red glass, and there he found another drop of sugar water waiting for him. While he was filling up his honey pocket, the children were peeping at him, and they laughed so merrily, and said, "Busy-Wings knows red! He knows red! because he came right back to the red glass for his drop of sugar water."

"Tomorrow," said the kindergarten teacher, "we will teach him a harder lesson; we will teach him a new color, and see if he remembers red, too."

So, the next day, when the children came, they found the red glass washed clean, in the window, and close by was a blue glass, and on this blue glass there was a drop of fresh sugar water.

"We are going to April-fool Busy-Wings today," said the children. "Maybe we will and maybe won't," said the kindergarten teacher; "we will watch and see which glass he comes to this morning."

And while they were talking about it, who should come sailing by but Busy-Wings. When he started out to work, the very first thing he thought about was the nice sugar water he had found before on the red spot, and he wanted some more; so when he flew up to the window, guess where he lit? On the red glass! You should have heard those children clap! They were so proud of Busy-Wings because he remembered red. But Busy-Wings did not understand it because there was not any drop of sugar water waiting for him.

"Dear me," he said, "I am sure I found it on this very red spot yesterday—why isn't there any here now?"

And he crawled all over the glass and looked and looked, and then he crawled over on the blue glass, and there he found the nice drop of sugar water. He tasted it again, and thought it was so good

he would carry it to the Queen, so he filled up his honey pocket and flew to the hive. When the Queen tasted it, she said, "It is very, very good! You must have gotten it from the same red spot you saw yesterday."

"No," said Busy-Wings, "I did not get it from the red spot, but I went there to find it, and there wasn't any. So I found this on another spot—a blue spot—and it tastes just like the other."

"I like it very much," said the Queen; "go and bring me some more."

The children were watching for Busy-Wings; they wanted to see if he would go first to the red glass or if he would remember about the blue glass, and what do you guess? Why, he flew right straight to the blue glass, sure enough, and the kindergarten teacher said, "You see? Busy-Wings has really learned to tell blue from red! We are very proud of our little kindergarten bee. Next week we must teach him orange and yellow and green and violet—then Busy-Wings will know all of the rain-bow colors—and we will be very proud of him."

And while they were talking about him, Busy-Wings kept filling his honey pocket for the Queen, singing softly to himself:

"Oh, how pretty,
Pretty, pretty, pretty,
Oh, how pretty,
Everything is!

Program for Twenty-first Week—Life History of the Bee

The Queen of the Bees

Monday

Circle talk, songs and games: What else, besides butterflies and moths, fly around the flowers for nectar juice? Do you know what the bees do with their nectar? Relate story.

Song and game: "Busy Bees."

Gift: Fifth. A third to each child; make hives and arrange in group.

Occupation: Fold, cut and paste, a bee-hive. Draw bees flying near.

The Queen's Eggs

Tuesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Do you think the Queen bee did any work? Shall I tell you what kind of work she did? Relate story.

Song and game: "Bees." Let the Queen bee remain in the hive, while the others gather nectar and pollen for baby bees.

Gift: Modeling cells for eggs. Use a flat piece of clay, and hexagonal pencil or stick to illustrate honey cells.

Occupation: Sewing. Outline hexagon. Large holes. Single zephyr.

Busy-Wings

Wednesday

Circle talk, songs and games: Have you watched bees gathering nectar? Do they go to many kinds of flowers, one directly after the other? Let us all watch closely and find out. Relate story.

Game: "Bees." In which the emphasis is placed on the activity of bees going to *one* kind of flower each trip.

Gift: Modeling bees (enlarged); the Queen, worker, drone. Illustrate difference in form.

Occupation: Drawing. A picture of Busy-Wings, in a garden of flowers.

Busy-Wings in Prison

Thursday

Circle talk, songs and games: Show morning-glories, both open and closed. When do morning-glories close? Let us watch ours and see. Story.

Game: A play in which Busy-Wings is caught in the morning-glory.

Gift: Tablets, picture flowers which close and some which do not.

Occupation: Cutting or color work. Morning-glory.

Busy-Wings' Color Lesson

Friday

Circle talk, songs and games: You remember who let Busy-Wings out of prison, don't you? Guess where he went the next morning.

He went to the kindergarten to get nectar from the rose-geranium growing in the window. When the children saw him, they thought they would teach him about colors, and I will tell you about it.

Song and game: "Bees."

Gift: Fifth. Build kindergarten with window sill, where the geranium grew. Use second gift, bead cylinders, for pots.

Occupation: Modeling, flower pots.

THE KINDERGARTEN TRAINING COURSE AS A DEPARTMENT OF A UNIVERSITY.*

BY LUCY GAGE, OKLAHOMA.

OKLAHOMA knocking at the door of the Union for admission to statehood is not wholly a stranger to you. Her broad, rolling prairies, her vast material resources, her progressive and intelligent people are familiar themes in current literature, while railroad advertisements frequently read, "Go to Oklahoma, the country of opportunity."

From every quarter of the United States have they come, bringing with them the best of the older communities to use in the shaping and molding of a new commonwealth in the great southwest.

No factor necessary to her growth has been neglected. Men and women of intelligence and ability have seen to it that Oklahoma developed educationally as well as materially and commercially and so in advance of many older States Oklahoma cares for the education of her youth from the kindergarten through the university.

It took but one year of experimental kindergarten work in our territory to convince the public that the free kindergarten must become the business of the state and to that end in March, 1903, its legislature legalized the kindergarten as an integral part of her public schools. This act also provided for the training of kindergartners in the State Normal Schools.

Oklahoma City, the metropolis of the territory, availed herself immediately of the benefits of this law, and opened the first public school kindergartens in Oklahoma two years ago last September. Simultaneous with the opening of these public kindergartens an institution for higher learning, to be known as Epworth University, was planned for by a joint commission of the two Methodisms, North and South. This institution opened its first session September, 1904, one year after the opening of the city kindergartens.

About this time a need was felt locally for the training of kindergartners and the State Normals were not yet prepared to care for this

* Paper read at Training Teachers' Conference, Milwaukee, April, 1905.

work. A department of education was suggested at Epworth University and the opportunity was seized to provide a training course for kindergartners along with those for primary and secondary teachers.

The evolution of the kindergarten movement in Oklahoma has been rapid, largely because of everything being in a formative condition, a new country, a new city, a new university, consequently no prejudices to overcome. Here people meet, mingle, exchange ideas and grow in the broad freedom of the new West.

The record of three years shows the introduction of public kindergartens the first year; the establishment of a training course for kindergartners at Epworth University the second year, and a kindergarten department added to each of the three State normal schools at the close of the third year, with an increased interest throughout the territory, particularly in the larger towns for the opening of public kindergartens.

We come to you to-day perhaps as the youngest child of the International Kindergarten Union. Our experience has been limited to that of organization; to the launching of a new work in a new country, and like all pioneering, it shows elements of crudeness, yet there are certain fundamentals which we have endeavored to recognize, and above all have we sought to maintain a high standard for the training work rather than lower it to accommodate numbers.

From the standpoint then of a new work in a new country, it would seem the kindergarten training course in a Normal School or University has as much advantage over the specific training school as the public kindergarten has over the free kindergarten.

First, because in the Normal School or University it gains an educational setting.

Second, It must meet certain definite requirements in keeping with the standard of the school of which it is a part.

Third, The training of the student becomes of first importance.

Fourth, The University and Normal School may command the services of those best qualified to teach special subjects.

Fifth, The University and Normal School offer to the kindergarten student the advantages of their equipment, library, laboratories, art and music departments, etc.

Applicants for positions in public kindergartens must meet certain legal requirements, the curriculum of the training school must regard these. The true scholar as well as the true woman must mark the kindergartner of to-day, if she would take her rightful place in the educational world.

Many of the larger specific training schools are awakening to these changed conditions and are shaping their courses of study toward higher scholarship and a broader perspective, for the masculine viewpoint must not be ignored. This was brought home very forcibly when planning our curriculum two years ago after consulting the courses of study of our leading training schools. The specific training course was looked upon

by the masculine element of the faculty as lacking in scope and comprehension of present day needs in public education. The criticism seemed unjust at the time, but why should the kindergarten training course not have a masculine as well as a feminine viewpoint? The University and Normal School men have helped the kindergarten training course to a better balance between these two—scholarship and womanliness.

The small private training school could not flourish in a pioneer field, for it could neither command the equipment nor facilities for coping with the present day problems. With the public school kindergarten has come the training course in the normal school and university, just as the specific training course was the outgrowth of the needs of the free kindergartens.

Epworth University offers a course of four years (fifteen hours credit per week) leading to a bachelor's degree in education. This course includes two years' work in the freshman and sophomore years, in college two years of professional work.

For those students whose maturity and previous training experience are sufficient, there is a two years' course (thirty hours credit) in professional work leading to a diploma as graduate in the department of education. No one is admitted to this course who is less than eighteen years of age.

This diploma specifies whether the course completed be one for kindergarten, primary work or work of the secondary school. The model kindergarten opened in the three State Normal Schools of Oklahoma, are serving not only as the first step in building up a training class, but also in helping the primary and secondary teachers in training to a better appreciation of the kindergarten in its relation to the school.

Thus the kindergarten movement has been launched in Oklahoma and is but another sign of the progressiveness and intelligence of a people who are shaping and molding a new citizenship that shall make for liberty, equality and fraternity, elements of true democracy.

A LITTLE GIRL'S WISH.

Beside the door a maple tree
Stands up for all the world to see;
And through the branches, all about,
The little birds hop in and out.

I've stood and stood beside the door,
Quite motionless, an hour or more;
But not a butterfly or bird
Lit on me, though I never stirred.

The maple does not seem to care
How many birds are singing there;
But, oh, how happy I should be
If they would sit and sing on me!

—Kathleen Kirchhoffer, in *Little Folks*.

THE KINDERGARTEN TRAINING COURSE—IN THE NORMAL SCHOOL—IN THE UNIVERSITY OR COLLEGE—IN THE SPECIFIC KINDER- GARTEN TRAINING SCHOOL.*

BY ALICE TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES IN EACH CASE.

IN considering the advantages and disadvantages of the course of study in any one of the three types of training schools named in the program for this afternoon, one is really considering those of all three, for it is only in comparison with one another that these terms can be used. The good points of one are probably the relatively weak points of another and vice versa.

Perhaps to make a fair comparison, one should have had work in all three, but few of us have had so broad an experience. I, for one, know the course in the normal school and the university through observation and the experience of others only. I must speak chiefly, therefore, from the standpoint of the specific kindergarten training school.

I.

The advantages of the independent training school, which is located in a city where good special teachers are available, and which has adequate financial support, lie in its freedom.

1. It is absolutely free to make its course of study with direct reference to needs of its students, selecting the subjects, regulating their sequence and determining the time to be given to each. Now, in the Normal School or University, the head of the department of kindergarten training, while free to make her course of study (subject to the approval of the faculty) must select her courses from those offered, which (with the exception of those given by herself) are courses planned for all or many of the students in the school. They are rarely, if ever, planned with reference to the students in the Kindergarten Department only. In some subjects, such adaptation to the needs of the prospective kindergartner is quite unnecessary. In others, nature study, for example, I believe time is saved and energy conserved when the course is adapted to the requirements of the kindergarten student.

Again, because of the demands of other departments, the head of the Kindergarten Department in the Normal School or University can not always control the order in which the various courses are given, while the system of credits limits her control of the time given to each

*Paper read at Training Teachers' Conference, Milwaukee, 1906.

subject. It must be a minor, nothing less, or a major—nothing between the two.

2. The Independent Training School is free to secure the best available specialists in such subjects as Psychology, Nature Study, Literature, Sociology, Hygiene, Art, Music, Physical Culture, etc., and to have such special courses adapted whenever desirable to the requirements of the kindergartner. The Kindergarten Department in the Normal School or the University, on the contrary, must use its own teachers of these subjects, who may or may not be the best. And again, particularly in the large university, the best is not always at the service of the department.

3. The greatest advantage which the specific training school has over the others lies in its power to control its practice department. I believe that carefully supervised practice is of the utmost importance and counts for quite half in the training of the kindergartner. On the other hand, practice which is not intelligently directed and criticised is practically valueless. Now in most cases it is possible for the independent training school to organize a stronger practice department than can the Kindergarten Department of either Normal School or University. In the first place, it can very largely choose the kindergartens to which it can send its students by having settlement, private and public kindergartens among the number. It need send only to those kindergartens whose directors will work in full harmony with the school itself, and who will co-operate with the school in its efforts to solve the many practical problems which are constantly arising. It is often argued that it is an advantage to the student to practice with kindergarten directors, having quite different ideals and methods—that she thus is broadened in her ideas and ideals. It seems to me that such an experience has value for the graduate student, who has done some independent work, but not for the undergraduate. The latter needs during the two short years of her training, to have theory and practice reinforce one another constantly, and this is only possible when the practice department is in full sympathy with the training school, and working intelligently with it.

The independent training school can control its hours and periods of practice time, giving whatever proportion of the two years it deems best. It has been argued that since one year of practice teaching following a year of preparatory study and observation is enough to make a good grade teacher, it should therefore be enough to make a good kindergartner. But because the child under six years of age is such a fragmentary little individual in all his thinking and feeling, and because the instrumentalities of the kindergarten are so many and varied, I believe that the prospective kindergartner needs more time in practice teaching than the would-be grade teacher in which to develop necessary insight and acquire skill. We must remember that the kindergartner has no special teachers to help as the grade often has; she must

be able to do all herself. Time thus given to practice in the kindergarten is not necessarily at the expense of class work, for thoroughly good training in the kindergarten lessens very much the time which need be spent in the study of both technics and theory in the training class. Now I believe that in most Normal Schools (not all, however) practice is limited to public schools—and usually these are few in number, the two or three near the Normal School itself, perhaps. The directors of these kindergartens may or may not be in sympathy with the ideals and methods of the kindergarten training department. In the training school of the college or university the practice is more often than not confined to one or two practice schools. Again some regulation of the school, or the arrangement of class hours makes it impossible to give to the kindergarten students enough practice time. I think it is not uncommon in Normal Schools to allow no practice during the first year. I believe that this is a fatal mistake. It has been my experience that observation which precedes practice has relatively little value—and further, that the moment actual work with the children begins, every subject in the curriculum has a new and vital significance to the student. I am convinced, therefore, that some practice work should come early in the course.

II.

As the advantages of the specific kindergarten training school may be summed up in one word, *freedom*, so its disadvantages may be included in the term *isolation*.

1. It is quite isolated from other educational institutions, and therefore misses the stimulus and breadth of outlook which comes from co-operation with other departments of education, particularly departments where men make up a large part of the teaching force. This lack is made good in part by securing men teachers for special subjects from these other schools or colleges, but as a rule such special teachers do not become very fully identified with the training school. It seldom has the benefit of their criticism. It sometimes seems as if the kindergarten had so long been sufficient unto itself that there is great hesitation on the part of those outside its ranks who are really capable of doing so, to give it scientific criticism. The few who do venture, with one or two saving exceptions, couch their criticism in such mild and gentle terms that we fail to recognize it.

2. With this isolation from other departments of education there is a tendency in the independent training school to place undue emphasis upon certain subjects to the neglect of others more vital to the kindergarten. Thus we see schools which specialize in literature or art, or possibly even in practice teaching. In their very freedom lies this danger.

3. The student in the independent school is isolated from students preparing to teach in the grades or special departments. She meets only kindergarten students in her class and gets their point of view only. Again she has no adequate opportunity to see the kindergarten as an organic part of the school system. To be sure, there is usually a course in primary methods, but this does not take the place of actual observation and practice in the grades and daily contact with teachers in all departments. I believe that some actual practice in the first two or three grades, which is possible in the Normal School and University, is invaluable. It should be enough to give insight into the characteristics of the stage or period of growth following the play period, to give an idea of suitable subject matter in the elementary school and some notion of the way in which the handling of this subject matter may create a demand and so supply a motive for reading, writing and number. This experience will illuminate whatever study is made of the elementary school curriculum and methods and will help the student to understand the vital relation between the kindergarten and the primary school as no theoretical treatment can possibly do.

4. Other disadvantages resulting from its isolation are the loss of time and strength spent in traveling from the practice kindergartens to the training school; and the lack of thoroughly good equipment, as shops, library, museum, etc. This is usually too expensive to be warranted when so few people use it.

In discussing the course of study in the specific training school, I have assumed that it was located in a city where good specialists would be available. Unless this is the case it is only the kindergarten training teacher of unusual intellectual power and force of will who can keep her school up to the standard of others—and it means that such a training teacher is very much overworked. We all know there are schools working under these very disadvantages which rank among the very highest, but they are few, and it is in spite of the difficult conditions. Another assumption has been that the school had adequate financial support. This means an income over and above its tuition. Few schools can make the teaching force what it should be without this; and a school too largely dependent upon its tuition is in serious danger of lowering its standard, unconsciously, perhaps, but nevertheless surely.

In indicating the disadvantages of the independent kindergarten training school, I have suggested what appealed to me as the strong features of the Kindergarten Department in the Normal School and the University. These are the opportunity which the students have to see the kindergarten working as an organic part of the school, to observe and practice in the grades, to meet and study with those preparing to teach in other departments than the kindergarten, to have had work in well-equipped shops, to practice in a well-equipped gymnasium—and to have the use of a good library. The standard of the department

must be kept up with that of the others in the school and the teachers have the advantage of working and studying with those of other departments on common problems. This benefits the students indirectly. What seems to me the chief advantage of the independent training school is, I believe, in many cases the weakness of the kindergarten department in the Normal School or University. The demands made by the school at large upon the kindergarten department, and the control of certain phases of the work by the school, rather than by the head of the department, often make it difficult to organize a strong practice department. This seems to me, however, to be a problem of adjustment more easy to solve than the isolation problem of the independent training school. I believe the only real solution of the latter will come in the future, when Normal Schools and Educational Colleges in connection with Universities will be able to supply the demand for teachers in the kindergarten.

A DISCUSSION OF THE TRAINING OF KINDERGARTNERS UNDER DIFFERING CONDITIONS.*

LUCY E. BROWNING, CHICAGO.

IN the early days of the kindergarten there were many discussions of how to support it and how to make it a part of the public school system or how to keep it there when once it became a part. Because of this uncertainty the pay of the kindergartner was small and young girls of very insufficient preparation were admitted to the training schools for kindergartners. The training, too, offered in these schools was sometimes very inadequate. In spite of all these difficulties and because of the vital principles of education upon which it bases its methods and practices the kindergarten has become a very essential part of the educational system.

The present day shows life expanding and taking on increasing breadth and richness in every realm. The training of teachers in all lines is receiving more attention than ever before and the standards of institutions for such work are higher than ever before. In view of this fact there is a constant and increasing demand for teachers who add scholarship and culture to other requirements. There have always been in kindergarten training classes students of broad culture and refinement. The many sided interests presented would lead us to expect this. The professional standing of the kindergartner is now assured and more than ever are these characteristics demanded.

We are then practically unhampered by the early difficulties of kindergarten training work, and have now to consider how and

*Paper read at Training Teachers' Conference, Milwaukee, 1906.

where may be obtained the best preparation. What kind of a school will give scholarship and at the same time the special requirements needed by the kindergartner—the efficiency for her work which must come through practical experience? Before considering these problems at greater length it may be well to set forth more clearly certain aims of the kindergarten training course. First, then, the aim is to give such preparation as will make efficient kindergartners and, second, to make applications of the facts and principles of the kindergarten to education in general, that is, to “interpret the conditions in education by means of certain psychological considerations.” “It is a development of experience and into experience that is really wanted.”

A correct point of view as a result of this first work means much. The graduate should feel that this is the beginning, that there is still much to learn. With this attitude she will digest what she has acquired, and there will be less danger of mechanical teaching.

In the accomplishment of our aim we have, as previously stated, to consider how and where satisfactory training is to be obtained. Since the kindergarten has become a part of the public school system we may expect that it will be subjected to the same requirements as the other departments and have like demands made upon it. This may be said as truly of the teachers in these kindergartens. While the kindergarten and the kindergarten training school are a part of the public school system, there are still many problems of adjustment which must be met. The fundamental principles of education are the same everywhere and it would seem that the normal school is one of the best places to exploit this fact. The kindergartner alive to the value of her work and to the need of its better adjustment in the whole educational system will find the normal school an excellent field for the development of all her powers and the exercise of all her energies. This means not only in overcoming obstacles, but in the exercise of an active influence in the whole organization of which she is a member.

Does the kindergarten training course in the normal school or university offer any advantages to the student over the specific kindergarten training school? In investigating the subject we may think of the kindergarten department in the university or college as differing little from that department in the normal school. It obviously offers added advantages in the fact that the work may lead to a degree. Also there are social and intellectual opportunities which are of great cultural value. A young woman taking a two years' kindergarten course in a university lives with and meets other students who are pursuing various other branches. She finds them quite as much interested in their lines as she is in her line of work. All this and the purely social contact with many people helps the young kindergartner to get herself and her views in the right relation to others. She may then have this inspiring ideal of Froebel's before her, “Man, humanity in man, as an external manifestation should, therefore, be looked upon not as per-

fectly developed, not as fixed and stationary, but as steadily and progressively growing in a state of ever-living development, ever-ascending from one stage of culture to another toward its aim, which partakes of the infinite and eternal."

Probably most of us will agree that the greatest advantage of the kindergarten training in the normal school is that it is considered there in its relation to the whole great system of education. Undoubtedly there is an illumination of kindergarten theory and practice when everything being done may be seen and compared with training work for other grades and with the grade work itself. Thus the kindergarten may understand her specialty better and be able to reason intelligently on its methods of procedure. The specific kindergarten training school offers very little opportunity in this direction and therefore suffers by its isolation.

Since there are about 137 of these training schools to 54 public ones, we must conclude that the larger number of the, on the whole, efficient body of kindergartners, are prepared in these schools. We know that they do excellent work. The limited number of the teaching staff is a disadvantage as it is seldom that the training teacher has specialized in all of the required subjects that must be taught. The normal school has its specialist in each branch and the students of the kindergarten department take their work with the other students of the normal school. This seems to be a wise measure. The kindergarten teachers need the same outlook on educational subjects and problems as do other teachers. The kindergarten training teacher can herself make such applications and modifications in these subjects as she deems necessary for her class. Psychology will at once occur to all of us as being a subject which needs special treatment for kindergartners. Does not the Education of Man and the Mother Play give ample opportunity for such special treatment? It is quite possible that many people will always advocate specialized courses in some branches. This may be and often is done where the kindergarten classes are large.

What we need along all lines of work is more scientific training for kindergartners. Our normal schools would seem best fitted to give this as they can offer such inducements as will impel well equipped men and women to become members of the teaching staff. The specific kindergarten training school has an advantage in the amount of practice work it offers to its students. There are usually a number of kindergartens in connection with the school, while often the normal school has only the one kindergarten. It is true that the kindergarten graduate should have had enough practice work in her course to make her work efficient. We must consider also in our discussion of the subject that the normal school graduate has had experience in the primary grade and from observation knows something of the teaching in the other grades. There may be a question as to whether this would be of as much value as the longer period in the kindergarten. It would appear

as if the ability to work satisfactorily with the older children might give the young kindergartner added power in dealing with the younger children. Another point is that there is an increasing demand from the kindergarten and primary grades for teachers who have had training in both.

In the adjustment of the curriculum the kindergarten training teacher is confronted with various problems. What relation shall the specialties of the kindergarten bear to the other courses? Or is there an advantage in substituting certain work in the normal school for certain purely kindergarten work? Certainly there would be no question where such a course in stories as that in the School of Education can be obtained. The courses there in history for the elementary school and psychology of number are of the greatest value to the kindergartner. It seems to me, too, that a course in one of the arts might be accepted for a part of the construction work of the kindergarten. The principles involved are the same and there would be the added value of seeing the development of an art. In examining the nature study work of students there is usually a lack of any foundation for such study. A laboratory course in botany or zoology or both would give a meaning to the practical working material which can not otherwise be in it.

The completeness of equipment in a normal school makes it possible to pursue such lines of study as have been designated with much less difficulty than would be possible in an ordinary private school. A question will naturally arise as to whether the kindergarten training teacher in the normal school will be allowed to carry out her ideas in regard to the training of her students. Will she have the co-operation of the other members of the faculty in her efforts for what she considers of highest worth in their training? In most cases she is not only allowed to plan and carry on the kindergarten course as seems best to her, but she receives the heartiest sympathy and co-operation of her associates.

Frequently the kindergarten training teacher gives a course in Froebel's Principles and Practices to the other students of the school. This is then a unifying element and very much to be commended. It may be said that in the normal school there are numerous demands upon the time of the kindergarten students in the way of attendance on meetings of various kinds. These can scarcely be omitted when they are a part of the organization of the school. Otherwise the kindergartners would feel themselves separated and not an integral factor of the whole.

These are only a few suggestions formulated from observation and experience in normal schools. A free discussion of any point is most heartily invited.

A LAST YEAR'S PROGRAM.

LUELLA A. PALMER.

THE warm days had returned and soon the children's place for learning was to be out-of-doors. The conversations were naturally based upon the weekly family excursion to the seashore or the park or upon the plans for the coming vacation. The problem that suggested itself was, how to make the program of the year serve most efficiently as a basis for the months to be spent out of school. Two picture books were planned for and each page was to suggest certain songs and stories that the children might repeat at home. The first book contained six (Perry) reproductions of famous paintings, each of which suggested some spiritual truth that the teacher had been striving to reveal during the year. In the circle the children talked about the picture, pasted it in their books and sang the songs that seemed appropriate. The teacher some time during the day told the two stories that implied the thought that she wished to impress. The second book contained the children's own work. The song or story was given, then a picture made as an illustration. Towards the end of the month, there was discussion of the possible materials and possible plays found outside of the school.

JUNE.

Teacher's Thought—Broadening of children's lives by:

1. Observation of pictures that have spiritual meanings suggested during the year.
2. Expression of own thought in as permanent and artistic form as possible.
3. Development of feeling of the inner principle, the meaning, as the reality of things.

FIRST WEEK.

TOPIC—Seashore.

Picture—Out for a sail. On the Beach—Delobbe.

Song—Boating Song (Songs of the Child World).

Story—Dora and the Lighthouse (Boston Collection).

Game—Skipping Dance. Statue of Liberty and boats.

Rhythm—Swimming (Blue Waltz).

Monday.

Circle—Tadpole and frog. Their home. Plays in brook.

Gift—Shells and stones.

Occupation—Drawing daisies.

Occupation—Clay, free.

One tadpole had at last turned into a frog and had become acquainted with our four-year-old frog, which was a permanent member of the kindergarten.

Tuesday.

Circle—Play at the seashore.

Gift—Sand, with empty walnut shells for boats.

Occupation—Constructing pail and shovel from heavy paper and stick.

Occupation—Singing.

Wednesday.

Circle—Boats and how propelled.

Gift—1 and 2. Fifth, suggestion, boat.

3. Two of third (half cubes borrowed from older children for bow of boat).

Occupation—Drawing boat.

Occupation—Construction, button-mold with paper for sail boat.

Thursday.

Circle—Statue of Liberty, its purpose and care.

Gift.—1. Sixth, suggestion, Statue of Liberty.

2. Fifth, suggestion.

3. Third and fourth, suggestion.

Occupation—Folding boat (to use with gift).

Occupation—Painting, water and grass.

Friday.

Circle—Seashore, its hotels and pavilions.

Gift—Choice of building gifts for piers, hotels, etc.

Occupation—Drawing, children playing at seashore.

Occupation—Soap bubbles.

On Tuesday of this week a sand picture had been commenced which was finished during the gift period of Friday. It represented the seashore with its buildings, the ocean, boats and Statue of Liberty.

SECOND WEEK.

TOPIC—Country.

Game—Trolley. Finger play. Boys walk.

Rhythm—Swinging (Music for Child World, Vol. II).

Monday.

Circle—How to get to the country. Steam cars and trolley.

Gift—1. Sixth, suggestion, trip to country. 2. Fifth, suggestion.
3. Third, and fourth.

Occupation—Drawing, cars.

Occupation—Construction, trolley car.

Tuesday.

Circle—Sights and plays in country.

Gift—Clay, shell impressions.

Occupation—Cutting and stringing daisy chains.

Wednesday.

Day spent in park.

Thursday.

Circle—Picture, Song of Lark, Breton. Story, Minstrel's Song and Creation. Songs of sun, flowers and spring.

Gift—Sticks and twigs.

Occupation—Drawing. Park.

Friday.

Circle—Picture, Swallows, Lanx. Story, God is good. Songs of birds and "God is good."

Gift—Choice of building gifts.

Occupation—Drawing, trees and birds.

THIRD WEEK.

TOPIC—Review.

Monday.

Circle—Picture, First Steps, Millet. Story, Go Sleep and Wake Up. Songs, Lullaby.

Gift—Sand.

Occupation—Folding, rocking chair.

Tuesday.

Circle—Picture, Sheep Fold, Jacques. Story, Good Shepherd and Lost Lamb. Songs, Little Lamb, and Hymns.

Walk to Park.

Wednesday.

Circle—Picture, Village Blacksmith, Herring. Story, Village Blacksmith, Longfellow, and Lion and Mouse.

Gift—Choice of building gifts.

Occupation—Cutting to illustrate blacksmith.

Thursday.

Circle—Picture, Landscape with Mill, Ruysdael. Story, Wind,

by Stevenson, and Fable of Sun and Wind. Songs of wind and water.

Gift—Shells.

Occupation—Soap bubbles.

Friday.

Circle—Songs of moon and flowers. Choice of story.

Occupation—Cutting violets and leaves, mounting on light green paper.

Occupation—Pasting moon (circle) and stars on blue paper.

The colored picture books were begun with such enthusiasm that all the table periods were spent working upon them.

FOURTH WEEK.

TOPIC—Review.

Monday.

Circle—Songs of caterpillar and flowers. Choice of story.

Occupation—Coloring and cutting outlined butterfly and caterpillar, mounting latter on green paper.

Occupation—Cutting daisies, arrangement in design on green paper.

Tuesday.

Circle—Songs of Birds. Story, Little Bird Who Tried.

Gift—Seeds.

Occupation—Cutting and coloring outlined bird.

Occupation—Folding and cutting pigeon house.

Wednesday.

Circle—Songs of animals. Choice of animal stories.

Gift—Rings, half rings and sticks.

Occupation—Cutting and coloring outlined rabbit.

Occupation—Cutting clover blossoms, leaves and grass.

Thursday.

Circle—Songs of fishes, sun and lightbird. Story of Sunbeam Fairies.

Occupation—Drawing (what will draw if have pencil at home).

Occupation—Cutting outlined fishes, pasting on blue mount.

Occupation—Pasting strips of six primary colors, on gray mount.

Friday.

Circle—What will try to see on trips to Coney Island.

Gift—Choice of all gifts.

Occupation—Folding boat, mounting on blue paper.

Occupation—Pasting and framing picture of lighthouse (found in old geographies).

PROGRAM FOR JUNE.

CAROLINE W. BARBOUR, SUPERIOR, WIS.

GENERAL SUBJECT: Preparation for summer and summer good times.

MOTIVE—To emphasize by a spirit of jollity and happiness the last month of our social life together, anticipating and living out some of the good times summer brings to us.

I. Phase: Preparation for summer. Certain adaptations to its conditions, such as getting our thin clothes ready, buying or making parasols, sunbonnets, picnic hats; making the house comfortable by means of screens, awnings and porches. Need for the iceman and the street sprinkler; purpose of shade trees on lawns and streets.

II. Phase: Summer good times in swings and hammocks; in trips to the park, picnics, and rides on the "merry-go-round"; in traveling by boat or train to the country, to "grandma's"; or camping out as many do in this lake country.

III. Nature Phases: Bird family life; fishes and frogs; continued care in our gardens. All the "wonderful world" happenings will be touched upon, as suggested in

"A little boy went walking,
One lovely summer's day.

Games: General games of the year. Boating and playing picnic. Dramatize "Going to the Depot," carrying valises, waving good-byes, etc. "Here we go round the merry-go-round" (Mulberry Bush).

Rhythmic Music and movements for swinging; for rowing boats; contrast with swift-moving, noisy trains. "Character Dance" in "Children's Singing Games," Hofer.

Songs: "The Buttercups"; "The Swing," in Gaynor, No. 2; "The Fairy's Boat," in "Songs and Scissors"; Boating Song, Gaynor No. 1; "A Little Boy's Walk," in "Finger Plays," Poulsson.

Stories: "The Frog's Picnic," adapted from *St. Nicholas*. Choice of year's favorites.

Rhymes: Lollipops' Picnic Rhyme. O. M. Long.

"Hickory, dickory, dock!
A frog sat on a rock, etc.—*Exchange*.

For a warm day's resting time:

"Rockabye, lullabye, bees in the clover,
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low,
Rockabye, lullabye, dear little rover,
Down in the wonderland, go, oh, go!
Down in the wonderland, go, oh, go!"

—J. G. Holland.

From "New Kindergarten Songs."

Suggestions for Table-Work: Constructions: Sewing summer dresses for dolls in the doll-house and for clothes pin dollies. Making "really" parasols by (1) folding big circles of tissue paper into eighths and clipping, fringing or otherwise edging the circles; (2) use a stick like a flag stick for handle, and fasten the long hardwood slats at one end with brass-headed tacks; (3) spread out into ribs of parasols and paste the circle of tissue upon this circular frame. Further decorations can be added where children are mature enough to go into the detail of parasol adornment. Real picnic hats and sunbonnets, as well as a doll's size, can be made of tea-matting. Various picnic baskets can be made of tea-matting, boxes, cardboard, which can be used for informal picnics in the play room, or out in a corner of the school yard. Make a doll's swing with the rim of a box set in its cover for the frame-work; a swing of cord with cardboard seat and a paper doll finishes it. A regular park seat-swing can be made on this principle, and filled with little dolls. Older school children wove a hammock for the doll-house playroom. The child's own way of making sail-boats of bits of wood and paper makes a practical little toy for the sink or tub "pond." Small trunks and valises of cardboard, strawboard and leatherette paper complete the journeying plays. Of course, ice wagons, refrigerators and sprinkling carts (of ribbon-bolt arrangement) delight the children's hearts.

Picture-Work: Action drawing on blackboards, and with table crayons, of children swinging, of going to picnics, of people riding in street cars, trains and boats. Painting nature stories, lakes and boats, children playing under the trees. Poster of the lake with boats on it, sun or moon shining in the sky. Folding and cutting boats.

Block-Building: Fifth, gifts for trains and steamboats; fourth, sixth, gifts and large blocks for depots, trains, etc. Second, gifts for ice-wagons and sprinkling carts.

Sand Table: Have pans of water sunk in it for ponds, and use it as a sort of indoor "picnic grounds."

Clay for action work with birds, nests, eggs, frogs and for free expression of different things the children especially liked to make through the year past.

"WHERE TO SPEND A WEEK OF MY AUGUST HOLIDAYS."

Educationalists are invited by Fraulein Heerwart to visit the Fröbel Museum. She will be "at home" from August 1st to the 15th, 1906.

This is an opportunity that should not be missed by those desirous for information about this great pedagogue, as the museum contains an interesting collection of original manuscripts of his works, photographs and many other interesting mementos, and Fraulein Heerwart will act as guide and give additional explanations. A class for teachers on the educational principles of his system will also be found. Visitors are requested to write beforehand in English for further particulars to Fraulein Heerwart, 35A Theater Strasse, Eisenach, Germany.

Change of work is often more really useful to the teacher than mere aimless travel or stagnation in some lovely spot. In my early educational years I invariably spent a part or the whole of one of my annual holidays in direct or indirect self improvement, and as I recall to memory the various types of ways in which I spent my time, I see that each had a distinct and peculiar influence on my character, and consequently on my educational work. I did not know beforehand what the exact influence would be. I only knew that I sought guidance, and spending my own money had a practical effect on a practical mind.

I saw that in my own interests I must go in the attitude of a learner seeking knowledge, not a critic searching for "copy" for an article on my return home.

This attitude of mind is a very essential one. It serves two purposes, it acts as a stimulant to those under whom for a time we place ourselves, it makes them anxious to give us of their best, to tell us all they know, to help us in every possible way, and also it is a frame of mind far more conducive of rest than the critical one, to the teacher who for the time being becomes the student.

But all this has to do with ethics of student life. What I want to tell you about is the charm of Eisenach and all that Fröbel country, and I beg you write to Fraulein Heerwart for all particulars of her "at home" from August 1st to the 15th of this year, 1906.

Now some of my younger readers in all lands will exclaim, "Who is Fraulein Heerwart?" so I had better give a biography of her in a nutshell.

Fraulein Heerwart is the president of the Kindergarten Society in Germany and an old pupil of Fröbel's wife. The curator and collector of everything Fröbelian, she has made him and his work a life-long study and given up a room in her house (to save expense) for the museum, which is the most complete "one man" collection ever on view.

Here is to be found evidence of almost every thought, word and deed of Frederick Fröbel.

Here she personally explains to visitors (gratis) the origin and history of the gifts, occupations, songs and games. Here are to be found not a few but dozens of souvenirs, not only of Fröbel himself, but of the little fraternity of educational enthusiasts who worked with him. Fraulein Heerwart carries her four score years well, and welcomed the suggestion I made, in spite of the fatigue that it would involve, that she should do something this summer for educationalists all over the world. I am sending, therefore, this letter to educational papers in various countries to call attention to her invitation to her "at home" next August.

But it is not only "The Museum" that has intrinsic value and interest, it is Miss Heerwart's personality which adds wonderfully to its charm, and I have reason to believe that if names are entered sufficiently early to enable her to make suitable arrangements for those who wish to accept her kind

invitation she will arrange a most delightful program, for she is a born organizer of fetes and Eisenach and the Fröbel country from the Wartburg to the Schwartzburg, eighty miles away is an ideal country for festivities. Drives and excursions in parties can be taken for quite a modest sum and when the week or ten days are over the students with still a few weeks to spare can spend them in forest and upland village restfully and economically. Miss Heerwart took me a drive and we visited points and places of interest quite unknown to the ordinary traveler. We went to a private house where Fröbel was married to his second wife; sat on the very seat where he read the letter from the government forbidding him to open any more kindergartens on the ground of their revolutionary tendencies. We visited Fröbel's grave, and all the history of that time was related to us on the spot—but you must go and see it all for yourselves and if you do not learn a great deal I shall feel that the little rhyme about Fröbel's weather cock song applies to you, and that in your childhood something important in your education was forgotten—"Do nothing aimlessly or you'll create a child whose mind you can not educate."

Let me add that in our little company on this memorable drive we had Mrs. Page of Chicago, and I am sure that if you will write to her she will endorse my views that all who can should avail themselves of Fraulein Heerwart's invitation for next August.

For many years she has been collecting from all parts of the world money to build or buy a small house in which to place the museum, so that it may be suitably handed down to posterity. I do not know whether she will make any charge if she gets up this little fete to which I refer. She may do so or she may leave it to individual enthusiasts to send her or give her from their generosity, but whatever she does, I am certain that any money will be for the good of the cause, and not for personal affairs. I mention the fact that she is collecting because I believe that many would contribute even if they can not personally be present in August.

I will make myself personally responsible for every English subscription and give a receipt for sums from 2s 6 to £10. I hope that many teachers from all countries will avail themselves of this unique opportunity of linking themselves on to a life that actually knew Fröbel and is the best living authority on all that concern his life and teachings. I remain yours faithfully,

EMILY M. J. WARD.

Formerly Emily Lord, Translator of Mother's Songs, Games and Stories; President of the Fröbel Society, 1892-3; Foundress and First Principal of the Norland Place School; Foundress of the Norland Institute; Foundress of the Norland Nurseries, etc., etc.

CHANGES IN TRAINING SCHOOL FACULTIES.

Radical changes have taken place recently in the teaching force and management of several training schools of which we will make brief mention:

The name of Patty Smith Hill has been associated with the Louisville Free Kindergarten Association since its organization and now after nineteen years of service she is to sever her connection with this work to go to Teachers' College, Columbia University. Miss Hill graduated from the Louisville Collegiate Institute in June, 1887, and in the following autumn joined the first training class of the Louisville Free Kindergarten Association, which was in charge of Miss Anna E. Bryan (deceased). Immediately after her graduation she was elected director of the German Free Kindergarten. The next year she was put in charge of the model kindergarten in order that Miss Bryan might devote all her time to supervising and the training of teachers.

Upon Miss Bryan's resignation in 1893 Miss Hill was elected to the position of supervisor and training teacher and has served the Louisville work in this capacity ever since.

In January, 1905, she gave a series of public lectures at Teachers' College and the following October conducted a three months' course for graduate kindergartners at the same place.

In September, 1906, Miss Hill will become one of the regular instructors at Teachers' College, taking charge of a supervisor's class limited to those with full kindergarten experience who are preparing to become training teachers and supervisors.

In connection with this class she will have an experienced kindergarten in charge of Miss Luella Palmer, of New York, and Miss Nellie Rubel, of Louisville.

Upon Miss Hill's resignation the Louisville Free Kindergarten Association elected the following strong faculty:

Miss Mary D. Hill, supervisor.

Mrs. Robert D. Allen, senior critic and training teacher.

Miss Jane Akin, Primary Sunday School Methods.

Miss Allene Seaton, Manual Work.

Miss Alexina G. Booth, History and Philosophy of Education.

Miss Frances Ingram, Nature Work.

Miss Anna Moore, Primary Methods.

Miss Margaret Byers, Art Work.

This corps of workers is composed of specialists in their particular branches and the same high standard of work will be maintained as in years past. The new classes will be formed the second Monday in September, 1906.

At the nineteenth annual meeting in May, Miss Hill reported the following interesting statistics showing the growth and scope of the Louisville work:

Number of graduates of Louisville school, 300.

Number of States represented by the teachers, 20.

Teachers are placed in the following States: Kentucky, Ohio, Alabama, Georgia, New York, Indiana, Tennessee, Texas, Wisconsin, Virginia, Louisiana, Illinois, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Michigan, Florida, Arkansas, South Carolina, New Jersey, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Colorado, West Virginia, Iowa, Oklahoma, California, Mississippi, Porto Rico, Japan, China, Mexico and Brazil.

Number of graduates from the colored normal, 14.

These teachers are placed in Kentucky, South Dakota and Indiana.

The editor would add that many kindergartners who have not had the pleasure of meeting Miss Hill personally or of hearing her clear-cut, breezy, stimulating lectures, are well acquainted with her through her book of kindergarten songs, which combine simplicity of thought and language, with simple but most choice music.

Another similar change is that occasioned by the resignation of Miss Amalie Hofer, so long associated with the Chicago Kindergarten Institute. Miss Hofer leaves the Institute to become principal of the Pestalozzi-Froebel School, to co-operate with her sister, Mrs. Hegner, who has been so long its superintendent and principal.

Miss Hofer, so long editor (until January, 1903) of the KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE, was a graduate from the high school of McGregor, Iowa, the family home for many years.

She had an unusual experience for a woman, being actively employed on her father's weekly newspaper, a sheet, active in politics, and she eventually became foreman of the printshop, mastering the practicalities of the shop in every detail and later becoming editorial assistant.

Miss Hofer became interested in kindergartens through the art and literature lectures of Dr. Harris, Professor Thomas Davidson and the personal influence of Mrs. Lucretia William Treat. She was a special reporter in Chicago during one year of her study.

She felt always much indebted to her father, who was one of the liberty seekers of '48 and one always in the front rank of ethical and literary enterprises. Through the influence of the home library, rich in German classics, a deep and lasting interest in German literature and philosophy was established. It was therefore natural that after taking up the kindergarten work one of the first services rendered the cause by her should be translating chapters from Froebel's Education of Man and the Mother Play Book, translations still used in some of the training schools of the country.

Since 1888 the KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE has published and brought to the high-minded men and women of various localities throughout this country and Europe over 2,000 articles on the subject of kindergartning and elementary education written by educators from university presidents up to young kindergartners. On the kindergarten alone there have appeared fifty articles which record the aspirations, conviction and services of those who have made the movement during the past forty years. The magazine received the *grand prix* for journalism at the Paris Exposition, 1900.

Miss Hofer says:

"I once attempted to make an educational map such as the missionaries have, showing all other sections of the world as black, with stars of light to indicate where the kindergarten sympathizers dwelt, and it was quite astronomical in its effect. There was a sweep of milky way reaching from New England southward to St. Louis and westward to Chicago, on to the Pacific Coast and now they tell us that the milky way is made up of small stars such as have not been classified by the telescope and this must be so because it is just so in our kindergarten movement."

Miss Hofer is most inspirational in her class work with students and mother's clubs, etc., and it is a great privilege to have studied with her. She will carry the same stimulating quality into the new fields at Chicago Commons.

Meanwhile the Chicago Kindergarten Institute will still be found in its headquarters at Gertrude House, where Miss Cronise, the well-beloved house-mother is back once more after her months abroad. Miss Cronise brings a quality, a capacity which can not be bought in the open market, for wisely mothering many girls of different temperaments and needs. Such mother spirits are born not made. Miss Cronise has added an extra study this year at the Institute, taking up the subject of ethics and treating it in a way most practical in this era of sociological problems.

Mrs. Page will have charge of the departments of methods, psychology of games and plays, etc. Mrs. Harriet Seymour Brown will conduct the most interesting classes in music. Professor Angell will have the classes psychology and child-study, and Prof. Earl Barnes will teach history of education and educational psychology. Philosophy will be in charge of Prof. George H. Mead, of University of Chicago. Miss Flora Cooke has primary methods, and Miss Frances A. Judson will have classes in nature work, wood-work and research work. Home-making is also in the list of study.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Chicago is to have a new charter and the intelligent and public-spirited women of the city and State feel that now is their opportunity to secure through the charter convention the privilege, right and responsibility of voting for municipal officers and measures on the same terms as men. We are glad to give a little space to this subject in response to a request to that effect. Times and conditions have greatly changed since the day in the late fifties when Susan B. Anthony was refused a voice at a meeting of educators because she was a woman forsooth, and to speak in public was unwomanly and unprecedented.

Women in American can now speak in public upon most occasions without let or hindrance. Is it any less womanly to speak with the ballot than with the voice and gesture upon the platform?

As teacher, as philanthropist, as settlement worker, as business woman, woman has been brought face to face with the terrible problem of trade and of education, of poverty, of ignorance, of crime, in the big cities. The woman of intelligence and experience wants to be able to express herself directly upon the question of good schools, of efficient police service, of saloon licenses, of parks and playgrounds and vacation schools, without the long and devious ways of petitions and of lobbyings. She wants the direct ballot to give her opportunity to say at the polls what she wants in the way of civic improvements of all kinds.

The thoughtful men who are struggling with the same questions ask for her help and influence at the ballot box.

The women who have been working actively along these lines have recently published a tiny pamphlet which is illuminating. They wrote to the sixty-nine mayors of Illinois cities for an expression of opinion upon this subject. The replies were printed. Sixty-two of these mayors, who are presumably men of affairs, desire the ballot and give concise but most reasonable arguments therefor. Two are indifferent and five opposed. Brief replies are given to the objections of the latter. One mayor writes: "I am not interested in ladies voting. I think most of them find plenty to do at their homes without mixing in politics. On some questions, of course, it would be all right." To this we read the reply: "Many of the typhoid cases which give women 'plenty to do at home' would be avoided if women had been mixing in politics enough to purify the water supply. Women's arduous home cares would be lightened by a judicious mixing in politics."

We hope all who read this will after thoughtful consideration feel drawn to sign the petition which if granted will enable them to accomplish with much less effort those innumerable calls upon time, sympathy and strength and purse which meet them on every hand. It is because we think the vote will eventually lighten and simplify woman's work in home, church and State and business that we urge each woman, especially teachers, to study this matter and then act upon it.

Women vote with excellent results in the cities of England, Sweden, Norway and Finland and in those of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Kansas.

This is our last opportunity to speak thus, as with September the KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE passes into other hands and our then chief may not think as we do. Send to Miss Ellen E. Foster, 1101 Davis street, Evanston, Ill., for copies of pamphlet; three for 10 cents.

We are in receipt of several circulars from the Simplified Spelling Board, whose headquarters are in New York City. With funds supplied by Andrew Carnegie this board, composed of twenty-eight members, is pushing rapidly its propaganda of information and reformation. The men making up this board represent college presidents, lawyers, business men, literary men, editors, publishers and last, but not least, and certainly those whose opinions should have great weight, the philologists and etymologists. Among the circulars are lectures on the subject by Calvin Thomas, professor of Germanic languages and literatures, and Brander Matthews, professor of dramatic literature, Columbia University, each of which is delightful and instructive reading. The present and reasonable efforts of the board are directed toward the gradual familiarization of the people with the newer and simpler forms of written words by securing from as many as possible the pledge to use in writing as many as expedient of some three hundred words. Since our spelling is so largely a matter of usage rather than logic, this seems an eminently sensible way of reaching the general public.

A few years ago THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE used the thirteen abridged forms recommended by the N. E. A., but upon a change of printers, dropped temporarily back into the prevalent style. We are pleased once more, however, to throw our influence in with the advanced guard of those who stand for progress and common sense in this matter, as in others that make for the advance of humanity. It seems strange that with the speed upon which we pride ourselves in our manufacturing establishments, in our traveling, etc., we should be so slow to adopt a system of recording thought which will shorten without loss the school hours of our children and make it so much easier for our language to become the universal language. It is our illogical spelling that makes it so hard for the foreigner, whom we are trying to assimilate, to understand the people of his adopted country. It is our illogical spelling that adds to the difficulties of our teachers and business men in the Philippines, in South America, in other countries.

Send to the Simplified Spelling Board, 1 Madison avenue, New York City, for circulars and then pledge yourself to use in your correspondence the words named on their list.

In accordance with motion carried at Milwaukee convention, we print this month the important papers read at the training teachers' conference—all that we could secure.

Miss Amalie Hofer had been many years editor of the KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE when (in 1903) we, Minerva Jourdan and Bertha Johnston, took it over. Another change in ownership and editing is about to take place and the outgoing owners wish here to express their thanks to those who by subscriptions, by advertisements, by voluntary contributions have made it possible to maintain the magazine. Without their co-operation and encouragement the work could not have been carried on. To all we extend our sincere thanks and rejoice that under new and efficient consecrated management the journal will do far better work than ever before, maintaining all its old ideals while incorporating features which will add very greatly to its value both general and specific.

IMPORTANT TO ALL READERS OF THE KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE.

BEGINNING with the September number the KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE will be published in New York City under the managing editorship of Dr. E. Lyell Earle. The same spirit that has maintained the magazine for twenty years as a leader in Kindergarten thought and practice will control the publication. It will, however, be brought into closer relation with general educational principles and practice, and a department under the special charge of Dr. Earle will be devoted to giving a digest of the latest educational thought of the day. This department will be known as the Pedagogical Digest, and Dr. Earle will be assisted by a large corps of efficient teachers representing the leading universities of the country, on the very latest work done throughout the world in Psychology, Educational Philosophy, General and Special Methods, and all vital problems of education. The aim of this department will be to study life in its manifold aspects and to show the unity of the great educational process from the kindergarten through college. Its scope will be largely similar to that of the *Literary Digest*, and will aim at putting its readers in possession of the latest word that is being said and the latest thing that is being done in all languages and in all countries the world over. Dr. Earle's large experience as managing editor of the Press Syndicate, together with his pedagogical training and experience at Columbia University, and as Professor of Education and State and City Institute Lecturer especially fit him for this department.

The specific Kindergarten Department of the magazine will be under the editorship of Miss Bertha Johnston, who has worked so faithfully and efficiently in sustaining the high standards set by Miss Hofer and her predecessors.

The magazine makes this special announcement in order that its friends may know that its future is secured as a part of the great unifying process of education. A special offer is furthermore made to present subscribers in the matter of renewing their subscriptions. Beginning with the September number the price of the magazine will be \$1.00 instead of \$2.00, and to all those who subscribe for two years the magazine will be sent for three years from date of subscription, thus giving for \$2.00 what formerly cost \$6.00. This change in price does not mean a lessening in quality, as articles have been promised by the leading writers on Educational Theory and Practice, not only in the Kindergarten, but also in the Primary and Grammar grades. We trust that old friends will send in their new subscriptions and do their best to encourage new friends to send in theirs.

NOTE—The above offer holds good with reference only to all new subscriptions beginning with September, 1906, and all subscriptions paid to date.

BOOKS TO BE READ.

RIGHT AND WRONG THINKING AND THEIR RESULTS, by Aaron Martin Crane. Men and women in every walk of life will be helped by this work. It goes to the heart of life and indicates in language simple, forceful, how one may secure control of self and circumstances by the control of one's thinking; by the elimination of discordant thoughts and the cultivation of those that are sane, balanced and harmonious. Health and spiritual development will surely follow the practice of its precepts, which are based upon up-to-date psychology. In the chapter on Moral Discrimination the writer clearly shows that the elimination of all emotions or thoughts of hate, envy, revenge, bitterness, does not mean that one thereby loses his own sense of right and wrong. "The search for good in everything should not be degraded into an attempt to see everything as good or to think that bad is good. If the bad presents itself it should be recognized, understood and known in its true character so as to be avoided, but this may be done without discordant thinking of any kind whatever, and with the conscious certainty that the good is close at hand." These sentences illustrate the writer's clear vision and balance. The chapter on the "Teaching of Jesus" showing conclusively that the precepts of the Nazarine were based upon scientific principles. The suggestions given by Mr. Crane are most practical, and teachers will find it of help in their daily perplexities of maintaining their own self-control and that of the children entrusted to their charge. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston; \$1.40 net; \$1.50 postpaid.

THE TRAINING OF THE HUMAN PLANT, by Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, is a most important pedagogical paper, found in the *May Century*. He argues that with the human as with the vegetable plant, through purposeful selection, training, environment, can man produce such changes as he will in the human race. He urges the *immediate* necessity of training all the children to lives of responsibility, virtue and usefulness. He has great faith in the modifying power of right environment, after years of experiment, even with plants, which have, as he expresses it, "a will of unparalleled tenacity," but which can be broken by judicious crossing, etc., and the change fixed by patient, long-continued supervision and selection. He considers that the will of a child is much more sensitive and pliant, and taken early enough can be trained as desired, and ten generations under ideal conditions would be sufficient to fix permanently any desired attribute. He has faith in the infinite possibility of an heterogenous people, if the races be rightly mingled. Among the necessities of right environment are good food, neither too much nor too little, pure air, sunshine, lack of fear, honesty in dealing with the child, etc. This paper should have a place in every normal school library and in that of every parent, and all interested in the progress of humanity.

University Publishing Company publish the *Ancient Mariner* and the *Vision of Sir Launfal* in one attractive little volume with full notes. Price, 25 cents, cloth.

BRIGHT IDEAS FOR ENTERTAINING, by Mrs. Herbert B. Linscott. A collection of 200 forms of amusement for all kinds of social gatherings. There are suggestions for small and large clubs, for church entertainments, and for the many festivals, such as Hallowe'en, Christmas, birthdays, wedding anniversaries, etc. It seems as if every possible occasion were covered by this little volume. George W. Jacobs Company, Philadelphia.

THE PALMER COX BROWNIE PRIMER, arranged from the well-known *Brownie Books*, text by Mary C. Judd, graded and edited by Montrose I.

Moses. These are the jolly little friends who supply so admirably the innocent, childlike fun our American children sorely need, and the selection and arrangement from the innumerable pictures shows excellent judgment on the part of the compilers. The subject matter follows the seasons in part, and allows also for frequent repetition of the words. If interest has anything to do with the ease with which learning is accomplished, we are sure this primer will carry the children easily and swiftly along the first steps of the Hill of Difficulty known as "learning to read." The fun of the brownies is so wholesome and their spirit so kindly that they are desirable companions for the little folks. There are numerous suggestions affording variety in the use of the book. The numerical figures, days of the week, months, etc., are taught incidentally. Century Company, New York City.

FIRST LESSONS IN HANDICRAFT by Maud Summers. A suggestive little volume useful to kindergartner and grade teacher. The occupations given are arranged by months, and with reference to (1) industries appropriate to the month; (2) to nature; (3) to her children, and (4) to holidays. Directions are given for making of objects of paper, cardboard, wood, clay, cord, raffia, common-place material, etc. The book was written especially to meet the needs of teachers in the rural schools and in the brief introduction the young teacher will find several practical, helpful suggestions. We quote a few words: "The teacher should be satisfied with crude results. Had the child the skill to make the finished product, it would not be educational to have him spend his time on the simple object. The teacher often prepares the material, does much of the work and leaves merely the finishing to the child. This engenders hypocrisy, for the child well knows that the object does not express his own idea and effort."

Clear imaging is a point that is well emphasized and the possibilities of common-place material are shown, since many communities are unwilling to supply the more expensive. There are numerous illustrations which convey the idea, though all are not of a high, artistic order, being originally drawn for publication in an educational journal. W. M. Welch Company, Chicago.

VEST POCKET STANDARD DICTIONARY, edited by James C. Fernald; abridged from Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary. Doubtful words are respelled phonetically to insure correct pronunciation. There is much useful information included: A gazetteer of the world, maps of the United States possessions, summary of parliamentary law, foreign words and phrases, a list of poisons and antidotes, rules for punctuation, etc. A most valuable little volume, small enough to be carried in pocket or shopping bag. Funk & Wagnalls, New York: Cloth, twenty-five cents; flexible leather, fifty cents.

MAY MAGAZINE READINGS.

Builders with the kindergarten gifts will read with pleasure and profit the Message of Greek Architecture by A. D. F. Hamlin in the April *Chautauquan*.

The *Elementary School Teacher* has the address given by David Kindley on Democracy in Education at the Northern Illinois Teachers' Association. It is worthy, thoughtful reading. There are also articles on Nature Work and Gardening that are timely.

Following the lines of his predecessor, State Supt. C. P. Cary, of Wisconsin, publishes this year an Arbor Day annual and a Memorial Day pamphlet, both of which will supply helpful material for the teacher planning her exercises for those important days.

Make your children acquainted with *Boys and Girls*, the little monthly edited by Martha Van Rensselaer and published at Ithaca, N. Y. It gives practical illustrated suggestions for working with Nature.

American Magazine for May. Editorial on The Man with the Muck Rake.

Good-Housekeeping has helpful articles upon all departments of home making.

Unity, Chicago, is a power house of inspiration.

The *Century* has an article by the plant wizard, Burbank, upon the right training of children.

